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April 8, 1939

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Collier's

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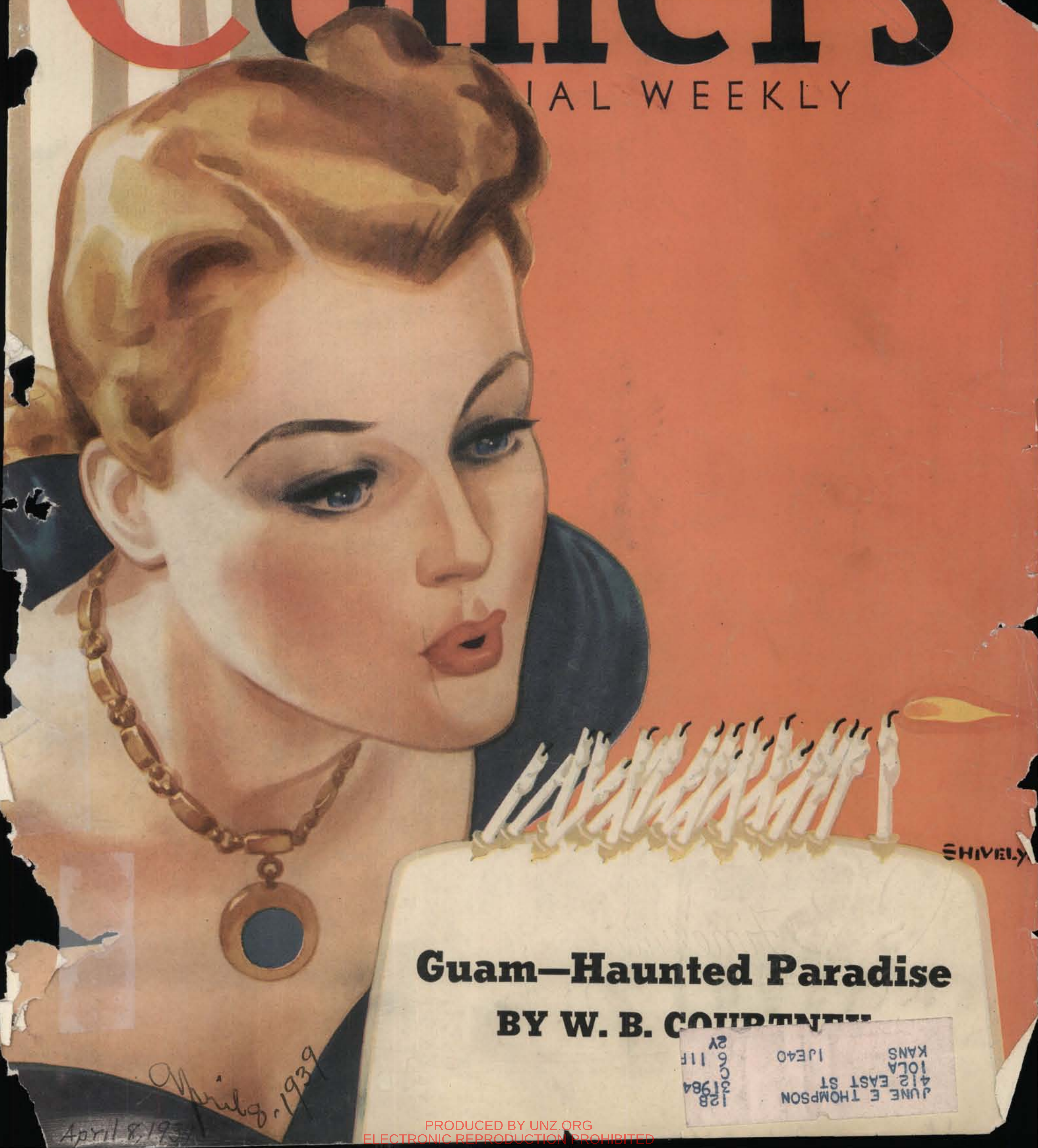

Guam—Haunted Paradise

BY W. B. COURTNE

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HEAFFER'S

LIFETIME°

IDENTIFIED BY THE WHITE DOT

AGELESS LIFETIME GIFTS CONVEY "HAPPY EASTER"

Now and Ever

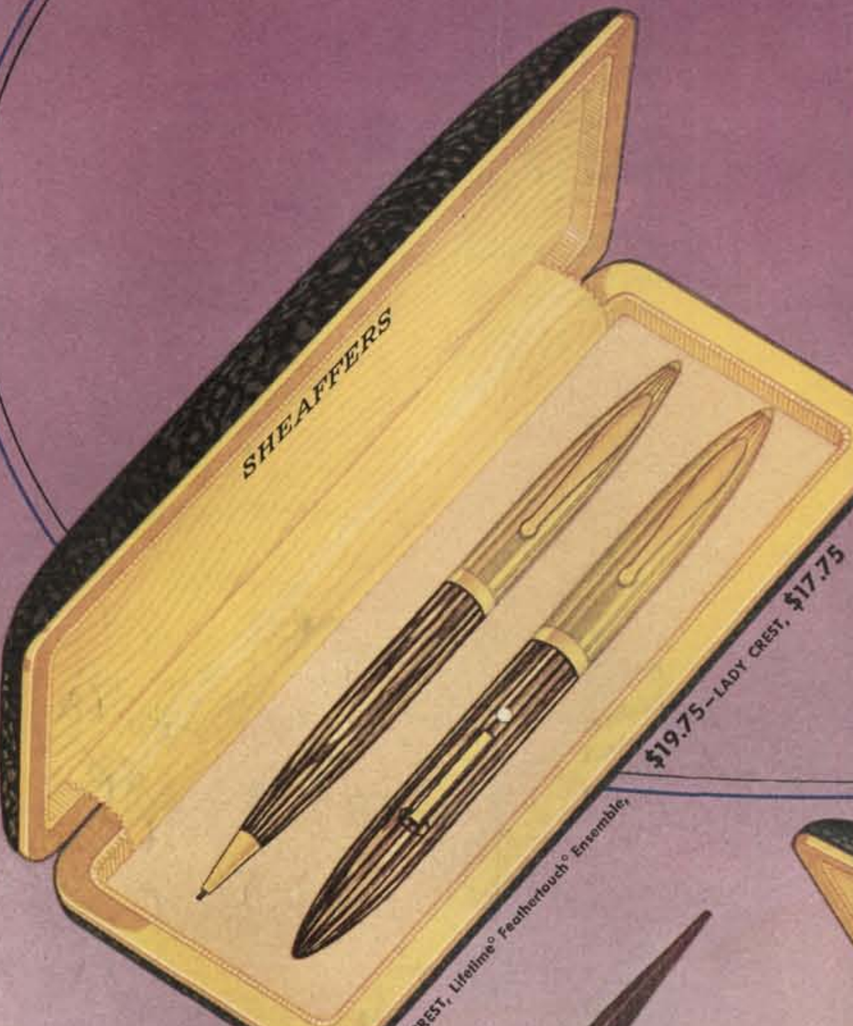
The Lifetime° gifts you give this Easter won't be discarded by next Easter! Streamlined and handsome now, they will be used daily and worn with pride through the coming Easters; they are guaranteed for the lifetime of their owners. Thus you give ageless gifts, the finest of their kind, yet as fine things go their price is most reasonable. But — to have such quality, demand the White Dot! It identifies the ONLY LIFETIME° pen. It insures having the instant action of the platinum-channeled Feathertouch° point that writes 2 ways, and the perfect performance of Sheaffer's Flo-rite feed. In pencils, insist on thin-lead Fineline with its new dense black hairline: Mark this joyous Easter for all time! Give Lifetime° gifts!

All Sheaffer pen points are made of genuine 14K gold for longer life and better writing qualities. Some companies are substituting cheap gold-plated brass and steel to increase profits. Have your dealer guarantee the pen you buy has a genuine 14K gold point. If you buy a Sheaffer this guarantee is not necessary.

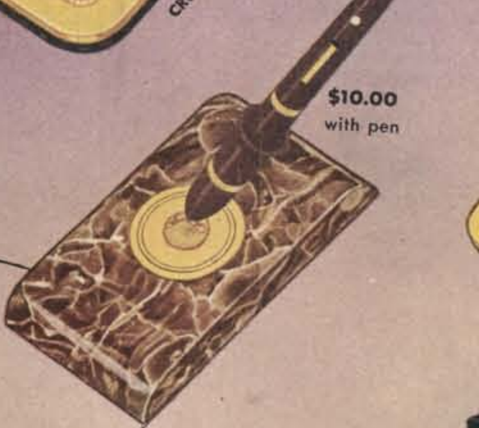
All Lifetime° pens are unconditionally guaranteed for the life of the owner except against loss and willful damage—when serviced subject only to insurance, postage, handling charge—35c.

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN CO., FORT MADISON, IOWA • TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA

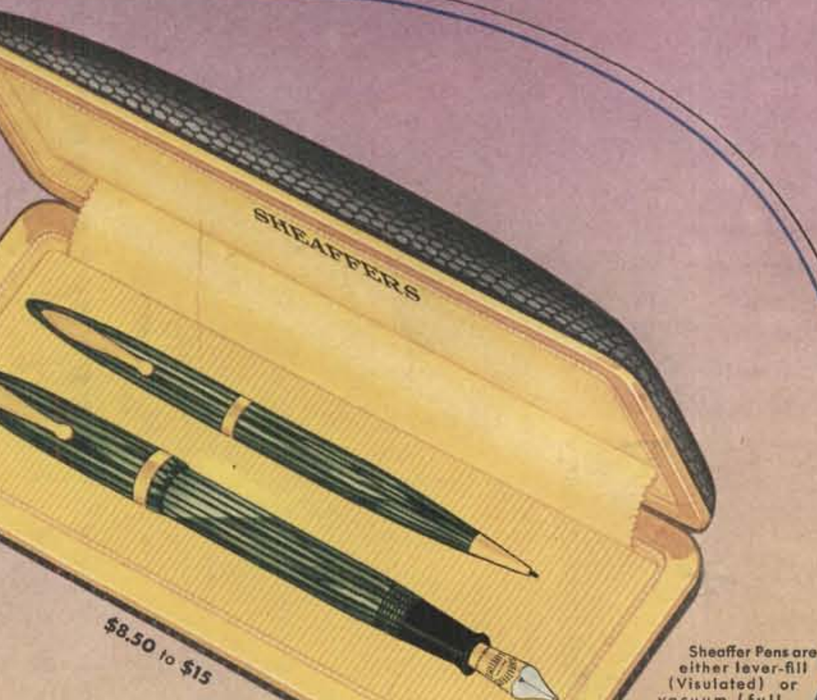
SHEAFFER PENS • ALL COLORS • $2.75 TO $20



CREST, Lifetime° Feathertouch° Ensemble, $19.75—LADY CREST, $17.75

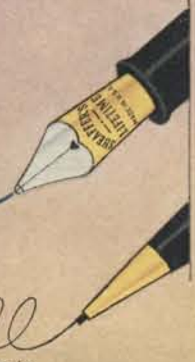


$10.00
with pen



$8.50 to $15

Sheaffer Pens are either lever-fill (Visulated) or vacuum (full-length SKRIP visibility). Each fills full, cleans, empties, at ONE forceful stroke. Each is supreme in its field.

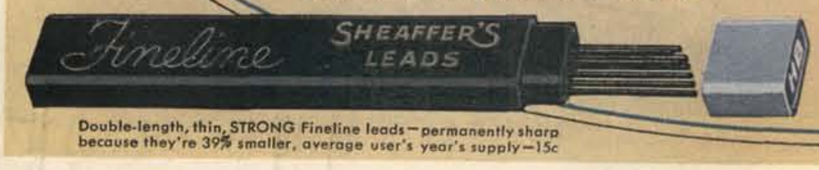


Feathertouch

Know Sheaffer's Feathertouch° pen by the two-tone point trade-mark.

Fineline

New thin lead discovery! Developed for Sheaffer by Joseph Dixon Crucible Co. 39% smaller writing point. Only real pencil writing improvement in 24 years.

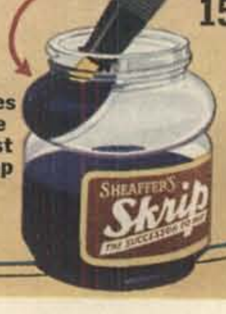


Double-length, thin, STRONG Fineline leads—permanently sharp because they're 39% smaller, average user's year's supply—15c

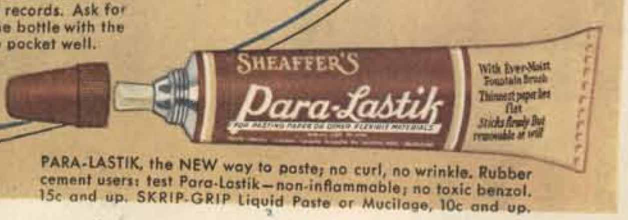
SKRIP-WELL

15c

Uses the Last Drop



SKRIP, Successor-to-Ink—perfect writing fluid! 2 oz., 15c; 4 oz., 25c. Permanent SKRIP makes better business records. Ask for SKRIP, the bottle with the side pocket well.



SHEAFFER'S
Para-Lastik
With Ever-Moist Fountain Brush
Thinnest paper lies flat
Sticks firmly But removable at will

PARA-LASTIK, the NEW way to paste; no curl, no wrinkle. Rubber cement users: test Para-Lastik—non-inflammable; no toxic benzol. 15c and up. SKRIP-GRIP Liquid Paste or Mucilage, 10c and up.

° Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Copyright, 1939
W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co.

"ALL THREE" COST ABOUT THE SAME—BUT

Look How Plymouth Stands Out

5 INCHES LONGER THAN ONE... | **6 INCHES LONGER** THAN THE OTHER!

Smartest...Thriftiest Most for Low Price!

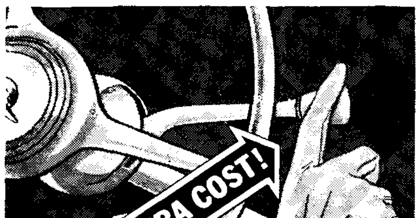
☛ Every Plymouth model has the same big, 82-horsepower "L-head" engine, giving full-powered performance *plus* exceptional economy.

☛ Plymouth is the only low-priced car that offers you steering-post gear shift as standard equipment in De Luxe models at *no extra cost.*

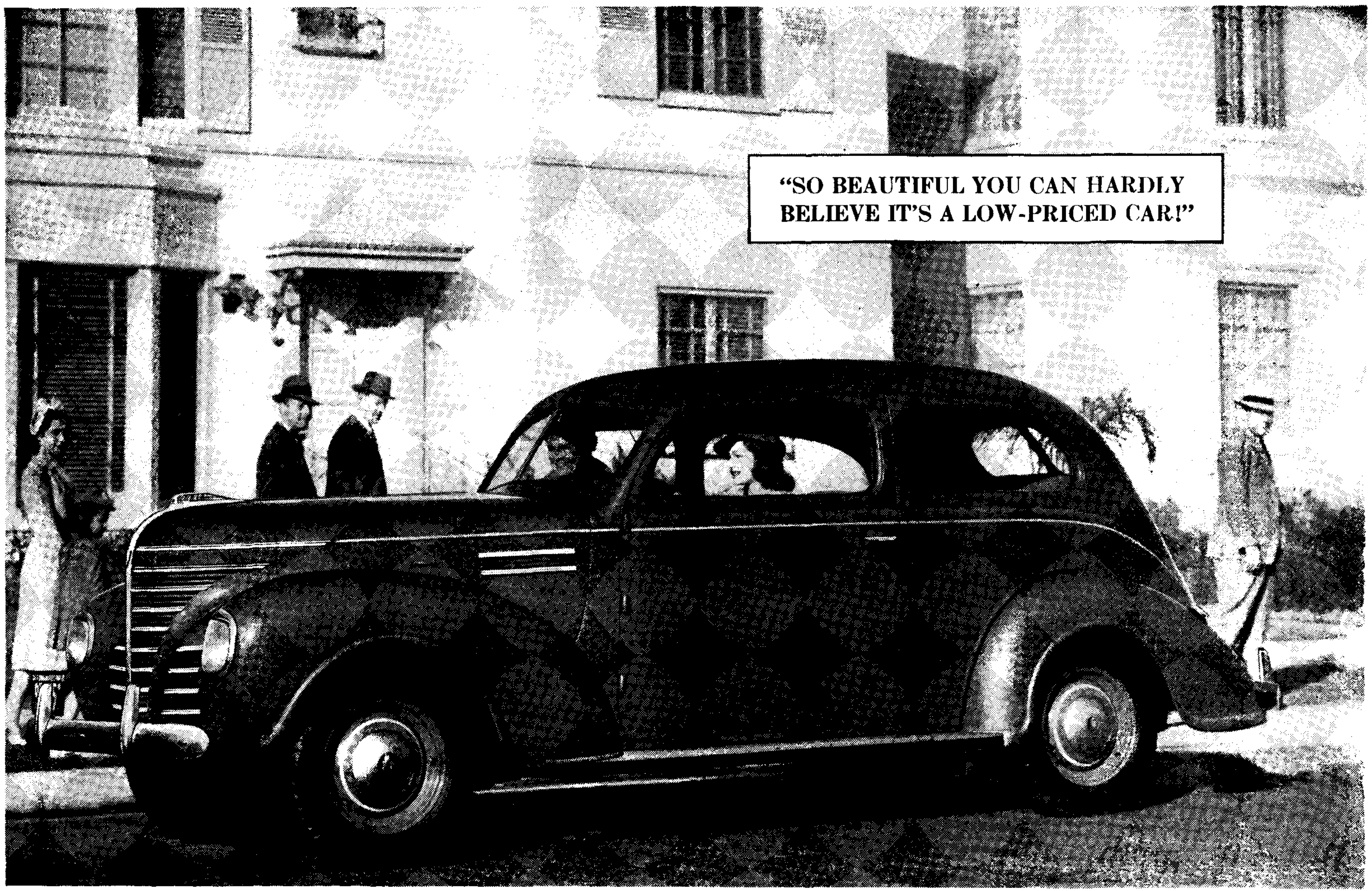
☛ The only low-priced car with the matchless ride of independent coil springs as standard *on all models.*

☛ The only leading low-priced car with a rust-proofed Safety-Steel body.

☛ The only low-priced car with a revolutionary "safety signal" speedometer...another Plymouth "Safety First." It shows a green, amber, or red light, according to your speed.


NO EXTRA COST!

STANDARD EQUIPMENT on "De Luxe" models at no extra cost—Perfected Remote Control Gear Shifting with All-Silent Auto-Mesh Transmission.


"SO BEAUTIFUL YOU CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT'S A LOW-PRICED CAR!"

THE GREAT NEW 1939 PLYMOUTH has patented Floating Power engine mountings and time-proven, double-action Hydraulic Brakes.

"ALL THREE" low-priced cars *cost* about alike, *but* there are big differences in value—differences that overwhelmingly favor Plymouth!

Plymouth is biggest and roomiest... full-powered yet thrifty. And only Plymouth offers ride-smoothing Amola Steel coil springs plus many vital new safety features!

By all means, see Plymouth *now!*

Your present car will probably represent a large proportion of Plymouth's low delivered price...balance in surprisingly low monthly instalments.

Special Used-Car Values

All Plymouth cars—new or used—are backed by the same great engineering.

See your nearby Plymouth dealer for unusual values in used Plymouths.

COUPES START AT **$645**

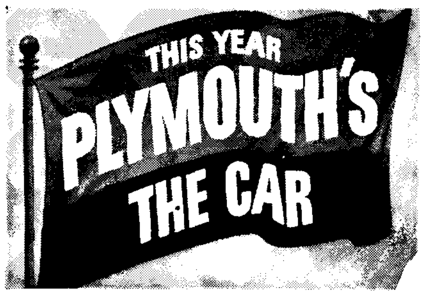
SEDANS START AT **$685**

—DELIVERED IN DETROIT, including front and rear bumpers, bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray in front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.3 cubic feet). Prices include all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, C.B.S. NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

THE "ROADKING"
THE "DE LUXE"



WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Collier's

April 8, 1939

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
W. B. COURTNEY	Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Sports
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art
DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction
JIM MARSHALL	The Orient
JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editor

Next Week

"WHY a press secretary would want to marry a mutuel clerk is beyond me," Bill Martin said. "Or the other way around, for that matter." But to Midge and David it seemed sensible enough and extremely important. They even had money saved up for a honeymoon—two hundred dollars. And that was the trouble. They both worked at the track and they both kept thinking how a much better honeymoon they could have on three times as much money. It would only be a matter of time until they found themselves clutching mutuel tickets instead of cash. Especially since there was a tip straight from the feedbox on a horse named Hammerstein. "Please, Hammerstein" is by Price Day.

PERHAPS you think your income, except for the tax collector's interest, is strictly your affair. As a matter of fact it's the one big issue in this country today. Two groups of political leaders, equally sincere and patriotic, are engaged in a head-on argument about it. Both groups want your income to be bigger and both think they know how that can be accomplished. It just happens that their methods are exactly one world apart. In a brilliant article Congressman Bruce Barton presents the Republican idea of "How to Get Eighty Billion Dollars."

THE bright crosshatch of lights in Salt Lake City, breaking suddenly over the leading edge of the plane, meant to Frank Dalhart only a brief stopover on a business errand. There was no way he could foresee that when he flew out of Salt Lake City it would be with his outlook permanently changed. That was the work of Lillian, about whom Ernest Haycox writes in "Fidelity."

WE HAVE a monopoly of helium and that's going to be a help in more directions than up. Helium turns out to be the "Diving Gas." Commander Edward Ellsberg describes the new depths it puts within our divers' reach.

PIPER PROUT, according to Flanagan the cop, was the creature they thought up the term "heel" to fit. Courage of any sort was impossible for the Piper—at least it was until Flanagan's girl took him in hand. "Pigeon" is by Thomas Walsh.

FRANK CONDON writes the Short Short Story. Quentin Reynolds, Stanley Frank, Kyle Crichton, Sax Rohmer, Freling Foster, George F. Worts and others supply fiction and articles.

This Week

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GEORGE F. WORTS
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Keep Up with the World. The last word. Page 6

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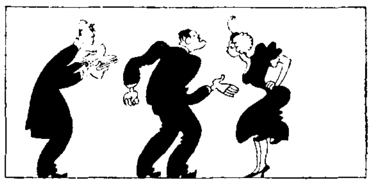
COVER PAUL SHIVELY

Any Week

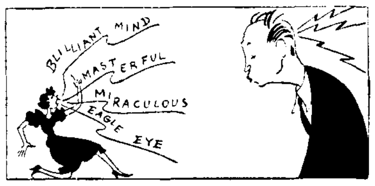
WE HAVE a letter from Mrs. Alice Milburn of Redmon, Illinois, beginning, "Listen, darling:" and going on, with what we consider some justification, to protest with vigor against "the habitual overworking of the word darling by those who write and those who live fiction—particularly the girls." On the same tender subject we hear from Mr. Wendell P. Gilloway of Tampa, Florida. Mr. Gilloway reports that "a 'gator-faced Cracker brought his girl into the courthouse aiming to make an honest man of himself. After a handy preacher had performed the sacred rites, the Cracker turned to the bride and said: 'Befo' we go no further, I'm warnin' you not to git sociable and call me darling any mo' from now on.' "



AND Mr. O. F. Greene of San Juan, Texas, sniffs a bit at what he considers our "catering to gastronomic royalists." He's referring, of course, to some of our articles about the more elegant foods our authors describe as being fitting and proper for civilized mankind. "But you have a constituency," writes Mr. Greene, "living off the soil and the government who would eat a mule ham before taking a chance with lobster à la Newburg with Jamaica rum, or pickled hog's eye before going into a clinch with chicken à la king with Madeira even if they had ever heard of those two undertaker's assistants." Such hifalutin fodder, Mr. Greene informs us, does not make for either health or beauty. He cites a beauty contest recently held in his section. "After training hard on turnip greens, pot likker, yams, corn pone, sowbelly and grits à-laed with pure corn, a sorority of our gals loped off with all the prizes."

WE GOT to talking to a Pullman porter not long ago and before we'd settled any of the graver world problems he gave us the substance of what he'd observed of his fellow man. He was speaking in terms of tips, realizing perhaps, that he'd have to make it quite simple if we were to understand. "New Yorkers," said he, "are hot at home but not so good as passengers. Philadelphians are poor picking at home but try to forget when they get away. Boston folks are uncertain, being about the same traveling as at home, so you can't expect too much. Chicago ladies and gentlemen are usually so busy selling something that you can't get inside them and nobody from Baltimore gives a damn any way you take them."

WE HAVE had a number of requests for a few informative words about our colleague, W. B. Courtney. It is difficult to write dispassionately about a person one knows so well. Fortunately, however, we've just received a letter from Mrs. Dorothy Waxman of Venice, California, who, we gather, met Mr. Courtney as he passed through California with considerable clatter on his way to the Far East. Mrs. Waxman was particularly interested in Mr. Courtney because she yearns to write. So she supplies the words we lack by quoting the gentleman whose "creative classes" in Santa Monica she attends. Of Mr. Courtney her teacher said: "This man has a most brilliant mind. His foresight is miraculous, his portrayal of facts masterful, his technique marvelous. He should be at the head of our Intelligence Department in Washington. With such a man there the United States would be prepared for any eventuality, for who could get by W. B. Courtney's eagle eye and lightning brain w[illegible] any kind of shenanigans?"



NOT so long ago a Mr. Hughes wrote us that we have all the finer qualities of the older and more stimulating wines. And now the Messrs. Milton and Walter Goldstone of Edinburgh, Scotland, where they are students in the University's medical school, inform us that: "Your magazine is the bracing sparkle of alcoholic eructations, the distinct flavor of acetone, the delicacy of a cardiac tremor, the kick of a patellar reflex and the wallop of a tensed biceps."

THIS being the eructation or burp department of this magazine we conclude with a few explosive words from Mr. Cemi Donovan of Havana, Cuba. "Liberty is a curse," cries Mr. Donovan breathlessly. "It costs too much. Democracy is a swindle. There is no such thing. Your magazine is for both. You are a fraud."

CRUEL to children, too. W. D.

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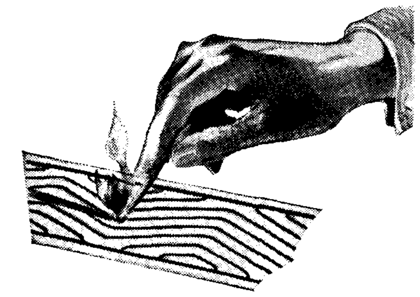
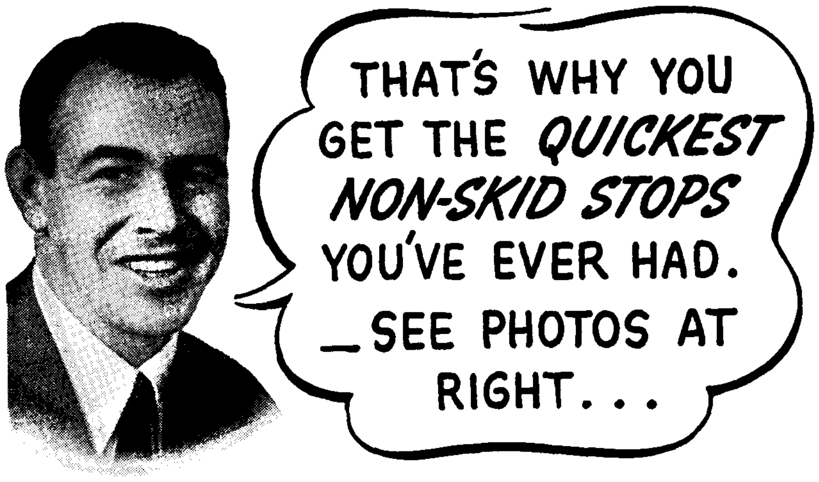
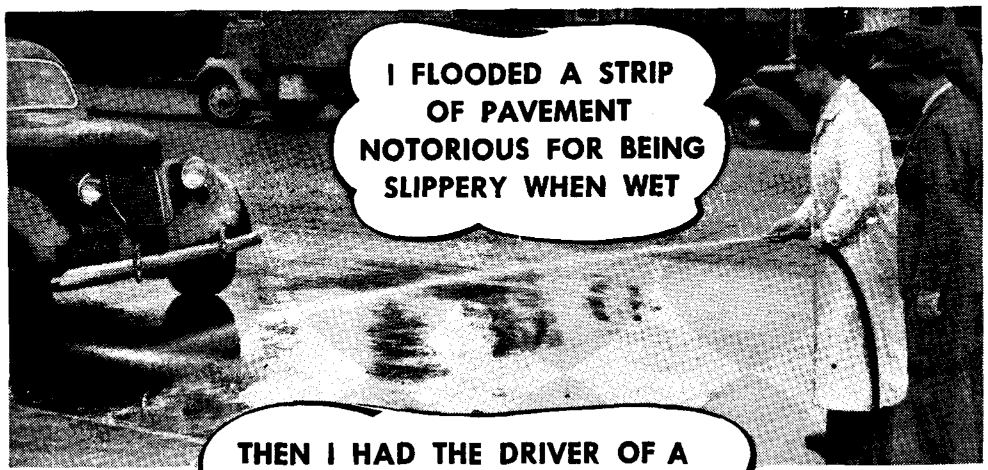
LIGHTS MATCH ON FLOODED ROAD

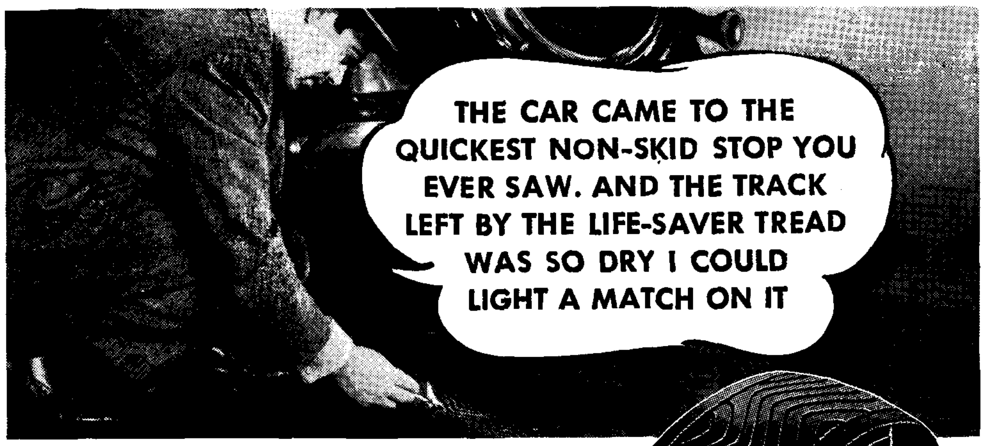


TO PROVE NEW NON-SKID TIRE SWEEPS WET ROADS DRY!


THAT'S WHY YOU GET THE *QUICKEST NON-SKID STOPS* YOU'VE EVER HAD. —SEE PHOTOS AT RIGHT...


I FLOODED A STRIP OF PAVEMENT NOTORIOUS FOR BEING SLIPPERY WHEN WET

THEN I HAD THE DRIVER OF A CAR, EQUIPPED WITH NEW SILVERTOWNS, SLAM ON THE BRAKES


THE CAR CAME TO THE QUICKEST NON-SKID STOP YOU EVER SAW. AND THE TRACK LEFT BY THE LIFE-SAVER TREAD WAS SO DRY I COULD LIGHT A MATCH ON IT

NO EXTRA COST *For This New Kind of Tire*

HERE AT LAST is a tire that *automatically* sweeps wet roads dry—so dry that you can actually light a match on its track! Here is a tire that turns the "skid trap" under your car into a DRY TRACK *as you drive.* It's the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown with the Life-Saver Tread. And already, this new road-drying sensation is bringing a new sense of security to thousands as they drive over slick, slippery roads.

First *in Independent Non-Skid Tests*

And to prove that this new kind of tire is "tops" for quick non-skid stops, here is the result of a series of two road tests, conducted by America's largest independent testing laboratory, of the *regular* and *premium-priced* tires of America's six largest tire manufacturers, including new tires which have just been introduced. Read the report of Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory:

> "The new Goodrich Silvertown with the Life-Saver Tread gave greater skid resistance than any other tire tested including not only the old established tires of these manufacturers—some listed at 40% to 70% higher in price—but also the new tires which were recently tested under the same road conditions."

Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection, too!

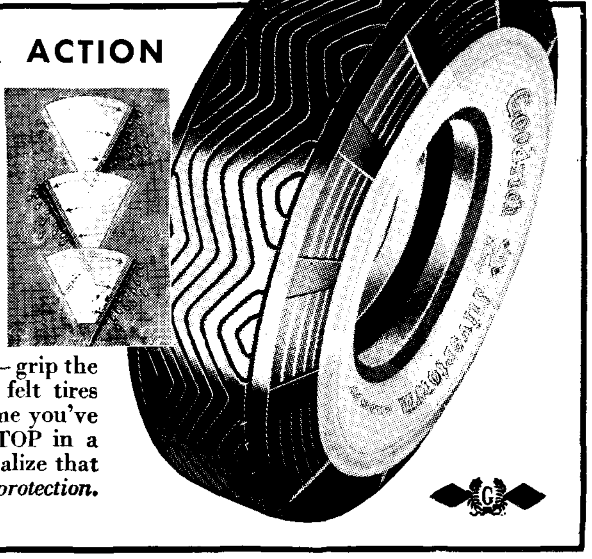
And whether roads are wet *or* dry, Silvertowns AT ALL TIMES give you that other great Goodrich life-saving protection—the famous Golden Ply at no extra cost. By resisting internal tire heat, this *exclusive* Golden Ply invention provides your family with *real* protection against the dangers of high-speed blow-outs.

Don't take chances with a car-spinning skid or a dangerous blow-out. Put life-saving Silvertowns on your car now. For your convenience a Liberal Budget Plan is now available at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and many Goodrich Dealers. Just show your license identification and set your own long easy terms. No embarrassing investigations. Your Silvertowns will be installed *on the spot.* And remember, for safety *tomorrow* get Silvertowns *today.*

Goodrich
SAFETY Silvertown

WINDSHIELD-WIPER ACTION

... the secret of the Life-Saver Tread's *quicker* non-skid stops



At the first sign of a skid the never-ending spiral bars of the amazing Life-Saver Tread swing into action. Right—left, right—left, they sweep the dangerous film of water aside—force it out through deep drainage grooves—grip the *dried* pavement as you've never felt tires grip before. And the very first time you've experienced a SILVERTOWN STOP in a wet weather emergency, you'll realize that you've found a *new kind of skid protection.*

Whitman's
Sampler
EASTER

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Remember Her-*of course!*
on Easter, April *9th*

A woman, by nature, will put up with many things. But one thing you may *not* do: Neglect her! Sensitive as a weather-vane, it is so easy to hurt her. And there is no hurt like forgetting.

Your intentions are of the best, of course. But what are you planning to do, for instance, at Easter? Will you remember to say some nice things about her Easter bonnet? Will you compliment her on her new Spring outfit? Will you send her an Easter gift-box of Whitman's Chocolates, because they're good of themselves, because they're from *you?*

You cannot do better. Whitman's are "mouthpieces" of thoughtfulness. There is no finer candy to be had, and there are sizes and prices to suit every purpose and purse. Easter, too, is more and more a gift-season, like Christmas.

There's a Whitman dealer near you, ready to mail your gift anywhere, and a woman who hopes you'll not forget her.

A WOMAN NEVER FORGETS THE MAN WHO REMEMBERS

Whitman's
Sampler
Happy EASTER
Whitman's CHOCOLATE EASTER EGGS
Whitman's
FAIRHILL
HAPPY EASTER

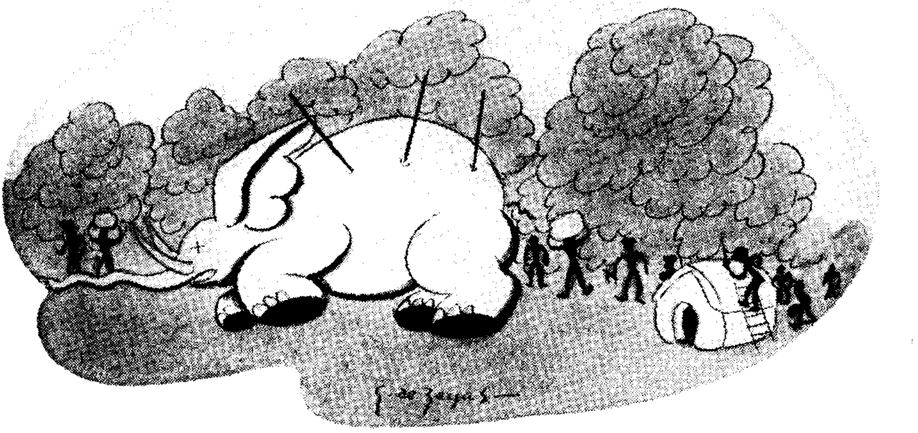
The SAMPLER . . $1.50
World's most famous box of candy. 100 pieces, 35 varieties, in the 17-oz. Sampler, Easter decorated, $1.50. Also 2, 3, 5-lb. Samplers.

EASTER TOYS
Whitman's are the nation's favorites. At your dealer's, now!

The FAIRHILL . . $1.00
Outstanding box of candy at $1.00 a lb. . . . specially decorated for Easter. Also 25c, 50c, $2, $3, $5 Fairhills.

Give *Whitman's* Chocolates

. . . IT'S THE THOUGHTFUL THING TO DO!



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

When a band of pygmies in the French Cameroons in West Africa kill an elephant for food, they usually return home to get their tents and families in order to live close to the new meat supply, as it is easier to move the village to the elephant than the elephant to the village.

Veternik, Yugoslavia, established by the government for its veterans in 1928, is one of the world's strangest villages because none of its husbands have ever seen their wives. Like their homes, their wives were selected for them after they were blinded in the World War.

More than five hundred places on the moon have geographical names, some of which are highly fanciful, such as the Bay of Rainbows, the Gulf of Dews, the Sea of Serenity and the Marsh of a Dream.

Because honey was man's only sweetening material for thousands of years, the honeybee has been not only the most useful but also the most popular insect in the folklore, customs, symbolism, art and religious rites of most peoples in history. Countless Asiatics still believe that each bee contains the soul of a departed person.

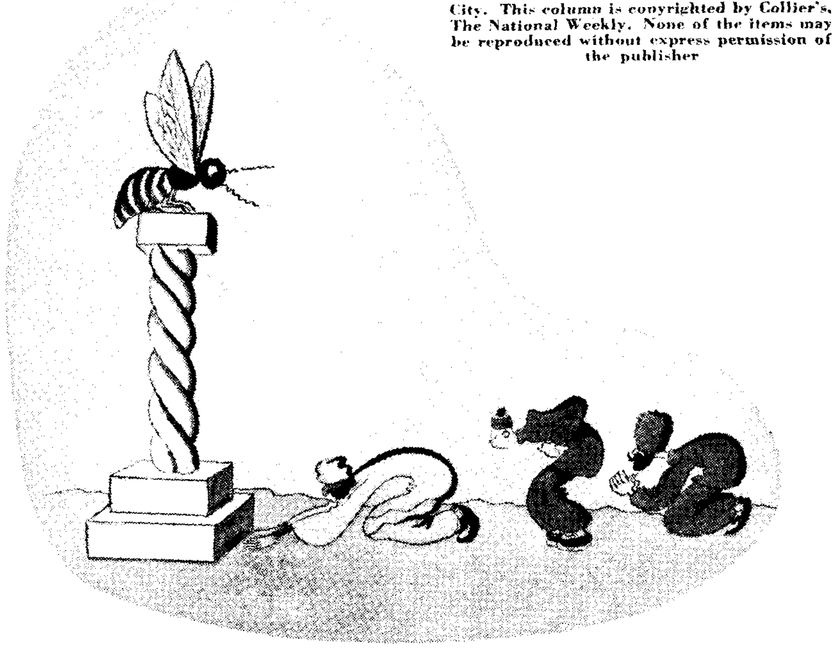
No one can be convicted of treason in the United States except on the sworn testimony of two direct witnesses to the whole overt act. The statement of one such witness supported by much circumstantial evidence produced by others is not sufficient.—*By Abraham Fred Hoffman, New York City.*

When an Albanian farmer dies, the funeral service includes the "Dance of Death," which is performed in honor of the deceased by his men relatives as he lies in state in a near-by field. In a large circle around the body, they sing, stamp their feet and beat their chests, eventually ending the dance by closing in and falling on their knees.

In several large cities, notably Belfast, Ireland, and Copenhagen, Denmark, the street railways permit a passenger to charge his fare when he is without money. The conductor takes his name and address and he settles his account later at the company's office.—*By L. A. Nordsig, San Antonio, Texas.*

Of the countless number of taboos that restrict human conduct, the most numerous and complicated are the ones that apply to food.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



What 1939 Car is Famous for its Money-Saving Features?

GO TO YOUR DODGE DEALER AND
TAKE A LOOK
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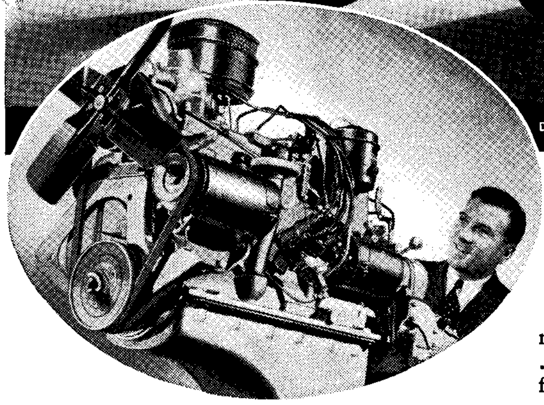
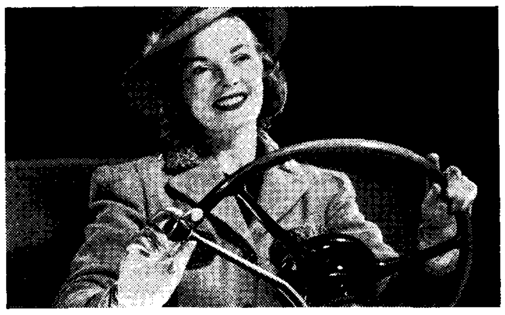


TAKE A LOOK! New Dodge Engine..."Scotch Dynamite"...powerful, dependable—with all the proven features that have won for Dodge a nation-wide reputation for economy, plus new advances which give even more efficient operation!



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This Year We Want You to Decide!

WE could give you many reasons why Dodge has such a nation-wide reputation for economy ...tell you in detail all about the famous money-saving features that are packed into its great Floating Power Engine...

Take a Look!

But that isn't the point. This year we want *you* to decide...we want *you* to be the judge and jury. In fact, we are so confident that the new 1939 Dodge will back us up that we simply say to America's new car buyers: *"Take a Look... that's all Dodge asks!"*

Before you buy *any* car, at *any* price, go to your Dodge dealer and take a look at every part of this new Dodge. If economy is what interests you most, take a look at that great Dodge engine. And while you're looking, remember this: it gives you not only all the proven gas and oil saving features that have won for Dodge its nation-wide reputation for economy, but—for 1939—offers new advancements for even more efficient operation! And don't forget Dodge Dependability—that inbuilt quality of every Dodge for 25 years which means even greater economy in longer life and freedom from repair!

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Strictly Schmaltz

By Schuyler C. Schenck

The girl doesn't live who can stop a gate from swinging. About all she can do is get on and ride

SHE looked at the royalty statement on Catalina Clambake, and I heard the small disappointed catch in her breath.

"Wait till you see the next one," I said quickly. "You know how these things are, Gretta. Some numbers are slow getting started."

She went over to the window and stared absently at the Broadway traffic three stories below, a slim, exquisite girl in a cloudy blue wool dress that matched the color of her eyes. The warm afternoon sun washed her pale hair to smooth white gold, edged it with light. You don't see many halos in a music publisher's office.

"Thanks, Warren," she said slowly, "but you know it isn't going to get started." She swung back and faced me. "That's three duds in a row. Tell me, why do you publish them? You're supposed to be hard-boiled—at least you growl a lot, trying to make people think you are."

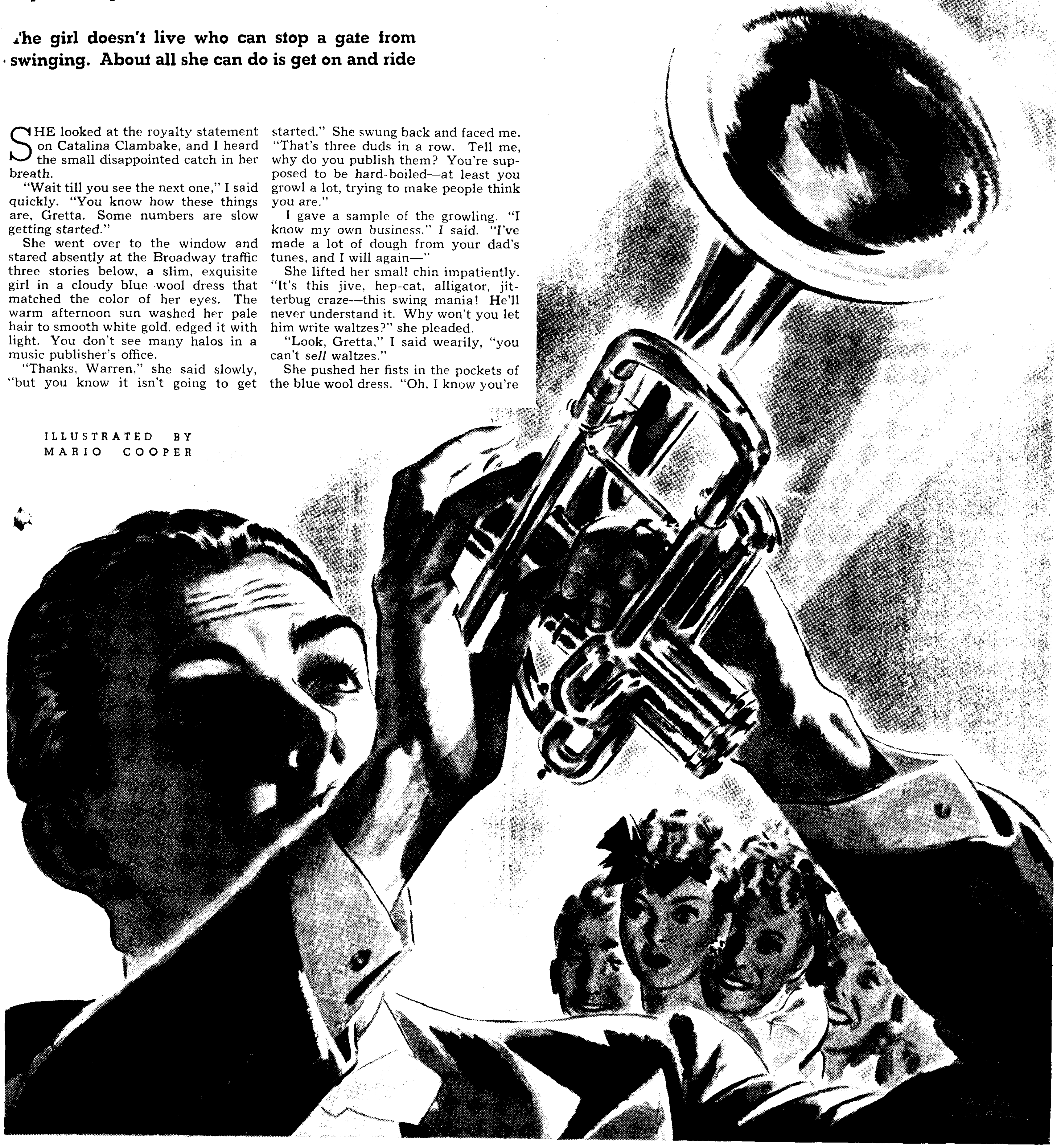
I gave a sample of the growling. "I know my own business," I said. "I've made a lot of dough from your dad's tunes, and I will again—"

She lifted her small chin impatiently. "It's this jive, hep-cat, alligator, jitterbug craze—this swing mania! He'll never understand it. Why won't you let him write waltzes?" she pleaded.

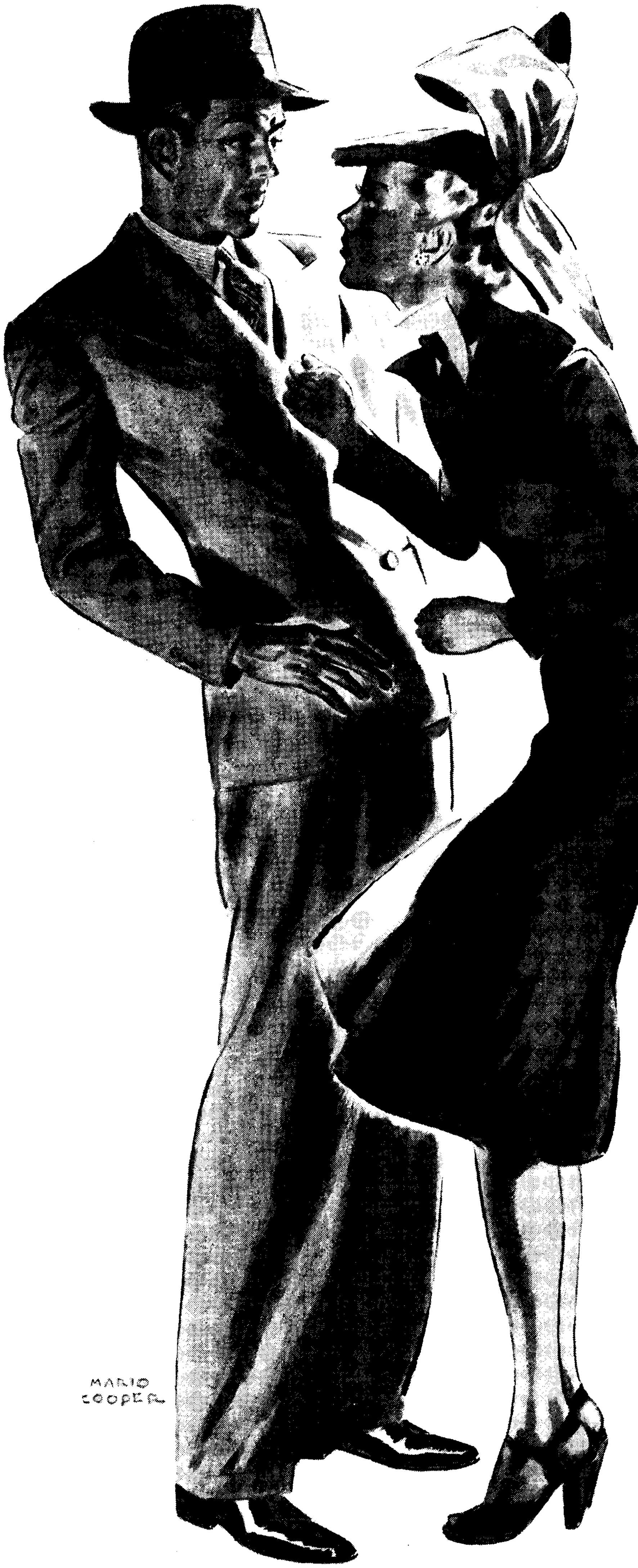
"Look, Gretta," I said wearily, "you can't *sell* waltzes."

She pushed her fists in the pockets of the blue wool dress. "Oh, I know you're

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



Now Johnny was climbing. He whipped it up there to the ceiling until there just couldn't be any more



"When I said I hate swing music," she went on furiously, "I meant it"

right. But Pop keeps trying to turn out killer-dillers, breaking his heart and thinking, 'Is this swing, is it *jazzy* enough'?" I winced at the word, and she nodded in angry agreement. "That dates him, doesn't it? Jazz went out with flappers and knee-length skirts and the Charleston. It's corny, and so's the stuff he writes. It can't help but be." She bit her lip and cried, "Oh, I *hate* swing music!"

Johnny Ryan, unannounced as always, chose that moment to open my door and stick his head in. "You and me both, lady," he said amiably. "What this country needs is more schottisches and polkas." Then to me, "Sorry, Warren. That glamor-girl secretary of yours tried to stop me, but I thought it was just my impish, winning smile—oh!" He blinked in a dazed fashion and said, "Oh!" again. He had seen Gretta.

Now, I have known Gretta Winfield since she was a youngster with taffy-colored pigtails, round blue eyes, and freckles across the bridge of her short, perfect nose. Let's see, we published Smiling Lady, Carl Winfield's first waltz hit, in '23. She was eight then, and a grand kid. She seemed to sense that her gentle little father's gift for haunting melody was something precious and fragile. And, since there were just the two of them, it was up to her to protect him from the realities of the strange new world of Broadway and Tin-Pan Alley. This she tried to do with a small, alert fierceness.

Not that he ever realized it. She called him "Pop"—as everyone did sooner or later—and seemed almost casual in her affection for him. But I noticed that she was always there with an impulsive kiss when he needed encouragement, or a long-involved tale of some imaginary dilemma when he had been working too hard and needed a distraction. And, although normally she was as affectionate and lovable as a kitten, she had a quick, flaming temper for anything that threatened his happiness.

I sort of got used to her as she grew up. But I could understand Johnny's shock when she turned suddenly at the unexpected sound of his voice. Because from the tips of her trim suède shoes to the topmost yellow curl she was breathtakingly lovely to look at.

"Is she real?" Johnny asked wonderingly.

"I THINK so," I said. "I've seen her eat. Gretta, this redheaded young man is Johnny Ryan. He's completely irresponsible and persistently disrespectful, and I advise you to have nothing to do with him. He also has an orchestra. It—"

"*Had*—past tense," he corrected absently. "At the moment, just another out-of-work trumpet player." He smiled brightly. "Would you marry me, Miss—"

"Not today, if you don't mind," Gretta said with disarming sweetness. "So you don't like swing, Mr. Ryan." Her eyes had gone dark blue, a danger signal I recognized. Johnny saw me shake my head warningly.

"I'm definitely allergic to it," he stated firmly.

"How unusual! Most brass men, if they have lip enough to blow a soap bubble, think they're Bix Beiderbeckes or Louis Armstrongs. . . ." He blinked uncertainly. "When I said I hate swing music," she went on furiously, "I meant it! And I don't like being laughed at either!"

She left then, and, though she didn't slam the door, you got the same effect.

"Warren," Johnny said, settling himself comfortably in an armchair, his long legs stretched out, "that's the most beautiful girl I've ever seen! And the most unreasonable one," he added cheerfully. "Do you happen to know how she feels about vine-covered cottages?"

"Maybe you didn't understand," I said patiently. "She doesn't *like* anything remotely connected with swing, and as you are one of the most incorrigible gates in town—"

Johnny raised an eyebrow. "Me? Oh, no. Mistaken identity."

"Well," I said, "I knew a Johnny Ryan once. He got fired from Paul Weldon's band for blasting a Satin Melodies broadcast wide open. An unscheduled ride chorus on Ave Maria, I believe. Twenty-three hundred complaints from the Corn Belt alone."

He clucked sympathetically. "You know those bandaged Sighing Strings of Weldon's. And that soggy poetry he dishes out."

"By some devious subterfuge," I went on grimly, "this same Ryan obtained employment with the Belle Meade Little Symphony Orchestra—"

"They needed a horn man, and I needed a job."

"THE result was one of the most remarkable interpretations of Tchaikovsky's Fifth ever heard. It was full of hot licks."

"Those long-hairs rehearse forever," Johnny complained. "Kidding aside, Warren, I need more of that girl. I need all I can get." He ran a hand through his unruly red hair. "What did you say her name was?"

"Gretta Winfield."

"Her father's the song writer?"

"Yes."

He frowned, and I knew he was remembering his impolite comment on Catalina Clambake a week before. "Well . . . he did some nice three-four numbers a few years ago. And his later stuff"—he gazed studiously at the ceiling—"isn't really so bad."

"You sound as if you're in love! You only saw her for five minutes!"

He flushed irritably. "Time hasn't anything to do with it." Then he grinned. "I've known you for three years, and I'm not in love with you yet."

"You're whacky!" I snorted. "What's this out-of-work trumpet-player business? The last I heard you were playing some place in Connecticut with a band that made Benny Goodman's little organization sound like a salon group."

He sighed. "That was a band!" and added succinctly, "The joint folded."

Johnny Ryan's band should have clicked. Of course, it was strictly on the swing side, but a lot of good men had gone with him, leaving name organizations and top salaries for scale and a chance to "play it the way they felt it."

However, it seemed that the Connecticut roadhouse was in the red financially when "Johnny Ryan & His Orchestra" opened. Johnny's name had no drawing power. After an indifferent four weeks' run, the engagement closed simultaneously with the roadhouse. And the band inevitably broke up. "So, if you hear of a Boy Scout troop that needs a good bugler—"

I thought a moment. "Do you know Reg Marlowe?"

"The Englishman? The London Lombardo, the Whiteman of Whitechapel? I know his records. What about him?"

"He's opening at the Legation Roof in a couple of weeks. I was down at the boat when Marlowe & Orchestra landed a few days ago. The party consisted of three men."

Johnny looked puzzled. "Three men?"

I nodded. "Marlowe, vocalist and arranger. There are such things as musician's unions. Marlowe is welcome, but he has to use American musicians."

Johnny stood up. "Excuse me while I go out and buy a large flag."

"Wait a second. Were you planning on letting Reg know that I sent you?"

(Continued on page 33)

© WIDE WORLD

Ambassador Kennedy attends a function with the Dean of Winchester Cathedral

© WIDE WORLD

A detachment of Kennedys arrives in London—Bobby, Teddy and Jeane

Our toughest diplomatic assignment is a pushover for the man who tamed Wall Street, raised nine children, and wore long pants to the King's reception. Meet Ambassador Joe Kennedy

A DISARMING modesty is one of Joseph P. Kennedy's shrewdest characteristics. Sailing a year ago to become United States ambassador to the Court of St. James's, he made his farewells with an expression that was half dead-pan and half ingenuous.

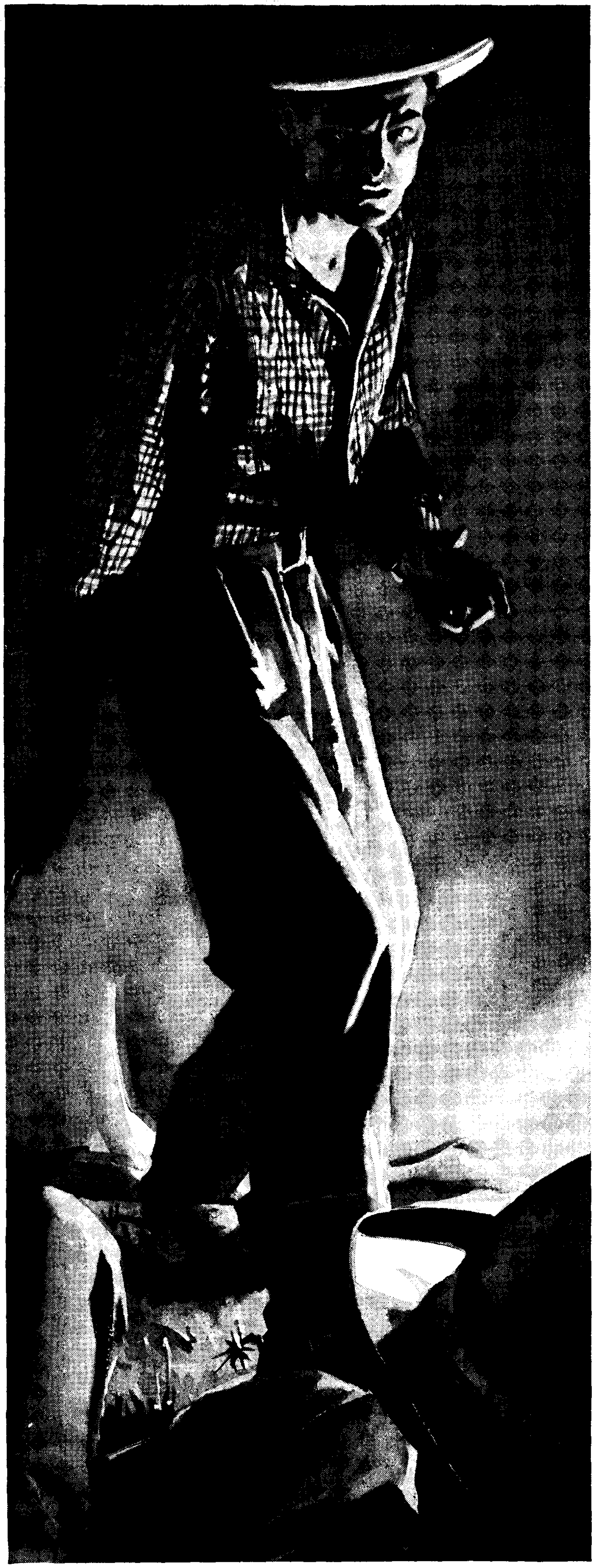
"I am simply a babe thrown into a foreign country to do the best I can," he said.

Some weeks later, duly established in London, Kennedy was invited by Lord Derby to speak at an extremely white-tie dinner on the eve of the famous meet. He began his speech by saying that he knew nothing about racing or horses.

"There is one similarity about the jobs given me by President Roosevelt and Lord Derby," he said. "The President made me a diplomat and now Lord Derby has made me a horseman."

All this is a degree put on. Kennedy is no more a retiring bloom than other self-made men and he is not lacking in respect for his Creator. Soon after leaving Harvard he announced to anybody who would listen that he intended to make a lot of money before he was thirty-five. He proceeded to make it in the rough-and-tumble worlds of stock speculation and motion-picture property juggling, where no holds are barred. He may today be worth as much as $9,000,000.

Kennedy is a diplomatic novelty because, although of Irish extraction and a Catholic, he is American ambassador to Great Britain and is getting along famously with the English. He is a paternal novelty because he has nine children. Strangest of all, he is a man of great wealth who supports the New Deal. The anti-Rooseveltians regard him as the one sane figure among all the lunatics who surround the President. Most of the New Dealers trust him, despite early suspicions, as their only ally who can talk turkey to the economic royalists. For the last four years, off and on, Kennedy has been the Administration's handy man. He did a lot, as chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, to tame Wall Street, although Richard Whitney unwittingly did more. In March, 1937, he took on the incredibly complicated affairs of the United States Maritime Commission. Now, somewhat mysteriously, he is ambassador to Great Britain while Hitler screams and *(Continued on page 66)*



"Now if you've got a gun—but I think you're a tinhorn," he said. "Let's see"

Good Marriage

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The story of a girl wise enough to know the mind of the man she loved

AT EVENFALL this Saturday, with supper done and the soft sweet-smelling shadows of summer drifting against the prairie like gray gauze, neighbors began to come in. The Hurds were the original homesteaders on the Silver Bow's south rim, having settled this quarter section at a time when the cattlemen still made it dangerous for a nester, and so it was natural that the Hurd house should be more or less a gathering point. In any event, Sam Hurd, who loved a sociable evening and loud argument better than most men, usually had a keg of beer cooling in the well and this was a powerful inducement to the lean, dry and clannish Missourian settlers—the Gants, the Lockyears, the Cobbetts and the Prillifews.

The children were all outside, running through the shadows, their quick-breathed cries shrilly riding the coming night. Men sat around the room, chairs canted back against the wall, and the women were grouped at one end, now and then speaking among themselves, but always listening with half an ear to the talk of the men. Tobacco smoke laid its pall around them, so thick that the table lamp cast a mist-blue shadow; the smell of fried pork lingered in the house and the warmth of the day held on. Mrs. Prillifew's new baby began to cry; she unbuttoned the front of her dress and slid it down from one shoulder, uncovering her breast to let the baby nurse; its small mouth made a steady, smacking sound.

LISBETH HURD moved over the room, straight and soft-faced and robust; at twenty she was the oldest of the Hurd children, pretty enough to bring the eyes of men around to her with a covert interest. She took Cobbett's empty glass, refilled it at the beer keg and passed it back to him; and stood by the beer keg, watching the men and indifferently listening. The sludge of Henry Zimmer's pipe began to fry. He reversed the bowl against his heavy hand, emptying it and refilling it. Henry Zimmer was one of the Hurd's two boarders. Bob Law, sitting loose and long-legged in the doorway, was the other. Both these young men were building shanties on new quarter-section claims across the deep canyon on the Silver Bow.

Lisbeth Hurd watched Henry Zimmer's solid and thoroughly square face glisten when the lighted match played across the pipe bowl; nothing hurried this man and nothing much moved him. Talk broke around her, idle and cheerful, and slowly her glance turned to Bob Law in the doorway. Bob Law nursed a cigarette, his head dipped aside as though he listened to the night or saw pictures on the far prairie; the silhouette of his face was long and taciturn and sharp. Studying him, Lisbeth's expression was tight-caught by soberness, her eyes had a depthless dark in them, her shoulders moved faintly.

Sam Hurd, who never was able to speak in a tone less than a half shout, said: "It don't do no good to grow a lot of fruit. A man's only got so much time and it don't make sense to waste it waterin' a lot of trees. You got to raise things in this country that can shift for themselves, or you break your back."

Henry Zimmer spoke up, dogmatic and calm: "I grow hay, when I get started. I grow hay and feed stock. I run a feeder ranch, like they do in Iowa. Maybe I try corn."

SAM HURD listened approvingly. This young man was after his own tastes, thrifty and marked for success. Down the road they heard the steady clip-clop of a trotting horse, whereupon Sam Hurd said: "Who was that I heard goin' by here two o'clock the other morning in a rig?"

Cobbett answered: "Bill Shasto, bringin' Nellie Grace home. Nellie told her old man they had trouble crossin' the ford."

Sam Hurd let out a great burst of laughter and all of these men were grinning, knowing Nellie Grace. Hurd said: "She better marry Shasto before the baby comes along."

"Like Pete Root's wife," offered Prillifew. "Pete still claims it ain't his boy."

"Whut should he care for?" countered Sam Hurd. "It's one more boy, for chores." He swiggled the beer around his glass, pleased with the smoke and the warmth and the comfort of neighbors; suddenly he reached forward with broad hand and hit Lisbeth across the hips. "Lisbeth, there's a thought for you. Get your man to take you out in a buggy."

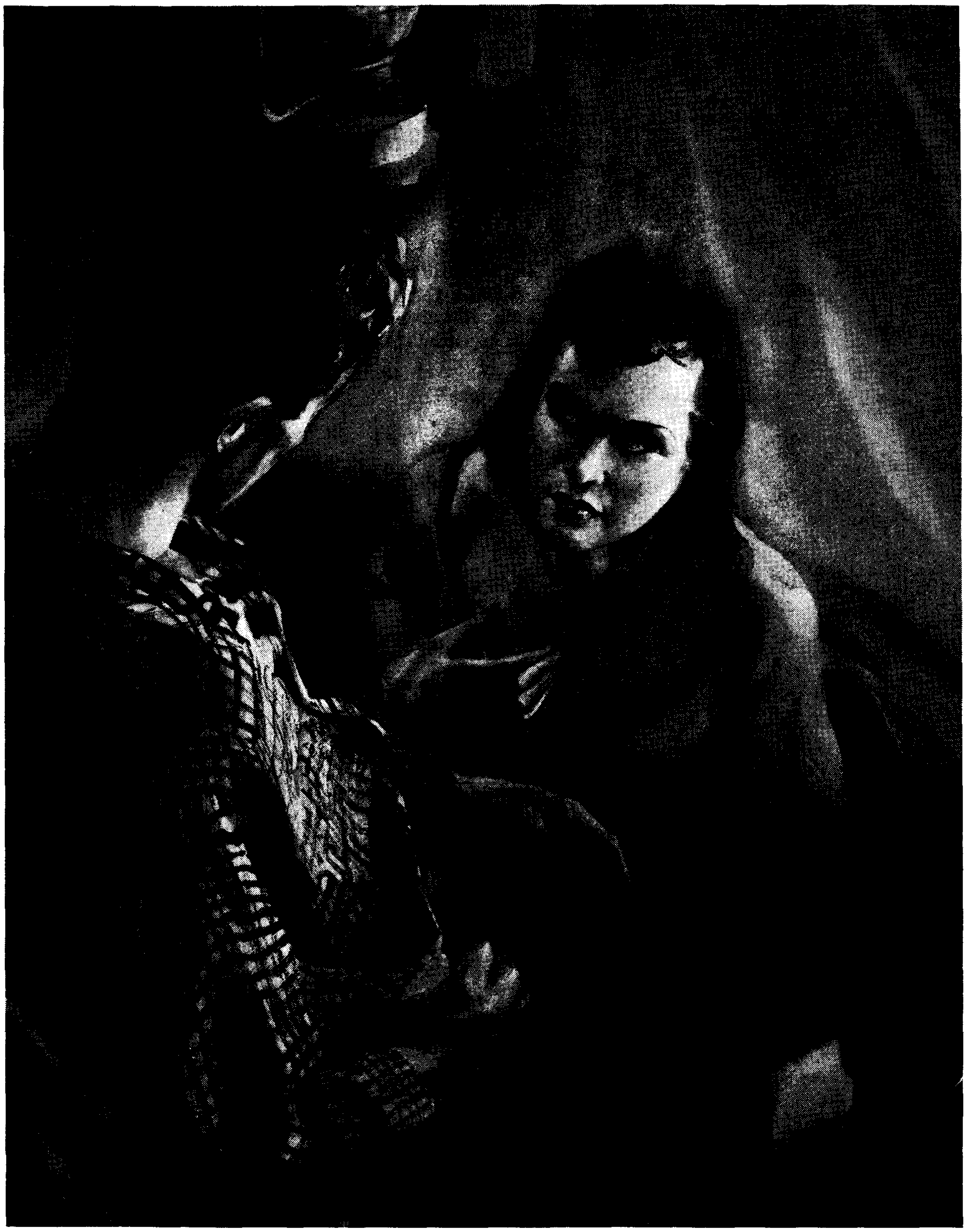
Lisbeth turned her dark eyes on her father, unstirred and unembarrassed. "What man?"

"What man?" said Hurd. "You got the choice of anybody on the prairie."

Mrs. Hurd's voice was a steady tone on the edge of all this: "You parboil it fifteen minutes, change to a little fresh water and add the kraut." While she talked, her eyes watched Lisbeth carefully, seeing Lisbeth's glance swing and stop on Bob Law at the doorway. "The flavor comes from not leavin' the kraut on the stove too long."

The clip-clop of hoofs died in the yard and an assured young man, sandy-haired and smiling and dressed in neat townsman's clothes, picked his way across Bob Law's outstretched legs. "I saw the lights and heard the noise and thought I'd say hello."

This was Cam Skelton, who owned the drygoods store in Prairie City; and since he was in a way foreign to the slack, comfortable homestead group, Sam



She was close to him, close enough for him to catch the odor of the perfume, and she knew he caught it

Hurd accorded him the courtesy of rising. Mrs. Hurd left her chair, pleased and somewhat disturbed at his presence. "Lisbeth, get Mr. Skelton a glass of beer. You mustn't mind such an untidy house, Mr. Skelton."

"It is an attractive house, Mrs. Hurd," said Cam Skelton with his most gallant manners. He paid his respects to the women with an inclusive statement. "You homestead ladies are the finest housekeepers in the world."

"We eat well," admitted Sam Hurd. "Had supper?"

LISBETH moved around Cam Skelton, drew a glass of beer, and offered it to him. He said, "Thanks, I've eaten, but the beer will be a pleasure after the ride." He saluted Lisbeth with the glass; over its rim his eyes held her—they were quick eyes, round and bright-colored. From the corner of the room Mrs. Hurd watched this man, the way he looked at Lisbeth. Talk had ceased in front of the townsman but he finished his beer and brought the talk alive again in an easy way: "It has been a good year. No grasshoppers and no drought. There's a new settlement going in below town, on the Sweet Fork. Time will come, Sam, when you settlers will have the cattlemen pushed back beyond the bench."

"Time will come," said Sam Hurd in his loud, positive voice, "when we'll pass the laws in this country, and, by damn, we'll scrunch them like they have been scrunchin' us."

"Thanks for the beer," said Cam Skelton. He paused a moment, cool enough to disregard the crowd while he put his deliberate glance on Lisbeth. There was a full interest in him; she saw it as she stood calmly before him, not showing expression. Presently he ducked his head at the group and left the house. Silence held on until the pacing of his horse softened in the distance. Then Sam Hurd said: "As for corn, Henry, the Ioway kind won't do out here. We got to get a seed that will stand dry weather. Well, it will come." Talk rose up again and the tobacco smoke deepened and blurred everything.

LISBETH drew a glass of beer and moved to the doorway. She stood there, looking down at Bob Law until his face lifted. She said, "Beer?" and watched him take it and look away. The top of his head was jet black; there was a scar on his cheek, which was part of his past—from a horse or a man or from a woman. She didn't know. He was a cowpuncher who had ridden out of the hills to take up a quarter section and the way of his life had left him taciturn. He wasn't at all like the practical, heavy, loud-speaking homestead men. He was long and loose and narrow-hipped from riding; he was an easy-swinging man but at times he moved with an astonishing swiftness; something was inside of him, hard and intense and strange. But it was well covered. The open front of his shirt showed the bronze-brown skin of his chest.

The Prillifew baby was again mewling and it was time for the settlers to leave. They went away, family by family, in their rigs, the children's backward calling riding the moonless night in undulating, long-sustained bars of sound. Bob Law had gone on to the corral. Idly following, Lisbeth put her shoulders to the corral bars, looking up at him. He didn't seem to see her; he stared into the black sweep of the prairie, he was listening to its vague voices and its silence. But she knew he was aware of her; it was something in the set of his body, in his stillness.

"Where'd you come from, Bob?"

"Off there," he said, pointing to the hills. He had the brief and flat tone of a man who didn't use his voice much. In the dark she saw his face come down to her and felt the sudden sharpness of his eyes. He said, "Good night," moving away to the small tent at the edge of the corral.

Lisbeth returned to the house to catch up the beer glasses and straighten the chairs. The children had started to bed and Henry Zimmer had gone up to the spare room.

Sam Hurd said in a tone that was, for him, extremely mild: "Henry's a smart young Dutchman. There's your man, Lisbeth. He'll make a fine farm."

Mrs. Hurd said, "Ah," in a dissenting tone. She stood by the table, not speaking again until Sam Hurd slowly retreated to the corner bedroom. Afterward she added: "Not him, Lisbeth. You've got plenty of choice. You make a good marriage. Look at me. I had no choice. I ain't sorry, I ain't complaining, but you got things different. You don't have to be a farmer's wife. You can choose. Why do you think Cam Skelton came here? You could live in town and drive your own rig. You could dress like those women do. You make a good marriage. You got the chance—just once you've got it."

LISBETH stood in the yard, after breakfast, watching Law and Henry Zimmer saddle their horses. When they passed down the trail into the Silver Bow canyon she noticed that Law had forgotten his lunch; but she didn't call him back. It was four miles across the canyon to where these two had their adjoining quarter sections; she would take the lunch to Law later. Back in the house she put the lunch on the side table and had her own breakfast with her mother and the smaller children.

Her mother said: "I want you to go to town. I need some long straight pins and five yards of gingham, red check, and a spool of white thread." She looked at her daughter carefully. "Wear your gray dress; it don't muss up in the sidesaddle much." And later, in the saddle and ready to go, her mother came out to give her two silver dollars and another critical survey. "You look well. You've got a way. Be nice to him, Lisbeth. It is all you need to do."

Lisbeth said softly: "How nice?"

"A woman must think about these things. You want to make a good marriage. For some men, like Zimmer who is dumb, you can be forward. For some you can't. It is something you must find out for yourself, when you see what's on his face."

This was why she was being sent to town, Lisbeth knew; to be nice to Cam

(Continued on page 25)

Guam, Haunted Paradise

By W. B. Courtney

Guam could be made an American Gibraltar within the closing gates of Japan's Pacific empire. Shall we do it? While Congress battled over this question, W. B. Courtney flew from New York to the West Coast, thence by Clipper to Guam—a total of more than 8,000 miles. He talked to the Navy rulers of the island and to its frightened natives. From Manila he cabled back his story—a picture of a paradise caught in the path of a juggernaut

MAP BY ROLF KLEP PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

YOU came at sundown to Guam, where 20,000 souls live in mortal dread that the United States, to which they eagerly pledge allegiance and love, is about to abandon them to the brown wolves of the Far East.

It's a long, long and tedious journey even in this miracle age of swift wings and fleet wheels and still you seem to be no place after you get there. But when you have met Juan, who has the manners of a grandee but not a whole pair of breeches to his name, Maraquita with her blackberry eyes, old Sus who puts a shirt on before he will let you take his picture, then loads your car with fruit and refuses your proffered coin with a graciousness that shames you—all the gentle people of the island who bear smiles on their faces but grave fear in their hearts—then I feel sure you will not regret your trouble.

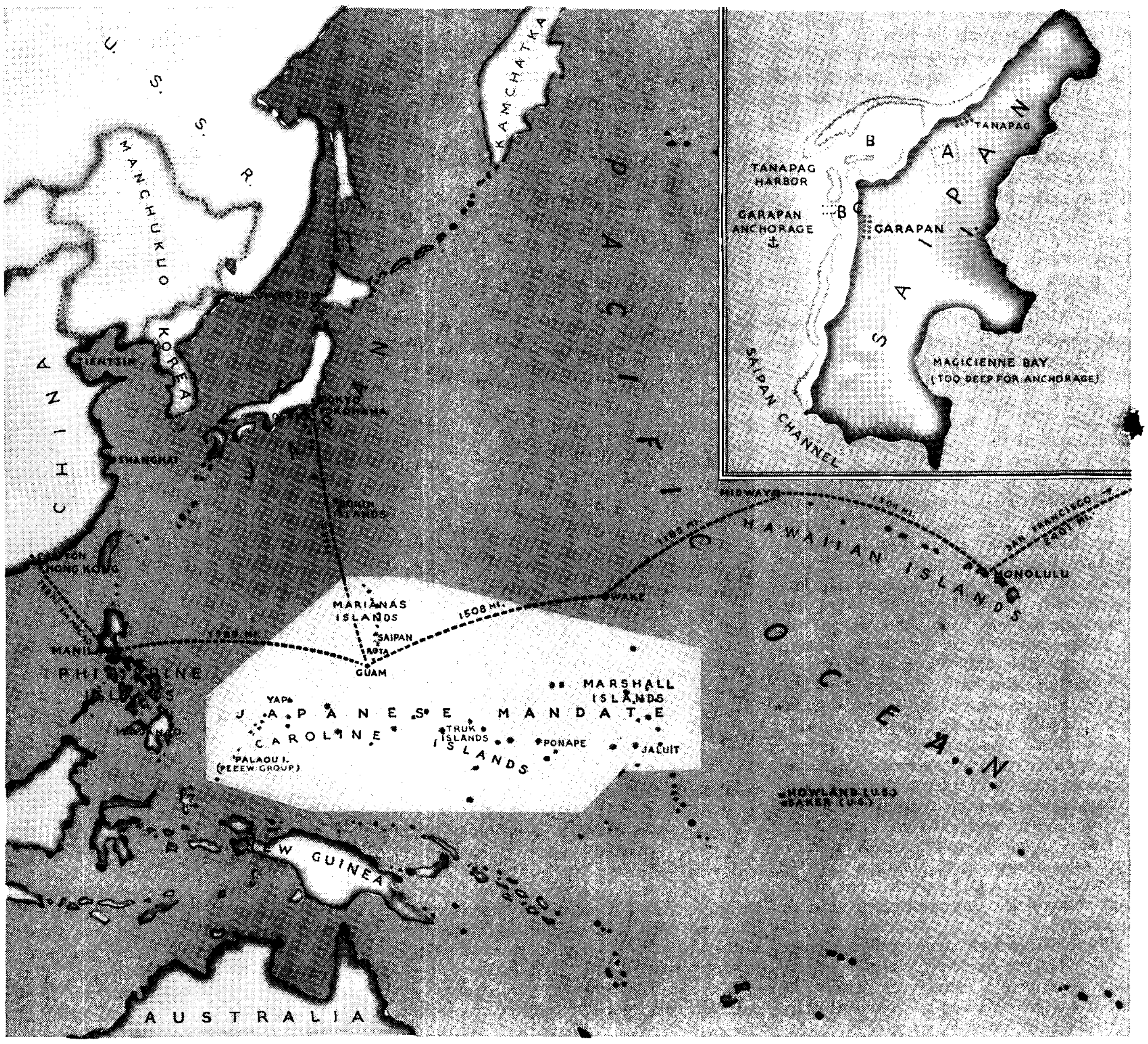
Now your first impression is an overwhelming apprehension of remoteness, isolation. This chip of territory is a day ahead of its stepmotherland by clock and by calendar and a century behind it in guile.

All day you flew down the blinding center of infinity. Your eyes ached behind dark glasses and, save for the testimony of the sun, they could never have told you in which direction lay the sky under which the sea today was different from yesterday and the days before. Between California and Honolulu you were on a reasonably well-traveled leg. There were ships below and great ports ahead and behind. To Midway it was the same, with sometimes the dubious reassurance of atoll reefs grinding at you frothily in the sun. Then while you made your southwesting toward Wake a sense of detachment from the familiar world first grew upon you. At dawn on this fourth day of steady flying you rose from a gem lagoon set in a horseshoe formed by Wake, Peale and Wilkes islands—flecks, no more, of coral beach. And salt-dried bracken. Hour after hour in spectral high mists intensified your feeling of distance and separation, of returning strangely to the faraway and long ago, the hopelessly uttermost. In the control room the altimeter consistently showed 10,000 feet. Once the chart on the navigator's table gave figures that prickled your hair—nearly 6,000 fathoms of water below in the lonesomest wastes of the earth's widest ocean, almost nine miles straight down from plane to bottom ooze. You took renewed interest in the vigorous beat of the motors.

A Hint of Dissension

A substantial blur loomed among cloudbanks on the starboard horizon. "Rota," says a crew member, "forty miles from Guam, the nearest Jap island. They don't want us to come within twelve miles of them, but if they sight us at all they usually send a radio message warning us to stand clear of Japanese soil. Once Uncle Ed Musick flew the Hawaii Clipper smack over Rota. Said he got lost and mistook it for Guam. But if you knew Uncle Ed—well, that was a diplomatic incident. Tokyo kicked to Washington. Do you reckon we'll be so touchy when they begin operation of the line they're planning down the mandated islands? Guam is right on their proposed course and I hear they'd like to get landing rights on Guam to connect with us. Some crust, when you figure the way they tell us off."

Thus you are introduced to Guam, farthermost American possession, on a note of dissension, risk, ill will and mistrust. But this is scarcely an eye-opener to the things soon to burst into your ears and mind and heart—the trouble in Paradise, for that is how lovely Guam meets your eye—Paradise.


U. S. S. R.
MANCHUKUO
KAMCHATKA
VLADIVOSTOK
KOREA
TIENTSIN
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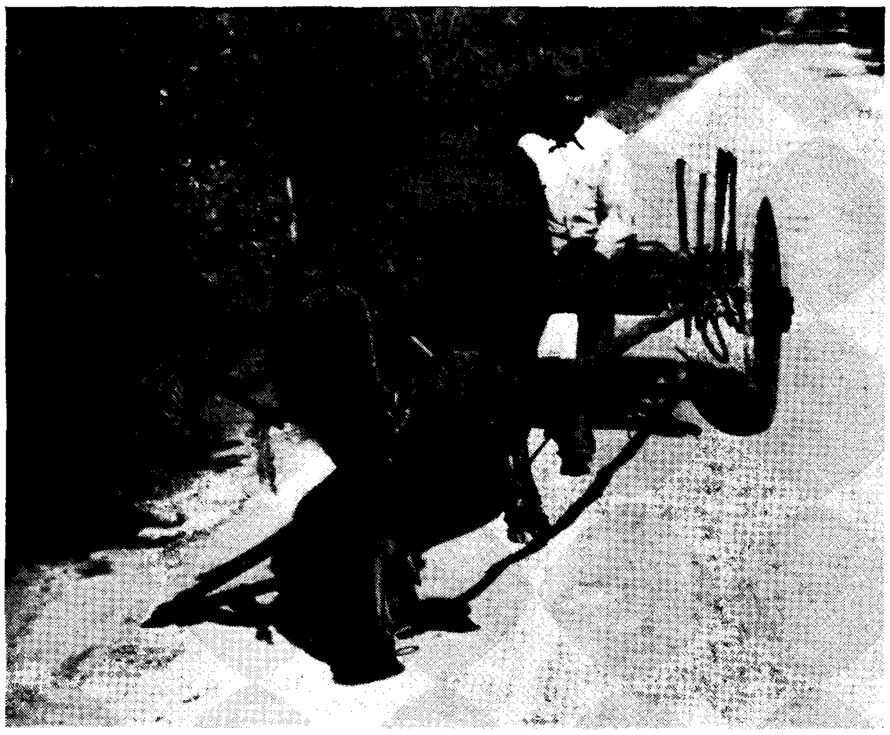
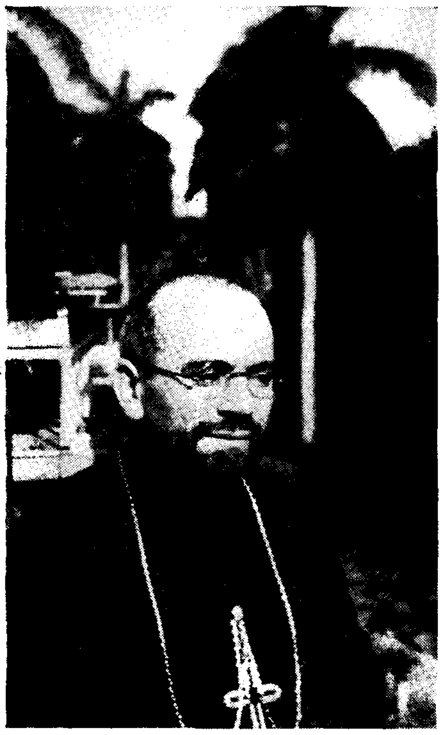
YOKOHAMA
OSAKA
BONIN ISLANDS
CANTON
HONG KONG
MANILA
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
MINDANAO
MARIANAS ISLANDS
SAIPAN
ROTA
GUAM
1,589 MI.
1508 MI.
WAKE
1185 MI.
MIDWAY
1304 MI.
SAN FRANCISCO 2401 MI.
HONOLULU
HAWAIIAN ISLANDS
PACIFIC OCEAN
YAP
JAPANESE MANDATE
CAROLINE ISLANDS
TRUK ISLANDS
PONAPE
MARSHALL ISLANDS
JALUIT
PALAOU I. (PEEEW GROUP)
HOWLAND (U.S.)
BAKER (U.S.)
NEW GUINEA
AUSTRALIA
TANAPAG
TANAPAG HARBOR
GARAPAN ANCHORAGE
GARAPAN
A
B
C
SAIPAN
MAGICIENNE BAY (TOO DEEP FOR ANCHORAGE)
SAIPAN CHANNEL

Tiny Guam, America's last outpost and newest question mark in our foreign policy, lies in the midst of Japan's far-flung string of mandated islands. Fortified, as it was prior to the Four Power Treaty, Guam would be a formidable Far East Navy foothold and a break in Japan's barrier of fortified islands, some of which, shown here, are Bonin, Saipan, Yap, Palaou, Truk, Ponape and Jaluit. Inset: Saipan Island, near Guam, showing (A) landing field for planes, (B) dredged-out harbor passages, (C) concrete breakwater and docks. There is also a railroad around the perimeter of the island





The Chamorro driving the carabao is a typical native of Guam. While he owes allegiance to the U. S. and enjoys its protection, he is not a citizen but wants to be permitted to become one. Right, Bishop Olano, spiritual head of Catholic Guam. Most priests are Spanish; Navy policy has been to replace them gradually with American priests

You glide down among puff clouds brushed with lavish and primitive colors of a tropical sunset. There suddenly lies Guam, outspread complete within range of your eyes like a continent in miniature—ruddy hills that shoulder up from deep forests of breadfruit, mango, ipil and palo maría. The middle plains are covered with sword grass in the valleys. Nipa huts shelter cultivators of bananas, pineapples, avocados, sapodillas, all the lush bounty of hot-country fruits, and row upon row of American sweet corn everywhere. On riverside and beach, on road and farm, coconut palms stand like tattered mops.

Naval officers who come to meet you in the launch are upstanding, friendly and courteous. Natives who surround the landing stage come up to your expectations with their milk-chocolate faces, their bright eyes, quick and constant laughter and their uninhibited interest in you and your baggage. For all the tales you've heard about secret preparations, for all the ominous-sounding mystery of a closed port, barred even to our own merchant vessels unless they get special permits, there is no sign of gun or drill or fortification. On all sides there is nothing but affability, beauty, hospitality.

An American Dictatorship

Yet truth does not lie very deep. Four days ago you rose from the land of the free whence incense and hosannas rise daily in homage to all the ideals of liberty, of self-determination, of the right of the common people whose pennies and dollars support and pay for the government. Today you have come to earth again in a territory under that same flag, governed by that same leader and cymbal-smacker among democratic powers, wherein is violated and suspended many principles for which the great home nation virtuously postures before the world.

You have set foot in the trimmest little dictatorship on earth, a perfected military despotism.

Two miles in the air you needed a heavy suit; now upon arrival you gratefully shift into whites. Even as you do so you reflect that it is not only the climate which is hot and steamy here. Back home you thought fortification was the main bone in Guam. On the spot you learn that fortification is of course of profound interest and that it conditions all other topics. But it is only part of the involved discussions, the numerous issues, which immediately bedevil you.

At cocktail parties in the Officers' Club, around oil lamps in the tidy little huts of the natives wherein coconut

(Continued on page 50)

Guam schoolchildren attend free schools but not with children of Navy officers and men. They are taught under American methods by native teachers, some of whom were educated in the United States. These children speak English in classes and their native Chamorro among themselves. Prized possessions are tops, marbles and newspaper comic sections

How Free is the Press?

By William Allen White

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

William Allen White knows the American Press as few editors know it. For half a century he watched it grow and he grew with it. In the face of one of the most heated controversies of our day, he tells you what the Press is and how it happened to get that way

I HAVE two friends whom I admire and respect with something like devotion—Mr. Harold Ickes and Mr. Frank Gannett—and my heart is broken that each of them is butting the other's head while they make snoots at each other about the freedom of the press, each contradicting the other violently. "Positively, Mr. Gallagher! Absolutely, Mr. Sheehan!" The sad part of it is that they are both right and at the same time each is more or less wrong.

Their quarrel about the freedom of the press is based largely upon a confusion of terms. Since the Constitution and the Bill of Rights were adopted a century and a half ago, guaranteeing freedom of the press, the terms "freedom" and "the press" have been affected by the changing times. Indeed, the machine age has redefined nearly everything in this world, and particularly in this country during the Nineteenth century and the four decades of this new century.

Let me tell a story—my own autobiographical story—to illustrate how the terms have changed, and why the terms "freedom" and "the press" no longer mean what they meant in Jefferson's day. Fifty-four years ago this spring, as a boy of seventeen, I went into a country printing office to learn the printer's trade. It was in a little town of two or three thousand and the cost of the type, presses and equipment required to publish a weekly paper in that town in Kansas in 1885 was not much more, probably a little less, than $1,500.

It Used to Be Easy

I happen to know that when the editor of that paper came to town he had less than $500. He was a printer-editor, and with that $500, plus his trade and experience, plus the credit he could get at the type and material houses and finally plus ready cash he could borrow at the bank, being a personable young man and glib of tongue, my boss, the editor, got into the newspaper business and established himself in his profession.

I learned all that could be learned of the mechanical side of my profession and in a short time I was graduated from the printer's case to a reporter's desk. After some detours as a salesman of advertising and a solicitor of subscriptions for other papers I became an editorial writer on The Kansas City Star at 24.

When I had been in the newspaper business as printer, reporter, advertising salesman and in the circulation department I went into Emporia, a town of eight or ten thousand people, and by dint of fast talking and a little security raised $3,000, bought the Emporia Gazette as a going concern, with less than 500 subscriptions. Like my boss of 1885, I could have bought the material, presses, type and equipment for the Emporia Gazette when I took it over if I'd had seven or eight hundred dollars.

When I walked into my own printing office I was 27 years old. I was down early the morning I bought the paper and stood surveying my kingdom prouder than Punch. No small part of my pride, indeed, much of my self-reliance, came from the fact that, as I looked over the little office—all housed in a room 25 x 40, editors' desk, press, reporters' table, bookkeeper's chair, printers' cases, imposing stones and all—I knew I had done reasonably well everything that I could possibly ask anyone else to do in the publication of that little daily paper.

Ready for Anything

I had swept the office, as a printer's devil. I had made up the forms and had put the paper to press. I had set the type. I had washed rollers and helped to make them. I had walked the streets for news, I had rung doorbells on front porches and had solicited subscriptions. I had edited other reporters' copy. I had written editorials and had sold advertising.

The word "sold" in this case is largely euphonious. Getting advertising fifty years ago was an art. It was not merchandising. It required many talents not the least of which was polite blackmailing combined with the sycophancy of the mendicant with a dash here and there of that glib debonair harlotry with which the politician graces his profession.

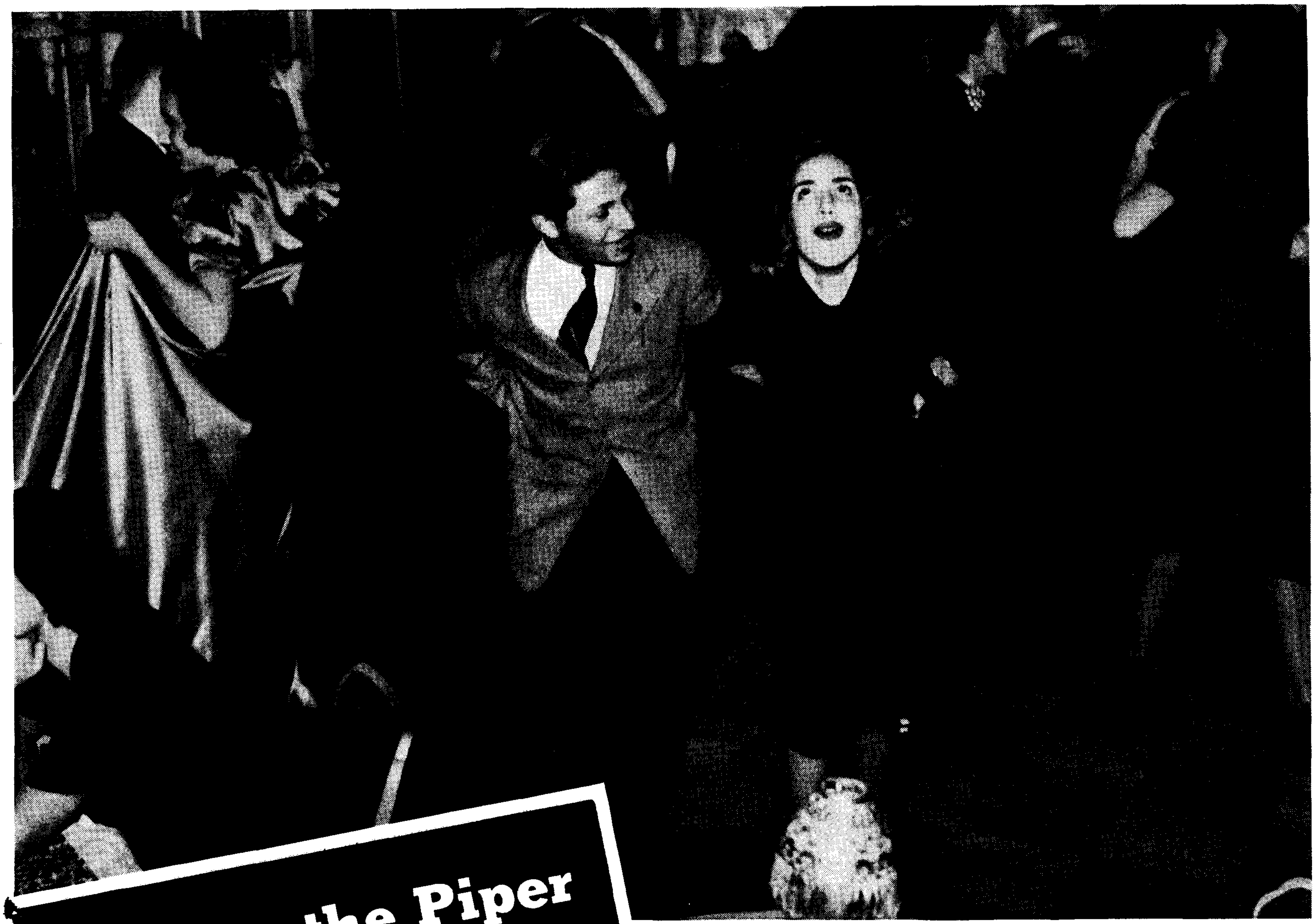
Anyone who thinks that the press from the days of Benjamin Franklin through the golden age of Horace Greeley and Henry Watterson was a highly moral and entirely noble calling knows nothing of our profession in those days. The man who wrote the editorials and garnered the news often—indeed, much too often in small towns where American

(Continued on page 88)

Pay for the Piper

By Fred J. Ringel

Songwriters like to eat, and so someone has to pay for the lyrics that gush out of your loud-speaker. Who shall pay and how much is the subject of bitter debate between radio and the composers



PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Jitterbugs demand good tunes and lots of them; getting paid for his efforts is the composer's headache

BY THE time the year 1920 came around, Gene Buck could spend an hour or two a day sitting about feeling pleased with himself. For two decades he had been a songwriting success with Ziegfeld and now he was president of ASCAP—the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers—which was organized to protect the songwriters' rights. He felt that the battle was substantially won. Then a neighbor in Great Neck, L. I., invited him to put on earphones and listen to the latest scientific marvel—a radio broadcast all the way from Pittsburgh. Cheerfully Gene put on the phones and finally he heard some noises. What he heard was an orchestra playing two of his own tunes—Tulip Time and 'Neath the South Sea Moon.

Mr. Buck took a leap aloft and came down shouting incoherent sounds.

"Wonderful, isn't it!" the host cried.

"Wonderful, my foot!" screamed Gene. "It's going to take twenty years off my life."

What it meant, as Mr. Buck realized, was the beginning of a new battle. That fight is still raging, more bitter than ever. In essence it is the struggle of the songwriters to keep the broadcasters from using their songs, playing them to a quick death without adequate compensation for this privilege.

At present, the broadcasters are paying approximately $4,000,000 annually to ASCAP for the right to use the five million songs controlled by that organization—the output of practically all the first-flight composers. But the radio stations are fighting the payment tooth and nail.

If their struggle is successful, the songwriters will be back where they were when ASCAP was formed twenty-four years ago. In fact, they will be much worse off. For today one single band over the air can pick up a tune and blast it across the country into instant fame and within three months the song will be dead. If radio paid him nothing, all the composer would get out of it would be an average of three cents royalty for the few sheets of music sold.

Before ASCAP, the theaters, hotels and cabarets couldn't seem to understand that a composer was a man who also wants to eat and pay his rent. Think of the publicity the fellow was getting! Think of the money they paid musicians to play his tunes! Why pay him? Fantastic!

Stephen Foster died in Bellevue Hospital, New York, with a fortune in his pockets consisting of thirty-eight cents. Benjamin Russell Hanby, who wrote Darling Nellie Gray, was reimbursed by his publisher with a dozen copies of his song. When he inquired about the success of his song, the publisher replied: "Dear Sir, Your favor received. Nellie Gray is sung on both sides of the Atlantic. We have made the money and you the fame—that balances the account."

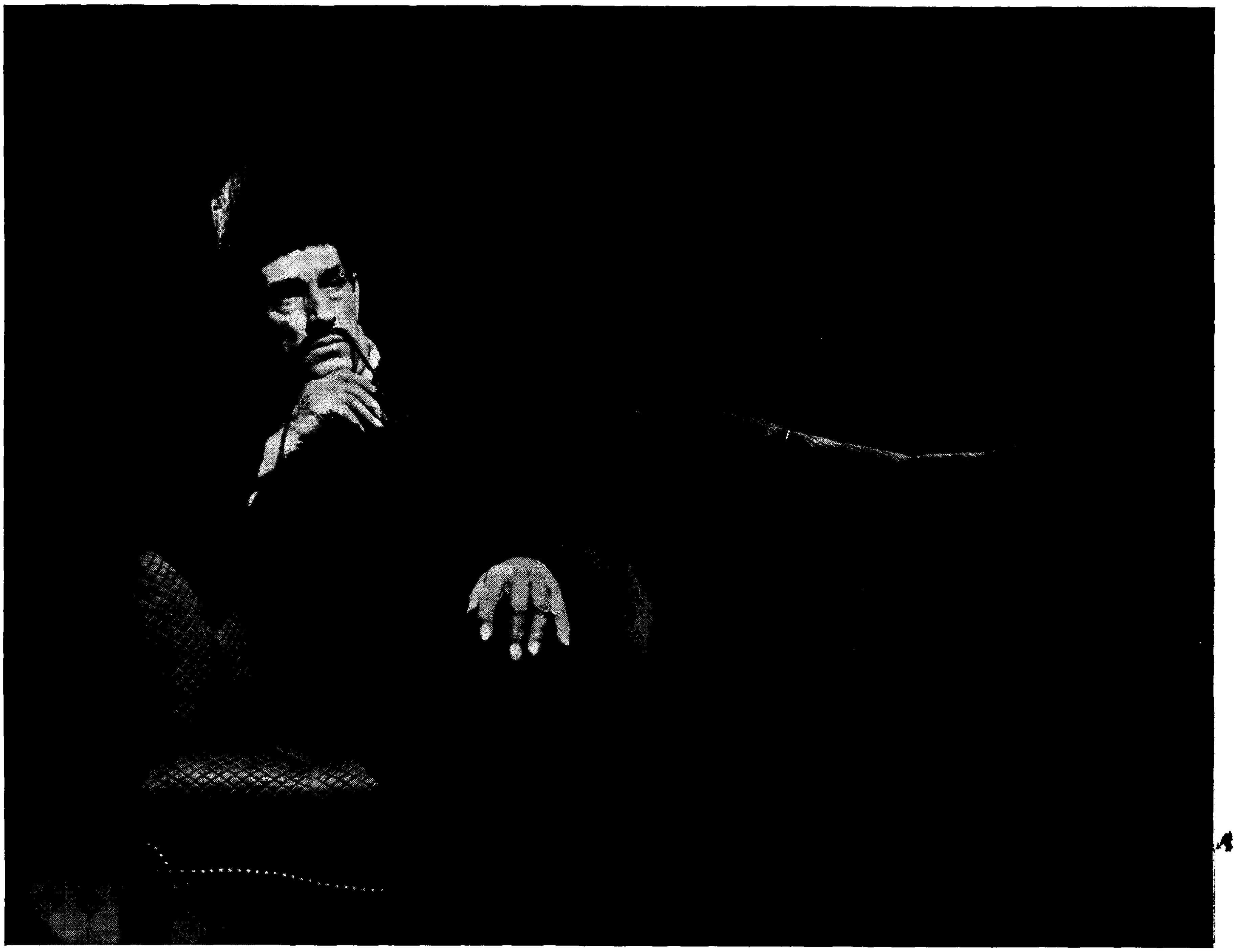
That was the composers' plight until 1909, when the government decreed that the composer was entitled to a minimum of $250 damages for every infringement of his copyrights. Collecting these damages was another story. That's why ASCAP was formed. It began when Victor Herbert and John Philip Sousa got together with the brilliant young lawyer Nathan Burkan and rounded up Broadway's composers for a fight to the finish.

It was a tough struggle at first. The chief users of music not only held up their hands in horror at the idea of paying for the privilege of publicly performing music but were fighting the composers' society vigorously in the courts. In 1917, Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes upheld the legality of ASCAP. The decision was a major victory for the composers.

In those days the composers had, in addition to the performing rights, enormous revenue from the sale of sheet music and phonograph records. As recently as 1926 Irving Berlin's All Alone sold 1,125,000 copies. It earned him the $80,000 he gave his wife for an engagement present. In 1927 Sonny Boy still hit 2,000,000 copies. Even as late as 1928, Ramona did almost as well. A few years earlier Till We Meet Again hit tops for all time with 6,500,000 copies.

But these imposing figures tell nothing of the terrific hurdles that practically every songwriter has had to overcome. Today the barriers are still higher. Pirate publishers bootleg successful songs and peddle them for nickels. The song sharks are after the amateur and make him pay to get his stuff published. The regular music publishers don't even open the mail from

(Continued on page 60)



That majestic, evil face fascinated me. Those long, narrow, emerald-green eyes commanded, claimed, absorbed me

The Drums of Fu Manchu

By Sax Rohmer

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM RITTER

The Story Thus Far:

CERTAIN that mysterious conspirators are plotting to bring about his death, General Quinto, Chief of Staff to Signor Monaghani, one of Europe's most formidable political figures, hides in London.

Aware of Quinto's peril, Sir James Clare, England's Home Secretary, instructs Sir Denis Nayland Smith, noted crime investigator, to fly to London (he is in Berlin) and combat the general's enemies. When, accompanied by his friend, Bart Kerrigan (who tells the story), he reaches the house, he finds that Quinto has been killed.

Smith soon establishes these important facts: (1) That, shortly before his death, a woman—dark and beautiful—had called on Quinto; (2) That, before his death, the general had imagined he heard the beating of drums!

Breaking into the victim's dispatch box, Smith finds three messages—warnings from someone who signs himself "President of the Seven." And he is now certain that Si-Fan, the most powerful secret organization on earth, and its sinister head, Dr. Fu Manchu, have done away with the general.

Nayland Smith reads the messages. They make it clear that Si-Fan, believing that only fifteen men in the world can bring war about, is plotting to force those men into private life—or, failing in that, to murder them.

Following an encounter with a woman whom he believes to be the one who had called on Quinto, and who is obviously co-operating with Fu Manchu, Bart Kerrigan has a long talk with Smith, in Smith's flat. In the room where they are seated there is a radio set with television equipment. Smith makes some reference to Fu Manchu. "No doubt," says a voice, "you would like a word with me, Sir Denis."

Smith leaps to his feet. The television screen is illuminated. And upon it is the face of Fu Manchu.

II

I CAN never forget those moments of silence that followed the appearance of that evil face upon the screen.

The utterly mysterious nature of the happening had me by the throat, transcending as it did anything that I could have imagined. I was prepared to believe Dr. Fu Manchu a wizard—a reincarnation of some ancient sorcerer; Apollonius of Tyana reborn with the fires of hell in his eyes.

"If you will be so good, Sir Denis—" the voice was sibilant, unemotional; the thin lips barely moved—"as to switch your lights off, you will find it easier to follow me. Just touch the red button on the right of the screen and I shall know that you have complied."

That Nayland Smith did so was a fact merely divined from an added clarity in that image of the Chinese doctor; for I was unaware of any movement, indeed, of any presence other than that of Fu Manchu.

The image moved back, and I saw now that the speaker was seated in a carved chair.

"This interesting device," the precise, slightly hissing voice continued, "is yet in its infancy. If I intruded at a fortunate moment, this was an accident—for I am unable to hear you. Credit for this small contribution belongs to one of the few first-class mechanical brains that the West has produced in recent years. . . ."

I felt a grip upon my shoulder. Nayland Smith stood beside me.

"He was at work upon the principle at the time of his reported death. . . . He has since improved upon it in my laboratories."

Only by a tightening of Smith's grip did I realize the fact that this, to me, incomprehensible statement held a hidden meaning.

"I find it useful as a means of communication with my associates, Sir Denis. I hope to perfect it. Do not waste your time trying to trace the mechanic who installed it. My purpose in speaking to you was this: You have recently learned the distressing details concerning the death of General Quinto. Probably you know that he complained of a sound of drums just before the end—a characteristic symptom. . . ."

The uncanny speaker paused—bent forward—I lost consciousness of everything save of his eyes and of the voice.

"My drums, Sir Denis, will call to others before I shall have satisfied the fools in power today that I, Fu Manchu, and I alone, hold the scales in my hand. I ask you to join me, now—for my enemies are your enemies. Consider my words—consider them deeply."

Smith did not stir; but I could hear his rapid breathing.

"You would not wish to see the purposeless slaughter in Spain, in China, carried into England? Think of that bloody farce called The Great War!" A vibrating guttural note had entered into the unforgettable voice. "I who have had some opportunities of seeing you in action, Sir Denis, know that you understand the rules of boxing. Your objectives are the heart and the point of the jaw; you strike to paralyze brain and blood supply. That is how *I* fight. I strike at those who cause, at those who direct, at those who aid, war—at the brain and at the heart; not at the arms, the shoulders—the deluded masses who suffer and die in order that arrogant fools may be gratified, that profiteers may grow fat. Consider my words. . . ."

Dr. Fu Manchu's eyes were now opened widely. They beckoned, they called to me. . . .

"Steady, Kerrigan."

A LONG time seemed to elapse before Nayland Smith spoke again, before he stirred; then:

"I have seen that man being swept to the verge of Niagara Falls!" he said, speaking hoarsely out of the darkness. "I prayed that he had met a just fate. The body of his companion—a maddened slave of his will—was found."

"But not Fu Manchu! How could he have escaped?"

Smith moved—switched up the light. I saw how the incident had affected him, and it gave me courage; for the magnetism of those eyes, of that voice, had made me feel a weakling.

"One day, Kerrigan, perhaps I shall know."

He pressed a bell. Fey came in.

"This television apparatus is not to be used, not to be touched by anyone, Fey."

Fey went out.

I took up my glass, which remained half filled.

"This has staggered me," I confessed. "The man is more than human. But one thing I *must* know: what did he mean when he spoke of someone—I can guess to whom he referred—who died recently but who, since his death, has been at work in Fu Manchu's laboratories?"

Smith turned on his way to the buffet; his eyes glittered like steel.

"Were you ever in Haiti?"

"No."

"Then possibly you have never come across the ghastly tradition of the *zombi?*"

"Never."

"A human corpse, Kerrigan, taken from the grave and by means of sorcery set to work in the cane fields. Perhaps, a Negro superstition . . . but Dr. Fu Manchu has put it into practice."

"What!"

"I have seen men long dead and buried laboring in his workshops!"

He squirted soda water into a tumbler.

"You were moved, naturally, by the words and by the manner of, intellectually, the greatest man alive. But forget his sophistry, forget his voice—above all, forget his eyes. Dr. Fu Manchu is Satan incarnate."

IN THE days that followed I thought many times about those words; and one night I dreamed of beating drums and woke in a nameless panic. The morning that followed was lowering and gloomy. A fine drizzling rain made London wretched.

When I stood up and looked out of the window across Hyde Park I found the prospect in keeping with my reflections. I had been working on the extraordinary facts in connection with the death of General Quinto and trying to make credible reading of the occurrence in Nayland Smith's apartment later the same night. All that I had ever heard or imagined about Dr. Fu Manchu had been brought into sharp focus. I had sometimes laughed at the Germanic idea of a superman; now I knew that such a demigod, and a demigod of evil, actually lived.

I read over what I had written. It appeared to me as a critic that I had laid undue stress upon the haunting figure of the girl with the amethyst eyes. But whenever my thoughts turned, and they turned often enough, to the episodes of that night, those wonderful eyes somehow came to the front of the picture.

LONDON and the home counties were being combed by the police for the mysterious broadcasting station controlled by Dr. Fu Manchu. A post-mortem examination of the general's body had added little to our knowledge of the cause of death. Inquiries had failed also to establish the identity of the general's woman friend who had called upon him on the preceding day.

The figure of this unknown woman tortured my imagination. Could it be, could it possibly be the girl to whom I had spoken out in the Square?

I ordered coffee, and when it came I was too restless to sit down. I walked about the room carrying the cup in my hand. Then, I heard the doorbell and heard Mrs. Merton, my daily help, going down. Two minutes later Nayland Smith came in, his lean features wearing that expression of eagerness that characterized him when he was hot on a trail, his gray eyes very bright. He nodded, and before I could speak:

"Thanks! A cup of coffee would be just the thing," he said.

Peeling off his damp raincoat and dropping it on the floor, he threw his hat on top of it, stepped to my desk and began to read through my manuscript.

(Continued on page 40)

With a sudden, unexpected movement, she buried her wicked little teeth in my hand

Hick from Hollywood

By Katharine Roberts

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JAMES DOOLITTLE

THE hospital room was filled with that peculiar quiet that precedes a crisis. Young Jane Bryan lay between smooth sheets and plucked at a blanket that had been spread over her. She could feel the temperature going up. The doctor had just pronounced her too ill to receive visitors and the doors had been closed upon everyone except a flock of electricians, who trained heavy lights on her, a half hundred assorted grips, prop men, actors, cameramen, assistant directors, and William Keighley, who gave Eddie Albert a gentle shove in the direction of the patient's bed. Eddie carried the fifth bunch of roses from the prop man's supply, all the others having given up the ghost in the same California summer heat that was rapidly cooking Jane beneath the blanket. They got through the scene and managed a tender embrace before Jane wilted and demanded an ice-cream soda. It was a scene of delicate implications and might have been pretty sticky if it hadn't been so well done. But it turned into a high spot in Brother Rat, one of the winter's most amusing films, and the result is that Miss Jane Bryan is now reliably reported as being "groomed for stardom."

"Sounds like a horse," murmured young Jane, blinking thoughtfully at the news and added, "It must be a mistake. No one's told *me* anything about it." Having played young sister or deb daughter to practically every star on the Warner lot, she admits she's never known what kind of part she was going to have until the costume department called her in and began fitting clothes on her and so she probably wouldn't know about this new idea either. "But you'll find there's a mistake somewhere," she predicted. Then suddenly she brightened, "If it were true," gasped the young thing faced with film fame, "it might give me a chance at a part on the stage. Jeepers!" she yipped, making a quick leap from the bed on which she'd been sitting cross-legged. "If I could get *any* part on the stage—just a walk-on—wouldn't it be grand?" There's no question, the starlet is stage-struck.

With most of Broadway's young actorines going on night after night in the hope that somewhere in the audience there may be a kindhearted scout who'll offer them a chance at pictures, this was news of the man-bites-dog variety. But then the Bryan girl was born in Hollywood, which may account for it—only the name was O'Brien, not Bryan. It seems that when you're born there, you get over any foolish notions about the place by the time you've cut your first tooth, and pretty soon your ambition gets to reaching outside the home town just as it does when you're born anywhere else. This may also explain the fact that the O'Brien child is the most unHollywood twenty-year-old we've met from anywhere. At first we dodged meeting her.

However, one day when a young thing with flying light brown hair, vivid blue eyes, no make-up, and an evident desire to take in all of Manhattan in one breath suddenly gripped our hand, said "Hello," and began talking about everything on earth except herself, we discovered we'd met Jane Bryan on her first trip to New York. She was a great relief. Apparently they still come like that—kids who can get outside themselves and forget to take a pose.

A couple of weeks' acquaintance revealed a number of salient facts about Miss Jane—not to mention a few about New York. She'd been to a Toscanini broadcast and sat right where she could see every motion the great maestro made, she'd lapped up several symphony concerts at Carnegie Hall, and she was currently making personal appearances in the same stage show with Slim and Slam, composers of Flat Foot Floogie with the Floy-Floy.

No Chance for Glamor

She comes from an absolutely non-cinema family — has three younger brothers. They're eighteen, fifteen, and twelve and are pretty frank about what they think—not much impressed with what she does. As far as Jimmy and Billy and Don are concerned, when she goes off to work it's the same as if she were going to an office, only she starts earlier and gets home later. They see her films the same as they do others. Jimmy was interested in Brother Rat because he's going to a military school himself and he regarded it with a professional eye. He thought she was "all right," but was more concerned with other details. You gather she has a pretty normal home life and it is clear that any tendency toward being a glamorette would be promptly taken in hand by Jimmy and Billy and Don before it got very far. Her father's a lawyer. Lawyers in Hollywood understand it all pretty well, too.

She made her stage debut as a snowball at the age of four in a kindergarten ballet. The next time she got on the stage was when she was nine—played Tiny Tim in Dickens' Christmas Carol—a very routine affair, just did it the way all kids do. She played Puck a little later. But the first time she got a thrill out of acting came when she was Touchstone in As You Like It. This was after she had left Marymount Convent and got into University High School. She and a Japanese girl were supposed to alternate in the part and were given identical coaching, but just before she went on, something seemed to click inside little O'Brien and she got an entirely new conception of the part. One of those last-minute flashes. Salka Viertel, Vicki Baum, and some other fond mothers who had children in the play, reporting later, stated that the offering stuck pretty well to Shakespearian tradition until Touchstone came bounding on and then strange

(Continued on page 86)

Jane Bryan is a success story in reverse. Having been born in Hollywood, she trained for the legitimate stage and is now on her way to what promises to be a real movie career

Spilled Soup

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE ● ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

OLD GEORGE PHILBIN broke a long silence. He wagged his white head and there was mild regret in his plump pink face.

"I'm afraid they'd call it murder, Sam."

Sam Jewett stared. He hadn't realized how plainly his thoughts were written in his face.

"Besides," Philbin said, "it wouldn't cure Helga. Look at her."

Jewett was looking at her. Across the patio he could see her face as she leaned forward, suddenly, to be a little nearer to Larry Rand. Irresistibly the old, trite fable of the snake and the fascinated bird came into Jewett's thought.

"You'd only make sure that she'd spend the rest of her life worshiping Rand's blessed memory. You'd end all chance of her ever finding out—"

"That'd be better than what's going to happen to her if Rand lives a little longer," Jewett said. "She—she isn't like those other women of his. She can't take any of their easy ways out. It won't mean Reno or drugs or a high window to her. She'll see it through. He'll—he'll have a lot of fun with her. His kind of fun. The kind he must have had when he pulled wings off flies. The kind of fun he had blacklisting that jockey for not using the bat on a beaten horse. The kind of fun he had—"

Philbin lifted a fat pink hand.

"I've heard all the stories, I think." He glanced at the other table. "Apparently Helga hasn't."

"She doesn't hear such stories. People just don't tell them where she is—even the people who get fun out of trying to make clean things dirty. There's something about Helga that—that's always kept rottenness away from her. That's why it's going to be so horrible for her when she finds out that she's been living with it. Loving it. The kind of rottenness she'll hate worse than any other. Rand's kind. The kind that gets a kick out of hurting things. Helpless things that can't hurt back. Children and servants, dogs and horses and—and women. The code she lives by doesn't recognize anything below the bully."

"There isn't," Philbin said. "But they still call it murder if you kill one. And, as I said, it's ineffective. A dead bully doesn't give himself away."

"Rand won't give himself away, alive or dead," Jewett said. "Not till he's tired of acting. Not till—"

"I wonder." Philbin glanced across the patio. His pink face was thoughtful. It changed to sudden cheerfulness as a waiter reverently set a covered cup before him. Ceremonially he lifted a spoon. Reproachfully, after a moment, he lowered it.

"You didn't tell me that Auguste was down here with you, Adolf."

"I know M'sieu' would guess!" Adolf beamed.

He slid into firecracker French. Sam Jewett listened impatiently, marveling again at old George's interest in the fortunes and private life of Auguste and of Adolf himself. Even when you knew that the old boy only lived to eat and drink, that his best friends were those who cooked, uncorked or served the things he swallowed, it was hard to hear him solemnly discussing an old waiter's rheumatism, when across the room—

He pushed his half-emptied cup of soup away. Still chattering to old George, Adolf reached for it. The spoon slid off the plate and brushed Jewett's sleeve. Adolf gasped. His voluble, appalled contrition, as his moistened napkin erased the tiny stain, shamed away Jewett's momentary annoyance.

"It's all right. No harm done," he said.

Again he felt a dim shame at the relief in Adolf's face. It wasn't decent, somehow, that a man should be so frightened by a trifling accident. Adolf seemed to read his thought. He smiled apologetically.

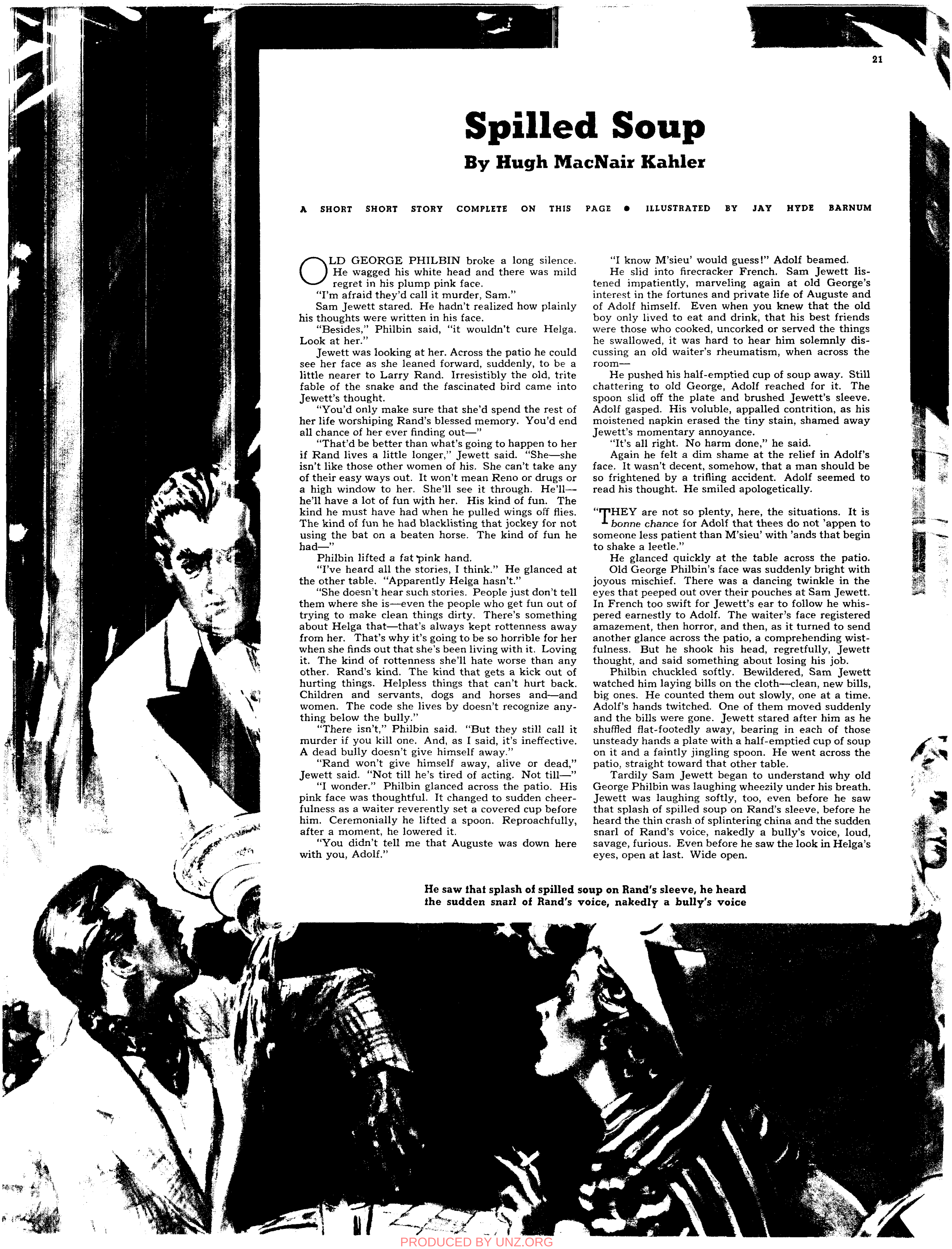
"THEY are not so plenty, here, the situations. It is *bonne chance* for Adolf that thees do not 'appen to someone less patient than M'sieu' with 'ands that begin to shake a leetle."

He glanced quickly at the table across the patio.

Old George Philbin's face was suddenly bright with joyous mischief. There was a dancing twinkle in the eyes that peeped out over their pouches at Sam Jewett. In French too swift for Jewett's ear to follow he whispered earnestly to Adolf. The waiter's face registered amazement, then horror, and then, as it turned to send another glance across the patio, a comprehending wistfulness. But he shook his head, regretfully, Jewett thought, and said something about losing his job.

Philbin chuckled softly. Bewildered, Sam Jewett watched him laying bills on the cloth—clean, new bills, big ones. He counted them out slowly, one at a time. Adolf's hands twitched. One of them moved suddenly and the bills were gone. Jewett stared after him as he shuffled flat-footedly away, bearing in each of those unsteady hands a plate with a half-emptied cup of soup on it and a faintly jingling spoon. He went across the patio, straight toward that other table.

Tardily Sam Jewett began to understand why old George Philbin was laughing wheezily under his breath. Jewett was laughing softly, too, even before he saw that splash of spilled soup on Rand's sleeve, before he heard the thin crash of splintering china and the sudden snarl of Rand's voice, nakedly a bully's voice, loud, savage, furious. Even before he saw the look in Helga's eyes, open at last. Wide open.



He saw that splash of spilled soup on Rand's sleeve, he heard the sudden snarl of Rand's voice, nakedly a bully's voice

WILL CONNELL

Grim determination to succeed is one of Lou Nova's most impressive assets as a heavyweight contender

Young Lord Byron

By Tom Laird

His inspiration is Gene Tunney, his goal the big money. He's Hollywood's own Handsome Lou Nova, going places. Look out, Mr. Louis

FIGHTERS in San Francisco are where you find them and San Francisco finds them in all kinds of strange places. The first great San Francisco heavyweight, James J. Corbett, was working in a bank as a clerk. The latest heavyweight rage of a town that has produced more champions than any place else in the world is an ex-collegian named Lou Nova, whose father wanted him to be a violinist and who possesses such charm, culture, personality, brains and artistry that they're already calling him "Young Lord Byron."

A lot of the old-timers aren't exactly crazy about Nova and his prospects yet, despite his victory over Tommy Farr, because Nova is distinctly a "society boxer" and he hasn't that rough-and-tumble class that made a lot of other San Francisco heavyweight champions so colorful.

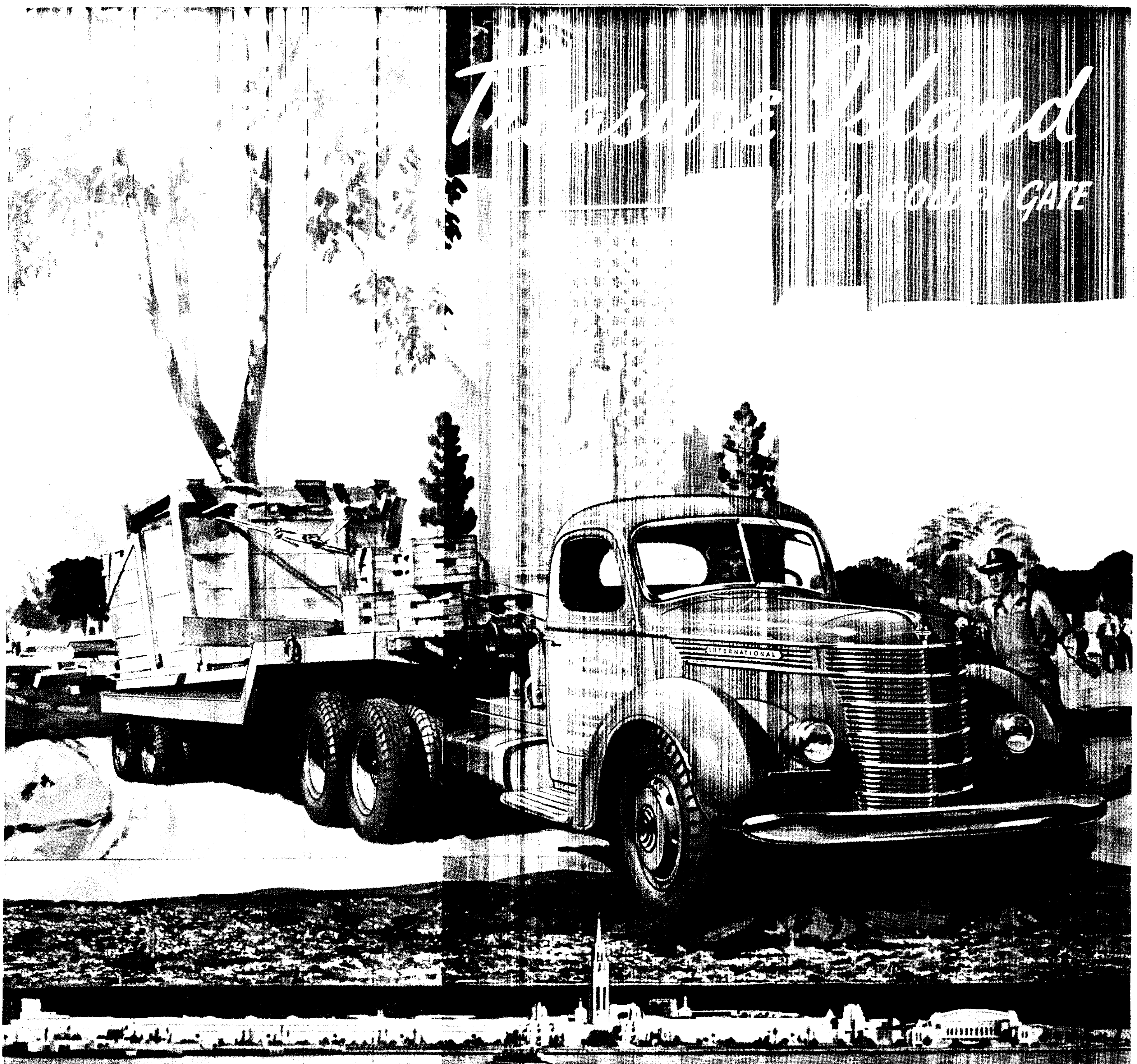
In reality, the symphony pit has given Nova to the prize ring because his father was a member of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra and always visualized his son fooling with a violin instead of with boxing gloves trying to knock other guys' heads off. Yes, James J. Corbett was a bank clerk; Ruby Bob Fitzsimmons, who came through the Golden Gate from Australia, was a blacksmith; Jack Dempsey crawled out from under a boxcar and proceeded to startle the world of boxing with his tigerish attack and his great, flaming courage. In no sense is Nova a throwback to bank clerks, blacksmiths, knights of the road or the other vocations that are supposed to provide a man with the proper background to be a heavyweight fighter. Nova is still a violinist with gloves on.

But you're going to like this Nova, especially when he's the guy who has just knocked out Joe Louis and is the heavyweight champion of the world and has a million or more in his kick—or rather, I should say, a million or more "in the old salt" because Nova isn't a Democrat and he doesn't believe in spending money unless he has to.

You see, Nova wants to be an intellectual like Tunney, who probably got his inspiration from Lord Byron, who was something of an amateur boxer when he wasn't turning out poetry. Nova is always looking over the head of the game, so to speak; looking over the head of a game that has its facets of roughness, toughness, machination, cheating, chiseling and also its facets of drama, power and glory. Nova has a contempt for the prize ring, a contempt, however, that he is keeping in close leash until he gets at the big dough and the luxury that boxing money will bring. Nova, like Gene Tunney, wants to have his cake and eat it, too. He probably will reach his goal. He is that kind of guy.

Even now, the ballyhoo drums are beating to build up Nova for Joe Louis; to build up the "society boxer" for a

(Continued on page 72)



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De Soto

Good Marriage

Continued from page 13

Skelton. The thread and gingham and pins were just extra. She went swinging down the road, with the blur of Prairie City in the distance.

There were ways with men, as her mother said. One way was Nellie Grace's way. For men like Shasto and Zimmer and many others, it was the quick and easy way to catch a man; but for Cam Skelton it would only shame her before him, for Skelton was a townsman with different thoughts. A woman could only hint, and not be common. These things, Lisbeth Hurd knew; it was a knowledge that came out of some obscure place, to make her wise, to make her look upon the world with cool eyes. But then she thought of Bob Law and was not sure. For he was another kind of man; there was something in him, like a dream, like a picture. He saw things in the sky, he felt things through the shadows that others did not; it was hard to know what was in him.

Prairie City's street was a gray lane of dust between a long double row of stiff paintless buildings; wagons and horsemen moved along it as she passed on to the drygoods store, racked the horse and stepped into the cool twilight of Cam Skelton's store. He came out of the rear shadows, his eyes aware of her.

She said: "Some long pins, some white thread—and five yards of gingham, red-checked pattern."

He had a light and gay and faintly ironic way with him. He said, "What's in you anyway, Lisbeth? I wish I knew." He touched her hand. "Be easier if I did."

"Checked pattern," she said and let her hand drop.

AFTERWARD, having bought these things, she waited for her change. The store was still and fragrant and empty. Cam Skelton's steps made queer softened echoes in it. She thought of her mother's advice with a distant interest, and watched Cam Skelton come back. He put the change in her hand, and took her hand. "If I brought a rig around tonight, Lisbeth, would you ride?"

"No-o," she said, "not tonight."

"Some night?"

"Some night," she said and made her small smile for him, her eyes meeting his coolly.

He said at once, "You don't need to run away from a man, Lisbeth," and brought his hands up. He touched her shoulders and then she felt his resolution and his sudden change of temper as he pulled her toward him. The brightness had gone out of his eyes; they were rough gray and full of a thing clear to her. She didn't know why, but she struck his arms down and hit him in the chest and went by him, angry enough to kill him. He called in an irritated voice: "Wait," and she paused at the door and swung around. He came up to her, his pride stung. Suddenly he was a little man, small of wrist and shoulder, smelling of his own store; and in this critical, outraged light she looked at him, and spoke her mind. Across the street stood the saloon, with its second-story windows showing green drawn shades—hiding the women who lived there. She said: "If that's the way you feel, go over there—above the saloon."

He said: "That's a hell of a thing for a girl to say. I guess I judged you wrong. What did you come here for anyway? Just for eighty cents' worth of goods?"

She marched out, with the package under her arm, stepped to the sidesaddle and ran out of town, still angered. But halfway home she suddenly smiled to herself. It was nice to know she had a woman's attractiveness. It helped; it made her feel something she hadn't felt before. Maybe he was wrong about her—but maybe he wasn't. What was a woman? What was she when she looked at Bob Law and had her own secretive thoughts? What was she when the wind blew its strong wild smells down from the benchlands and stirred her heart; when she walked through the dark earth's shadows and felt the strength of her body like a heavy weight? There was no sign of this on her face; she was a robust girl swinging to the pace of the horse, color soft on her cheeks and a stamped gravity in her eyes.

SHE stepped off in the yard before her mother, who said eagerly: "Maybe you asked him out to supper?"

"No," she said. "I never thought of that." She went by her mother, caught up Bob Law's lunch, and returned to the horse.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

"I pronounce you man and wife. Come back in the morning and we'll go through the details"

REAMER KELLER

"Maybe he said he'd come to see you?" said Mrs. Hurd.

"No," said Lisbeth, "he never did," and trotted down the canyon trail.

Threading the sage as she went that way, she flushed slow-hopping jack rabbits from covert. After a time, she saw the pile of dirt mounded near the house, which was from the well Bob Law was digging. At intervals he appeared from the well, hauled up a bucket of dirt, dumped it, and disappeared in the well again.

She turned the horse over to the well and sat in the saddle, watching. He was twenty feet down, loosening the soil with a short-handled pick and dumping it into the bucket; he had a ladder rigged against the well wall, and when the bucket was full, he climbed out and windlassed up the bucket; it was the hard way of digging a well—and a little bit dangerous at this depth.

She said: "You forgot your lunch."

He said: "I guess I never gave it a thought. Thanks." He came over and took the lunch. He said again, "Thanks," and took a quick look at the overhead sun, then sat down on the dirt pile to eat.

She said: "You never farmed much, did you?"

"No," he said, "cows are my line."

"What's a cowpuncher doing on a homestead?"

"Well," he said, "I don't rightly know. Maybe, it's because a man's got to put down some roots finally. Nothing for a fellow on the trail. Just a bunch of campfires. One day here, one day someplace else."

"I guess you've seen a lot of country. That must be nice. What's it like?"

"Just country," he said. "It ain't ever any different on the other side of the hill."

"Maybe," she said, "it will be different here."

He shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know. Maybe."

IT WAS hard to know what he thought or what he felt when he used that slow and taciturn tone; it was hard to know all the things in his mind. She knew her father and Henry Zimmer—and now even Cam Skelton. They were plain to her eyes; but this man was a stranger; he was not simple to read. Lisbeth reined her pony at the new homestead shanty, softly sighing to herself, and got down.

This house sat against the raw earth. There was no porch; only a single step leading into two small front rooms and a rear kitchen. The smell of wood was clean and strong and resinous; there was nothing here at all, only bare, square walls and two windows and two doors; but she stood in the center of the place, thinking—this would be the bedroom. She would bring the bed and bureau and chair and mirror from her room. She would bring the rug for the floor, and the green-dotted curtains. She stood still, trying to reach into his mind and discover why he had built three rooms to the house when most men putting up the first homestead shack only built two. Then she rode home.

At four she saw him riding back on the south rim of the canyon, long before he usually quit work; and stepping out to the rim she watched him stop in the bottom willows. Presently his body was a white and distant blur against the water as he took his swim; later, he rode across the yard. His head was still damp, black and glittering; and his expression was sharp and taciturn, edgy with uncontrollable restlessness. He said, "I won't be here for supper," and sent his pony townward, sitting in the saddle with that straight and perfect looseness no homesteader could ever match.

SHE was silent in the supper table's robust racket, close-caught in her thoughts; she was remembering the little things about Bob Law, the way he watched the sky, the way he listened into the darkness and seemed to hear the things others did not hear, the way he faced the wind, keen to its touch. Half through the supper dishes she said, "I am going to town," and at once left the house to saddle her horse.

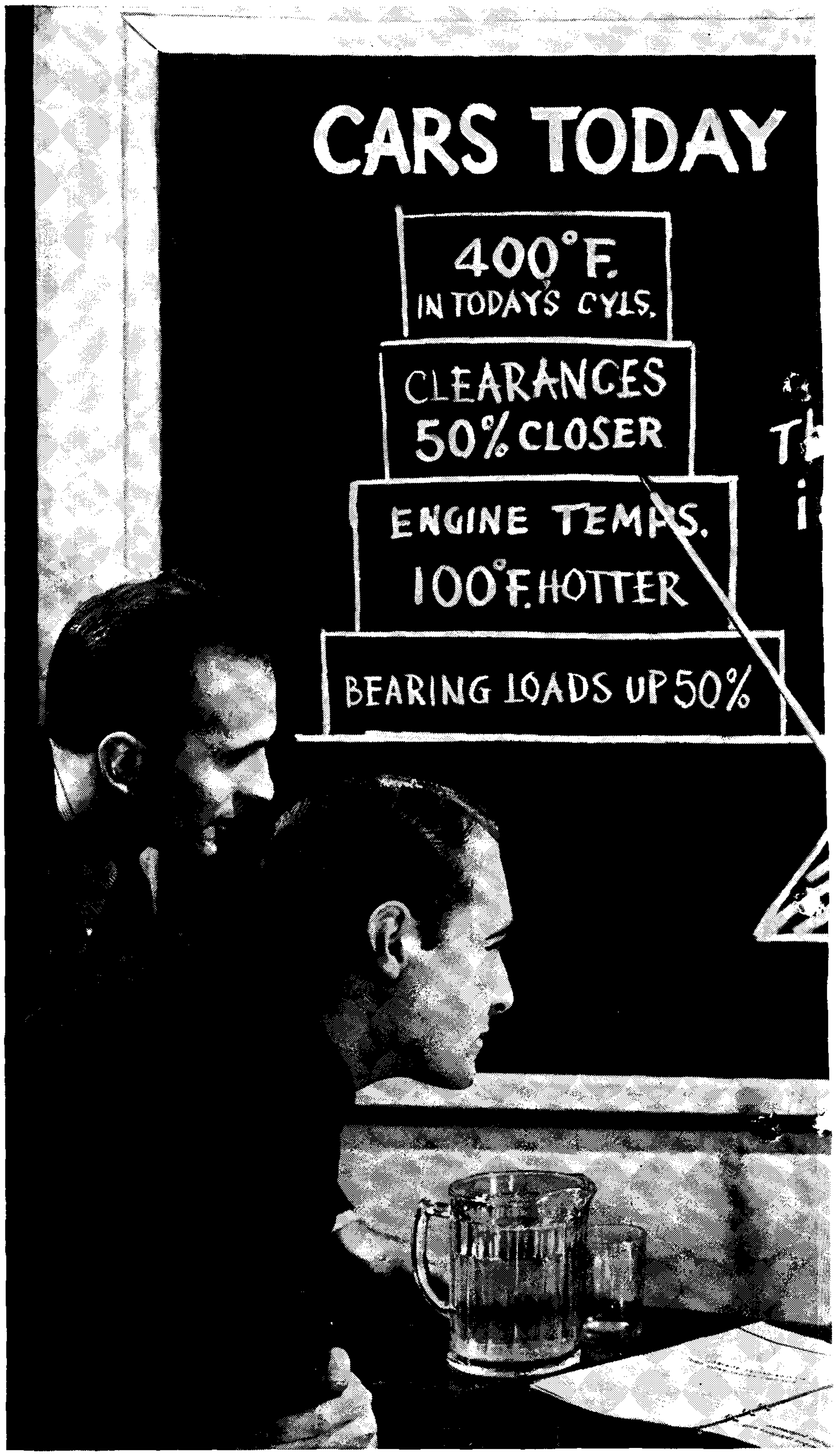
Twilight moved out of the sky softly. At this hour, the silence was long and deep and all the redolence of the prairie rose around her; the lights of Prairie City began to sparkle ahead. In town she dropped off at Wickert's store.

"I want," she said, "a little bottle of perfume. Just a little bottle."

She paid a dollar for it and was shocked at her extravagance. Night dropped suddenly and in the doorway of Wickert's she watched dust boil in the yellow outthrown beams of the store lights; shadows made dark banks at wall and alley mouth. Here she stood, closely watching, when Bob Law came from Mike Danahue's saloon farther along the street. The glow of the saloon caught him, his tall, whip-shaped frame, his widespread legs and his head bowed beneath the flare of the broad cowpuncher's hat. He had been drinking. She saw that at once from the way he braced himself by the door. He turned from the door and went along the street, reaching out to steady himself by the saloon wall. At the far corner of the saloon, where the stairway ran up to the second floor, he stopped and turned toward the stairs. He didn't move; he just watched them.

Lisbeth got on her horse and went out of town. She wanted to look back and see if he had gone up the stairs, but she kept her eyes to the front. She knew him better now, a little better. Restlessness had driven him into town, to drink; loneliness turned him to the stairs. She thought about that all the way home. Henry Zimmer sat in his corner chair, square and speechless and making sharp little sounds with his lips as he sucked on his pipe; her father had the weekly paper spread under the table lamp's yellow cone, reading with a faint motion of his mouth. Lisbeth went on to her own room, closing the door, so that none of them would see the perfume.

Even with the stopper in the bottle a strong fragrance came out. She stood in the room's center, watching light turn tawny as it struck the bottle. She had never owned perfume and it was a little like sin to have it now. But she was thinking in a wise and solemn way of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The point is: oil with just one or two goo

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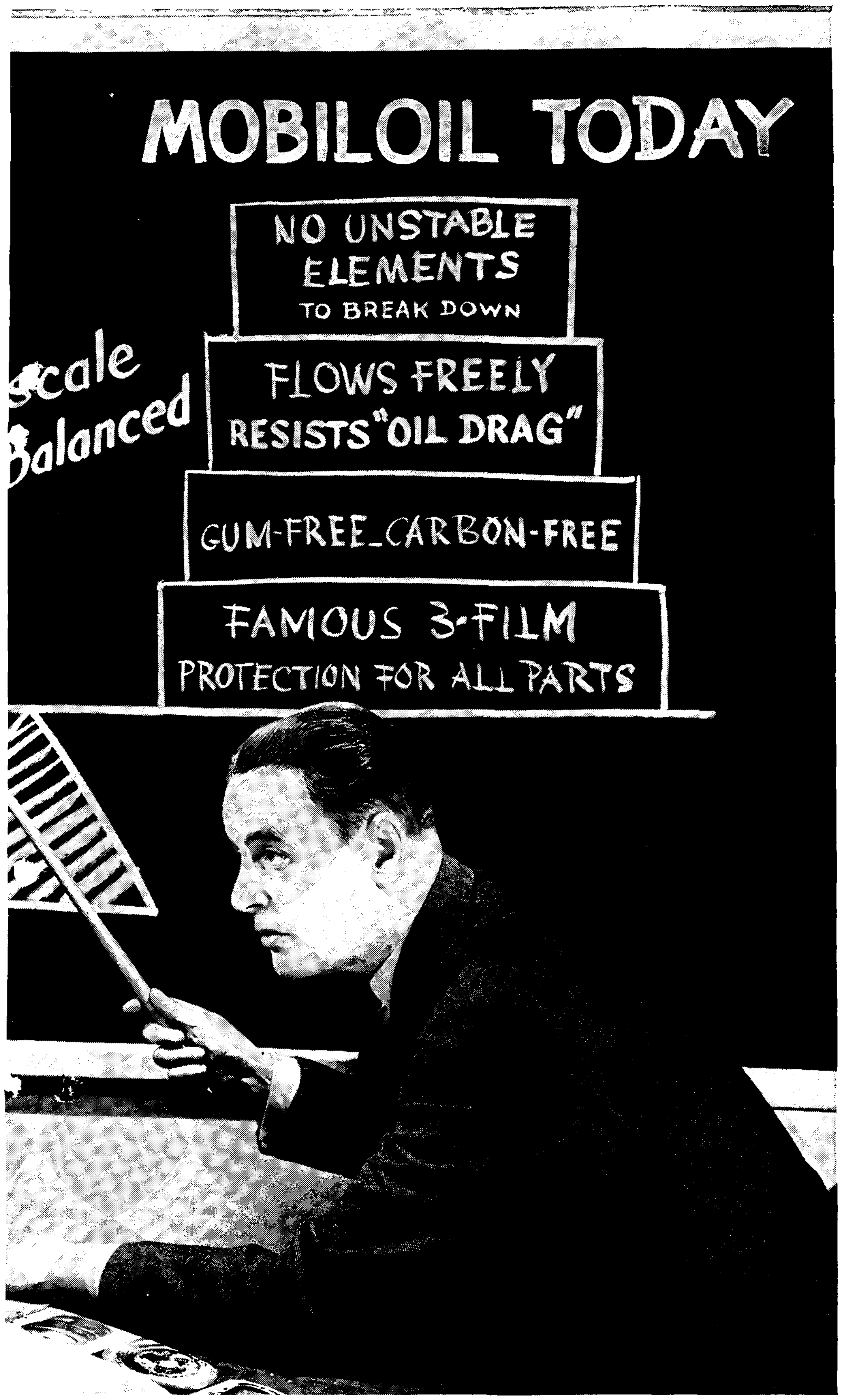
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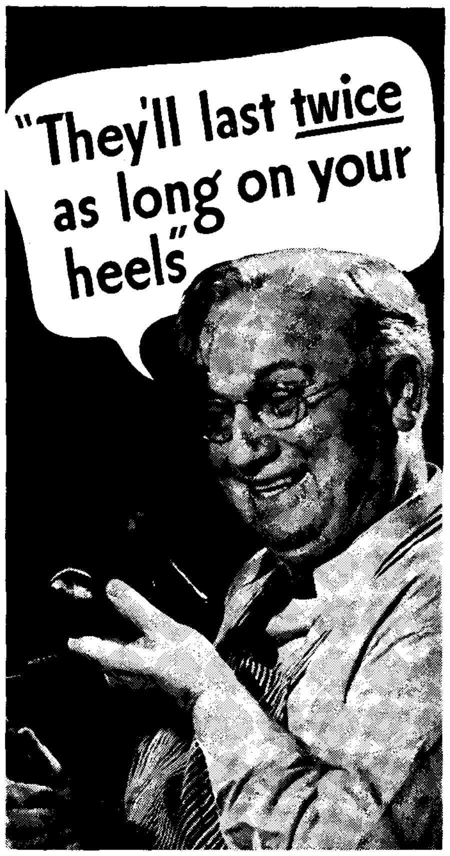
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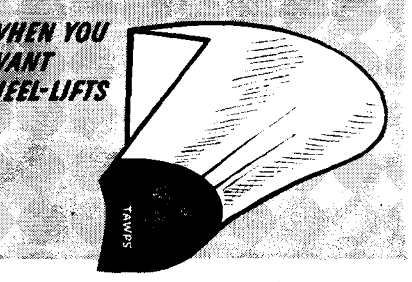

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the differences in men. A woman might give herself to Henry Zimmer, and get him; she might hint the same thing to Cam Skelton, and that would be enough. But not with Bob Law. The things he wanted were faint and mysterious in the way they came to him—like the sound of the wind in the sage, like the sight of a mist cloud breaking far away on the sawtooth summits of the hills, like the smell of the water mists in the canyon at early morning. Like, maybe, the scent of perfume on a woman's dress.

She opened the bottle and drew the wet cork once across the breast line of her waist and stood silent a moment, a sweetness like a smile on her lips. This was to remind him that the faraway things he wanted were not as far as he thought. She put the perfume in the drawer of her bureau and went back to the yard.

HALF an hour later she saw him ride in and unsaddle his pony. He wasn't drunk. Matchlight exploded against his face; it was sharp and drawn and showed that old restlessness again. He didn't look at her; and it was in her mind to cross to him when she heard the quick in-drive of two or three ponies from the dark.

They came rapidly into the yard, three of them, and stopped a little distance from Bob Law, who turned away from the corral to face them. One of these men said in a cold, steady way:

"Listen, mister. The time ain't come when a granger can walk into my place, pick a free fight and bust my poker tables all to hell. There's a little matter of a back-bar mirror smashed likewise. Maybe you took me for a sucker. Well, sir, I've handled some tough lads in my time and I propose—"

He was a heavy man and he left the saddle and walked on, his boots squealing in the yard's dust carpet. Her father came out of the door and Henry Zimmer came out and her father yelled: "Who's talkin' like that?" But nobody else said anything. The big man made the last few feet on the run, grunting as he struck out with his arms. Lisbeth saw Bob Law's cigarette go to the ground in a shower of fine sparks, she saw Law wheel backward against the corral bars and come forward again. These two were close and they were fighting, the sound of their fists and the sound of their breathing very plain in the night. The big man knocked Bob Law into the corral again; he kept going forward, meaning to beat Law down.

LISBETH saw Law give ground and stop; he was swift as he moved; he made a circle around the big man and the big man's head began to snap back when Bob Law hit him; the big man said nothing at all but he pushed forward, trying to bring his knees into Bob Law's crotch. His head kept coming up and after that he hit nothing, for Bob Law's long arms, outreaching him, caught him in the belly and in the temples and on the chin; and then the big man went down.

But one of the others, still mounted, suddenly said, "Just hang tight there, mister," and, looking over that way, Lisbeth saw a gun pointed at Law. There was a chopping block half across the yard, with an ax sunk into it. Lisbeth ran over and seized the ax; she put it over her head and dashed across the yard toward the man with the gun, who suddenly said: "Here—get that damned girl—!" But his horse shied away from the downswinging ax and from the corner of her eyes she saw Bob Law duck into his tent and come out again.

"All right," he said. "all right."

He was laughing, or so it sounded to Lisbeth. He had gotten his revolver and held it on the mounted men; it wasn't laughter really, she saw. He was only smiling, and he was pleased with the fight, he wanted to fight. A small streak of blood showed on his chin. He said:

"I guess I've torn up a few saloons in my time, friend. The trail is full of joints like yours. Now if you've got a gun—but I think you're a tinhorn. Let's just see. I'll count five."

The big man pushed himself off the ground. He said, "Wait a minute. How the hell was I to know you're a cow hand? I thought you was a nester."

Sam Hurd yelled. "What's the difference?"

The big man said: "If you'd been raised in a cattle country you'd know. The boys have their habits. Just a little fun at the end of a dreary day. No offense, friend."

Ax in hand, Lisbeth watched these three ride away. Henry Zimmer hadn't moved from the house doorway. Sam Hurd was swearing, "By God, whud you do, Bob?" But Bob Law turned back into the tent.

Lisbeth dropped the ax, suddenly following Law. There wasn't any light in the tent, but the house lamps touched the canvas wall and by the faded glow she saw him. He sat in a chair, lumped over with his hands on his face, and when he looked at her she saw only the gray, empty weariness of his eyes. She dropped to her knees and her voice was quick: "I would have chopped his arm off. I would."

She was close to him, close enough for him to catch the odor of the perfume, and she knew he caught it. She always knew when he was aware of her; and he had always been aware of her, never openly showing it. It was something he seemed to fight against. He sat there, his long arms idle, not speaking, but looking at her with that same hard set on his cheeks. She knelt back and stood up. Sam Hurd yelled from the yard. "Lisbeth, what you doing there?"

She said: "It just got weary for you, working alone. So you got drunk. Then you went to the stairway that goes above the saloon—"

He said quickly, "I didn't go up."

"Would it have been a help—if you had?"

"I didn't go up," he said again.

"So for you it wouldn't have been a help."

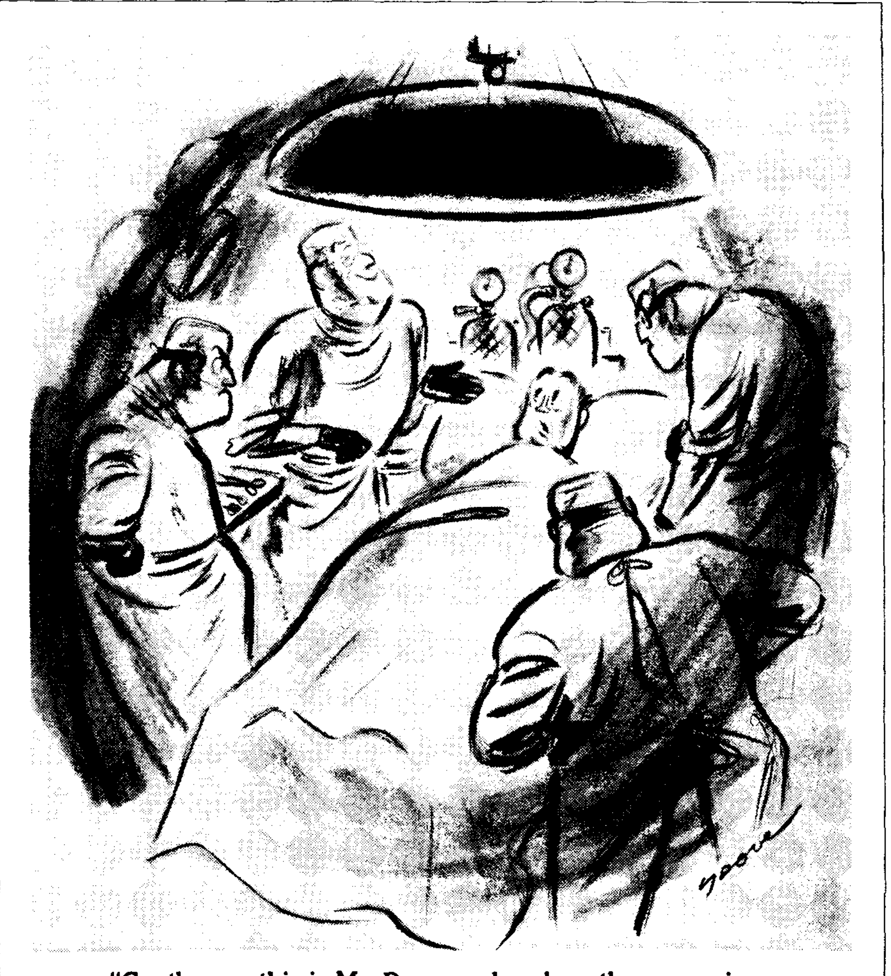
The perfume was a faint incense in the tent's warmth. When he rose from the chair he was a head taller; he looked down, something changing his look. He said: "I've been too close to you. Not good for a man—"

Her talk was gentle and small and very calm: "Being lonely is like that. I know what you like to eat. I know what you like to hear. I guess I've paid attention to that. I was raised a farm girl. I know what's to be done. You made three rooms. What's the extra room for, Bob? What woman?"

He said slowly, "Is that all there's to it? Nothing else, Lisbeth?"

She said, "A house—with a man and wife together. It is something. There is a fire in the stove; it is warm when the wind blows, and you are not alone. That is something, too. But not all. The rest—"

SHE was smiling when she raised her arms, like a gesture; her face was soft and her eyes held that black shadowing. But it was the perfume, she thought—the faint call of it, the mystery of it and the promise of it—which brought him forward and made him see. Lisbeth lifted her head so that he might not be mistaken about her; and suddenly was still and close in his tight arms, feeling his kiss. This was it, though it had no name. Being very full, and feeling that everything was right. A corner of her mind thought: "We will move in when the well is dug. I will bring the extra dishes. He will never have to worry about the house, ever, because I will take care of it." But the feeling grew stronger and fuller. This was what it was. She would never regret the perfume. Because—and she bent back a little to say in a faint, shy voice—"The rest—the rest is love. That is it." This was what a good marriage meant.



"Gentlemen, this is Mr. Devoe, who plays those amazing roles of disreputable, shiftless doctors on the screen"

LEONARD DOVE

"ATLANTA MEETS A NEW GEORGIA PEACH!"

"A PEACH . . . says Atlanta . . . meaning this lovely new Chrysler . . . a peach to look at and a peach to drive!

"I like a peppy car and this Chrysler never gets left at the post! Just skips right out ahead of traffic . . . and it's a regular jack rabbit on hills and in open country!

"Talk about power! Yet it's so quiet and smooth that sometimes I can scarcely believe that little safety-signal speedometer!

"It sure was mighty sweet and thoughtful of those Chrysler engineers to make the car so easy for a girl to handle . . . so easy to steer and stop and park. And that steering wheel gear-shift is about the handiest thing I ever did see.

"Imagine some of the parts being finer than watch parts! Metal surfaces and such being accurate to two-millionths of an inch!

"Wonderfully good-looking . . . all curves and tapers, with no headlamps sticking out and the big trunk hidden under the sloping back!

"Yes, Chrysler's a peach! No wonder nearly everybody I know in Atlanta owns one . . . or aims to own one right soon!"

1939 CHRYSLER ROYAL . . . 100 horsepower, 119-inch wheelbase.

1939 CHRYSLER IMPERIAL . . . 135 horsepower, 125-inch wheelbase.

Also Chrysler's famous Custom Imperial in five and seven passenger sedans and limousines . . . with Chrysler's amazing new transmission advancement, the Fluid Drive.

★ Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia Network, Every Thursday, 9 to 10 P. M., E. S. T.

The Girl . . . wears a novel necklace and a smart brown crepe evening dress from Rich's, Inc., Atlanta.

The Car . . . is a Chrysler Royal Sedan.

BE SMART *Buy Chrysler!*

NEW! AMAZING DISCOVERY

Saves Food's Vital Freshness from Drying Out!

The World's First "Cold-Wall"

made only by Frigidaire and

BUILT ON AN ENTIRELY NEW

Prolongs Food's Original Freshness, Color, Rich Flavor Days Longer!

● The New Frigidaire . . . world's first "Cold-Wall" refrigerator . . . is the most important advancement in home refrigeration and food-keeping since the first days of mechanical refrigerators!

Now . . . because of the amazing new "Cold-Wall" Principle . . . you can keep even highly perishable foods days longer than ever before! But here is the most astonishing fact of all! Now you can prolong food's *original freshness* . . . retain *rich nutritional values* . . . save *peak fresh flavor* for days on end!

Fresh fruits and vegetables do not lose their attractiveness through wilting, shrinking, changing color. Left-over foods . . . meats, peas, beans, even mashed potatoes—stay as deliciously fresh and appetizing as when first prepared! And you needn't even cover them! For with the new "Cold-Wall" Principle, food is not dried out by moisture-robbing air currents. Furthermore, odor-and-flavor transfer is checked, too.

Here, at last, is real advancement in refrigeration. One vitally important to every home in America . . . especially to those where there are children. Because, now, you save not only the food, but the VITAL VALUES in food as well. Natural nourishment, appetizing wholesomeness, stays in—*because it doesn't dry out!*

Convince Yourself . . . with Proof . . . in 5 Minutes

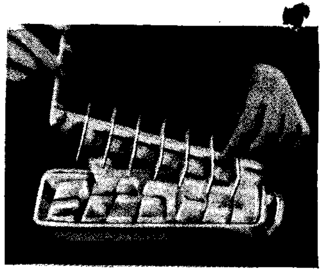
Only the new "Cold-Wall" Frigidaire . . . of all refrigerators in the world . . . can give you these up-to-the-minute advantages. New elegance in its sweeping, modern lines. New MEAT-TENDER that saves fresh meat's natural color and full flavor. New SUPER-MOIST HYDRATORS that keep vegetables fresher, crisper than ever before. New METER-MISER that continues to break all economy records.

A score . . . and more . . . of thrilling new features will keep you years ahead in food-protection. Convince yourself in 5 minutes. Visit your nearest Frigidaire dealer's. See proof that the new "Cold-Wall" Frigidaire puts you ahead in every vital way . . . in food-keeping . . . in kitchen beauty . . . in Meter-Miser economy . . . in General Motors dependability and long life. Yet it costs no more than ordinary "first-line" refrigerators. See Frigidaire's other models, too—for every need and budget. Also the new Frigidaire Electric Ranges and Water Heaters. Every one a great General Motors Value!

Frigidaire Division,
General Motors Sales Corporation, Dayton, Ohio

ONLY FRIGIDAIRE HAS QUICKUBE TRAYS

. . . Imitated, but never equalled—because they're 1. *Easier to Use*—just lift one lever and cubes are free, two or a trayful. 2. *Built Sturdier*—to stand hard, constant service. 3. *Faster Freezing*—every part made of heavy gauge metal. 4. *Better Looking*—styled trim and modern. Compare—you'll want only genuine FRIGIDAIRE QUICKUBE TRAYS.

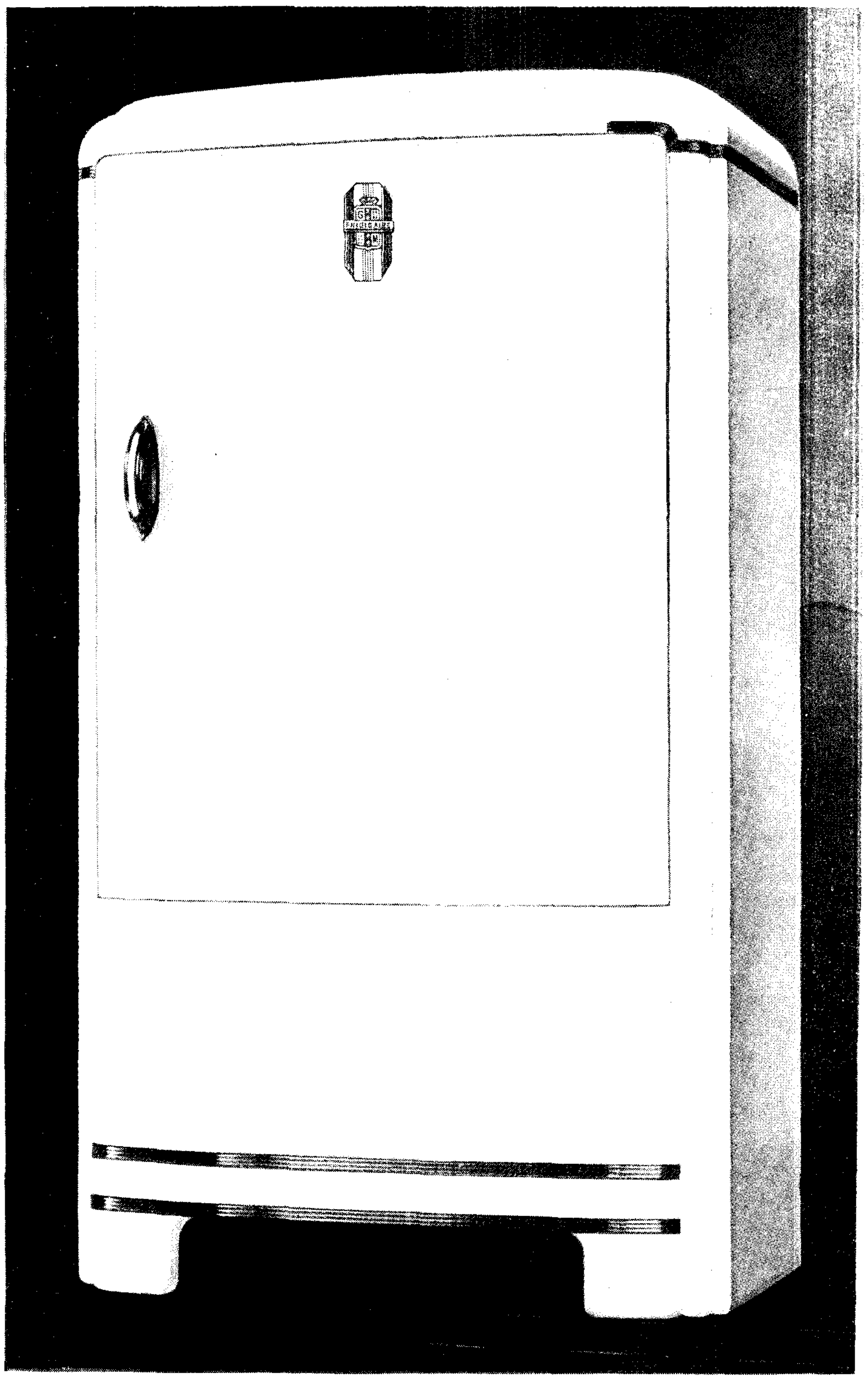


FRIGIDAIRE WITH THE METER

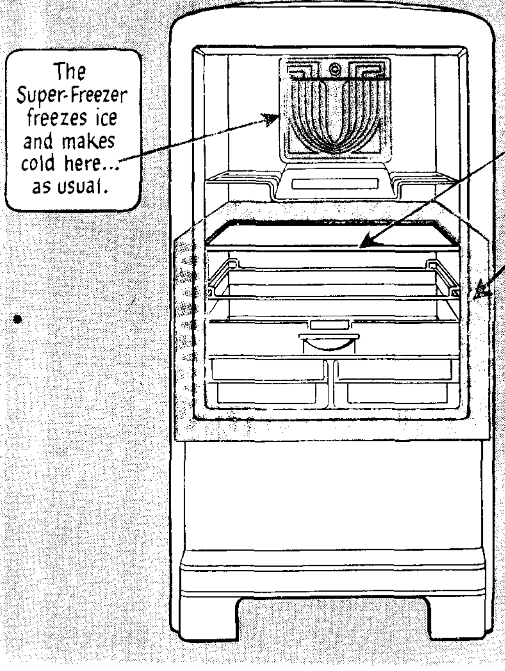
BOTH 7 DAYS OLD...BUT
LOOK AT THE AMAZING DIFFERENCE!*

*Reproduced from certified, unretouched photographs of identical foods, refrigerated, uncovered, at comparable temperatures.

Refrigerator... General Motors PRINCIPLE!



HOW AMAZING "COLD-WALL" PRINCIPLE WORKS


The Super-Freezer freezes ice and makes cold here... as usual.

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME

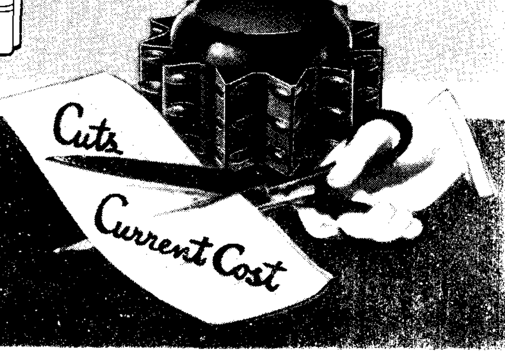
① THE NEW "DEW-FRESH SEAL"—A SOLID GLASS PARTITION—DIVIDES THE CABINET INTO 2 COMPARTMENTS.

and

② THE LOWER COMPARTMENT IS REFRIGERATED DIRECTLY THROUGH THE WALLS BY CONCEALED REFRIGERATING COILS.

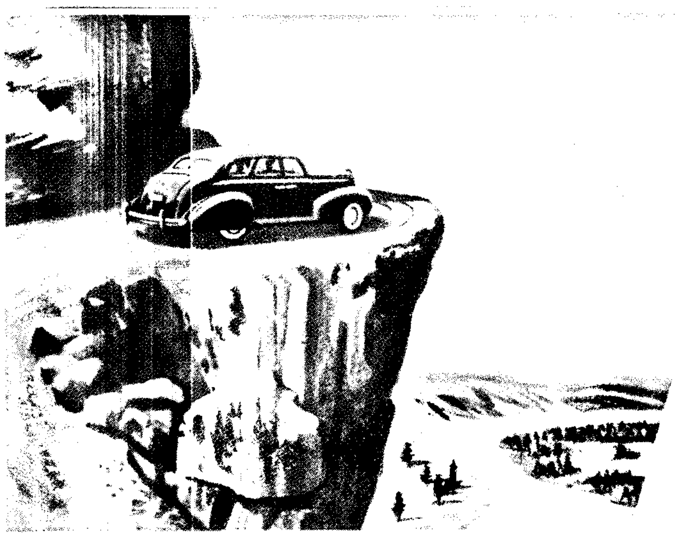
This provides all 3 essentials for keeping foods vitally fresh longer than ever before! **1. Uniform Low Temperatures. 2. 85 to 100% Humidity. 3. No Moisture-Robbing Air Circulation.** All without adding a single moving part! AND ONLY FRIGIDAIRE HAS IT!

MISER

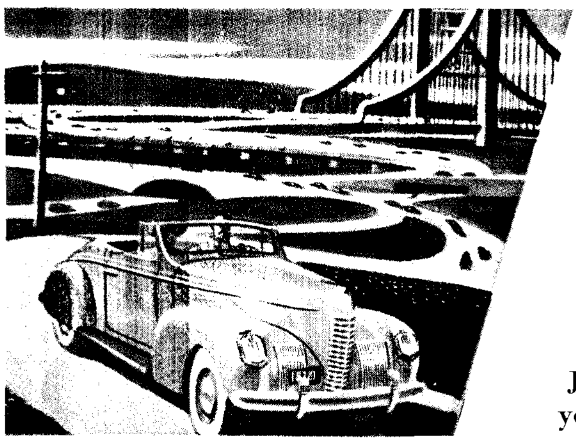

Cuts Current Cost

CUTS CURRENT COST TO THE BONE... Simplest Refrigerating Mechanism Ever Built—and when parts aren't there, they just can't use current or wear. Completely sealed. 5-Year Protection Plan Backed by General Motors.

HOW MUCH *Excitement* CAN YOU STAND?



IT'S SAFE to hunt thrills—in a Nash! Wider windshield assures perfect vision . . . extra size hydraulic brakes stop at a split-moment's notice. And when you need pick-up, even lowest-priced models flash you from 15 to 50 MPH in 13 seconds flat—in high gear!



AHEAD OF TIME—because of the way that lively Nash engine lets you whip in and out of traffic . . . while new-type rear shock absorbers (40% longer) smooth out the road's roughest jolts.

NO MATTER where you've taken your fun—as the anchor man on an Alpine climb or in the saddle of a thoroughbred. . .

You're going to find a new tingle in your pulse when you drive this new Nash.

Here it is, waiting for your inspection now. A long silver bullet of a car . . . poised for instant flight . . . full of pent-up action—*it looks alive.*

And it IS alive! All it needs is you to let it loose. But—go easy—*here's fire on four wheels.*

Try to keep that whistle off your lips when that new power-packed engine lets go!

Try to keep calm when there's a click and that Fourth Speed Forward* sends you bursting into an entirely new range of performance!

Just try to be bored when you discover that you can take the lead over all of them on hill or flat . . . and never hear your engine.

Try to be blasé when a tiny dial* you twirl brings fresh conditioned air to keep out dust and drafts and forever banish chilly moments.

Try to look indifferent when you cruise down a busy street and find yourself the center of attention. Then try to go back to quiet ways and ordinary automobiles—once you drive this new Nash.

• • •

Sounds exciting. But there's plenty more to see and try and test.

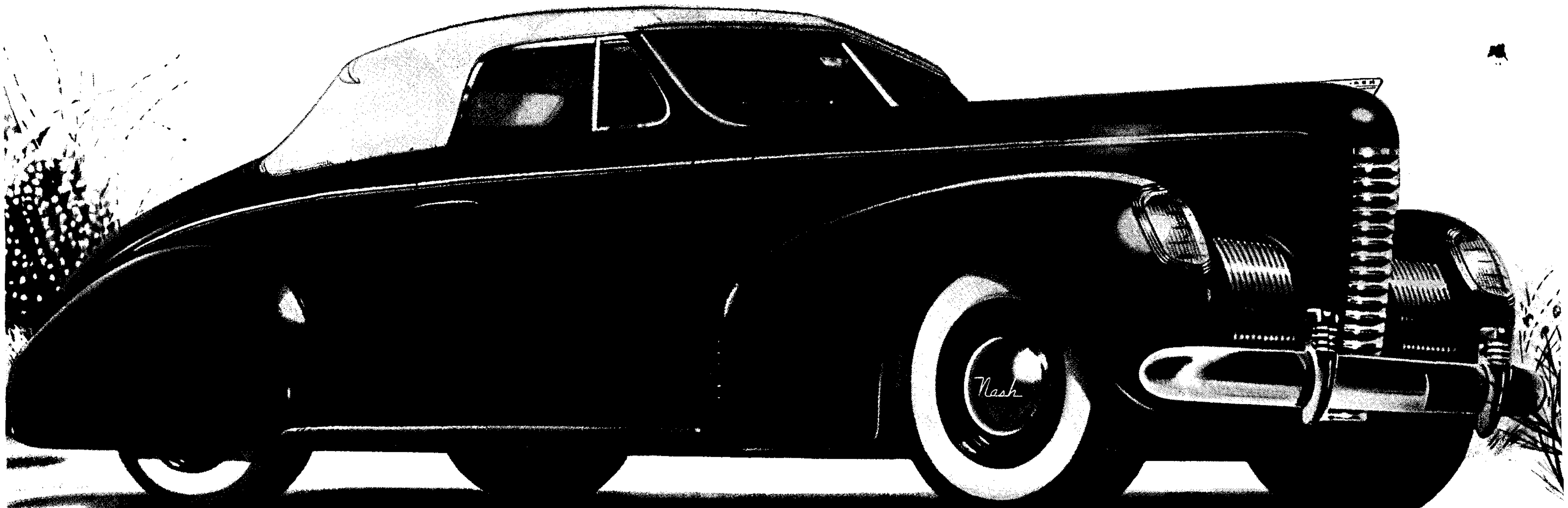
You'll find a new Steering Post Shift* . . . a new easy ride and soundproofing that lets you drive all day in perfect relaxation . . . and a convertible bed (in every sedan) for that vacation trip you've planned.

Truth is—there's never been a car built like it before . . . or for the money! *Ten models are now priced next to the lowest!*

Give your Nash dealer half an hour and a Nash will be yours. Then *try* to keep calm.

Four Series of Great Cars, 22 Models . . . 10 Priced Next to the Lowest . . . delivered at Factory . . . as Low as $770, Standard Equipment and Federal Taxes Included. **$770**

(**Optional Equipment—Slight Extra Cost*)



Convertible Coupe, 117-inch Wheelbase, is $950 delivered at Factory, with Standard Equipment and Federal Taxes Included. (White Sidewall Tires and Rear Wheel-Shields are Optional at Extra Cost.) 1800 Dealers from Maine to California to serve you. NASH MOTORS DIVISION, *Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Michigan.*

NEW NASH LAFAYETTE ENGINE betters 1938 gas economy by 10%. Automatic Fourth Speed Forward* saves up to an additional 20% . . . lets you do the usual all day touring on a filling of the tank.

It's That New **NASH**

THE CAR EVERYBODY LIKES

Strictly Schmaltz

Continued from page 10

"Naturally. I really want that job." I sighed. "I know I'm going to regret this. But," I said firmly, "if Marlowe in his innocence should hire you, you've got to behave yourself."

He shook his head sadly. "How you misjudge me, Warren."

"Never mind about that," I said sourly. "Just remember, one off-the-paper riff out of you, and I'll wrap a zither around your neck."

Johnny grinned. "You've forgotten," he said, as he went out, "the chastening influence of love."

REG MARLOWE put Johnny to work. To build his American band the Englishman had a hand-picked list to choose from, of course. But, with the Legation Roof opening so close, he didn't have much time, and he was apparently having trouble finding men who could handle smoothly his particular type of arrangements.

Johnny caught the style quickly. He even found Reg a trombone man who was solid. So Marlowe phoned and thanked me for sending him over. Johnny was swell; the band was shaping up. I was busy, so I said, "That's fine," and hung up, reminding myself to worry a little when I had more time.

I met Johnny on Fifty-seventh Street a day or so later. He was carrying his horn case and whistling cheerfully.

"You look entirely too well pleased with yourself," I said suspiciously. "How are rehearsals going?"

"Oh, you'd be proud of me, Warren. I'm playing 'em so sweet they drip out of the horn like molasses." He tilted his hat to the back of his head. "You were wrong," he informed me. "She *doesn't* care for ivy-covered cottages."

"What?"

"You mean 'Who'," he corrected gently. "Gretta. We had a brief conference about it a block and a half back."

I admitted that I was on my way to Carl's to hear a new number he'd been working on.

"I'll come along," he said, falling into step beside me. "Don't do that with your eyebrows. I've got an invitation. Just a minute ago I asked could I see her sometime, and she said she probably wouldn't be able to help it. That's an invitation, and this is sometime, isn't it?"

As the maid let us in I heard Carl at the piano. The rich voice of the concert grand filled the apartment. Against the melancholy rumble of minor chords, his right hand traced the figure of a thin, plaintive melody. A melody that was never quite satisfied, as elusive as moonbeams and starlight. . . .

Johnny cocked his head on one side, pursed his lips, "Nice . . ."

". . . and classical," I finished.

The music stopped abruptly as we went into the long, pleasant living room. Carl came forward, and I introduced Johnny, who promptly explained that he was a friend of Gretta's.

"I'm sorry," Carl said. "She hasn't returned yet."

"What was that you were playing just now?" Johnny wanted to know.

Carl shrugged. "Oh, I call it Nocturne. Warren will tell you it's 'entirely uncommercial'."

"He might make a mistake someday," was Johnny's thoughtful comment.

CARL was playing his new song. He was a stocky little man with neat white hair and a round smooth face, faintly pink as though it had just been well scrubbed.

He looked like a patient, kindly small-town music teacher, and this was exactly what he had been before he wrote Smiling Lady. That song earned over a hundred thousand dollars for Carl Winfield, and other hits had followed.

I don't believe that he ever really got over the surprise of that first success. As record and sheet-music sales mounted, he became more bewildered and incredulous. "A pleasant little tune, yes. But, 'great'? No, how could it be? It is only a little waltz! Everybody is too kind. Perhaps, when I finish my concerto—"

It was then that I had to explain that "little waltzes" were what people wanted. Not concertos. He listened patiently and then because I had so amazingly made him so much money, he gave me my "little waltzes" whenever I asked for one.

When the sultry rhythms and patterns of some early-dawn jam session were welded into a new music for a million radios, when from a dusky throat the cry of, "Swing it, Cats!" echoed through the years to become the roar of a million jitterbugs, Carl was once again bewildered. The public no longer wanted his waltzes. He tried to write what he thought they wanted, tried too hard.

And he failed inevitably, because, despite his gift for melody, he hadn't the instinctive sense that told when a phrase was right and when it was corny. Instead of feeling the atavistic beat of this new music, he approached it academically as "the syncopation of a theme in four-four time." The result was stiff, lacking the natural grace and charm of the waltzes he had written so easily.

When Carl finished playing the new number for us I looked over at Johnny, saw the slight negative shake of his head.

Carl said, "What do you think of it, Warren?" and I had to say something.

"Part of it is good," I said. "The bridge doesn't seem quite right though—"

He seemed suddenly older, more tired. "Yes . . . yes," he said slowly, "I see what you mean. . . . I suppose I might as well give up trying to understand what swing music is."

Johnny's restless fingers played with a packet of matches on the table. "It isn't anything in particular," he said absently. He paused, trying to find the right words. "More than anything else, swing is a feeling, an idea," he said slowly. "You have to feel it."

Carl's eyes crinkled at the corners. "I've heard that my tunes are 'corny'."

Johnny hesitated, then he said, "Yes, frankly, they are. But they don't have to be."

"I don't understand—"

"You've been trying to write swing music, and swing music isn't written, at least, not in the lead sheet. In those waltzes you used to do, you let the melody stand on its own feet. But in your four-four numbers, you've thrown out melody for forced phrasings and rhythm breaks that were corny to start with. You've handicapped your tunes with stuff no gate wants to play. He either has to kid it, or hurdle the corn spots by ad-libbing something to fit. By playing the ragtime eighth notes and rests as straight quarters, repacing your offbeat syncopation to get the fourth-beat accent that most swing has.

"Here's what I mean—in that Faithful number the first three bars were okay. Then, in the middle of the phrase—wait!" He went over to the piano, and Carl made room for him on the bench. "I'll bet the way you first heard that phrase, it kept right on climbing—like this." He picked out the keys quickly with one finger.

CARL nodded his head excitedly. "Yes . . . yes! And then the octave drop—oh, I guess I changed that," he ended unhappily.

"I'll say you did! You rang in an old blues B flat that sticks out like a kazoo would in a church choir. And your melody limps back to D 7th by way of South Bend."

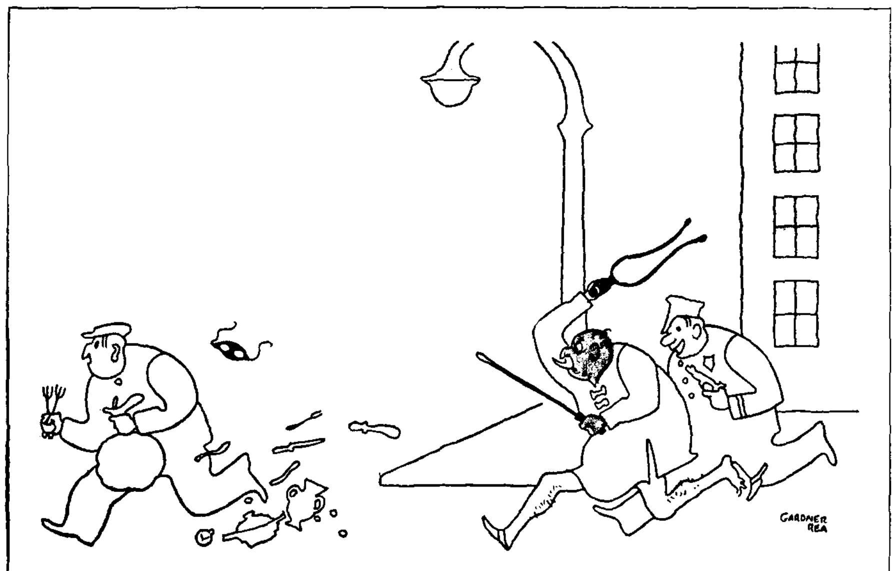
"I didn't like it much myself," Carl admitted.

"Let's see if we can fix it." Johnny said thoughtfully. He played the phrase again, varying it, trying a diminished chord in one place, changing it for a 7th. "Nuts!" he said suddenly, "I can't think on a piano. Where's my horn?"

He disappeared into the entrance hall, returned a moment later, fitting a mute into the end of his silver trumpet. "Wouldn't want to break your lease for you," he grinned. "Now, let's try it again. Let's take it slow—about half time. You stay with the basic chord changes, and let me do the work. Okay?"

"Okay," said Carl.

Against Carl's methodically precise accompaniment, the clean, easy voice of Johnny's trumpet traced the rising notes of the melody. It ignored the offensive B flat, climbed to E and flared a little before breaking reluctantly to the oc-



"We need more of your sort, sir!" GARDNER REA

ACROSS THE NATION

SOCONY-VACUUM

North, East, South, West— you'll find this Sign of Friendly Dealers who supply Mobil Specialties

MOBILGLOSS

Bring back your car's original color, lustre and beauty. Mobilgloss goes on quickly. Removes dirt, grime and ugly traffic film. Rubs up with little effort—leaves a handsome, gleaming polish. Makes your car look like new again. Easy to use.

MOBIL WINDOW SPRAY

For a clean windshield and sparkling windows. This new spray revolutionizes window cleaning. Quick! Easy to use! Fine for car and home windows.

MOBIL HYDROTONE

Stops radiator rusting and corrosion. Prevents scale and clogging. Simply add it to the water. Leaks are prevented and overheating avoided. One can protects for months. It's a vital need for *every* car.

BUY WHERE YOU SEE THE MOBILOIL OR MOBILGAS SIGN

Mobil Specialties

MOBILGLOSS · MOBILWAX · MOBILWAX PAD
MOBIL HANDY OIL · MOBIL RADIATOR FLUSH
MOBIL WINDOW SPRAY · MOBIL UPPERLUBE
MOBIL HYDROTONE · MOBIL SPOT REMOVER

BY THE MAKERS OF MOBILOIL

As the air goes in, tire literally "MAK

EVERY once in a while in this business you get a thrill that sets you afire all over again.

We've just been through that, while developing our new line for 1939.

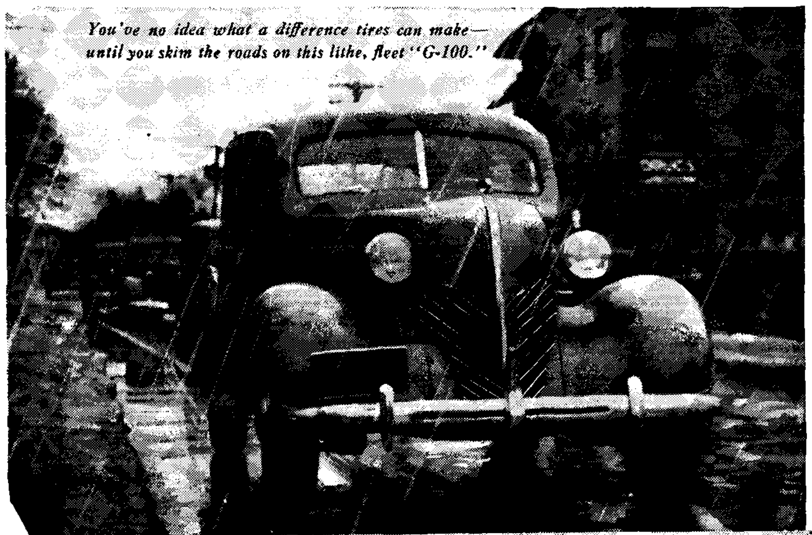
This year being the Hundredth Anniversary of Rubber we wanted to "star" the date by bringing out new products that would knock the spots off anything we had ever done.

And storming along on that job in laboratory and shop we hit on new stuff in tire engineering that makes our Centennial tire—the new "G-100" —a standout any way you look at it.

Now, you know what a cross section of an ordinary tire looks like when uninflated—it's *round.*

When you shoot the air pressure into that tire all parts of it e-x-p-a-n-d—including the tread.

This stretching of the tread rubber makes it easier to scuff and cut, just as a stretched rubber band is easier to cut.



You've no idea what a difference tires can make—until you skim the roads on this lithe, fleet "G-100."

Less dense, the tread naturally wears faster.

But, if you'll look at a cross section of our new "G-100" All-Weather tire you'll see its shape is *elliptical*—higher than wide, the sides flatter.

As the air flows into *this* tire it actually *contracts* vertically—*firms down* instead of "grows."

This action *compresses* the tread—literally "makes a muscle"—making it tougher to cut, making it wear longer.

How much longer? Well, believe it or not—with less weight we get *a tire which is giving us 33% greater tread wear!*

We get a tire that runs quiet as a rumor, a tire more stable with less roll and sway on turns, a cool-running sure-footed tire with 11% more rubber on the road.

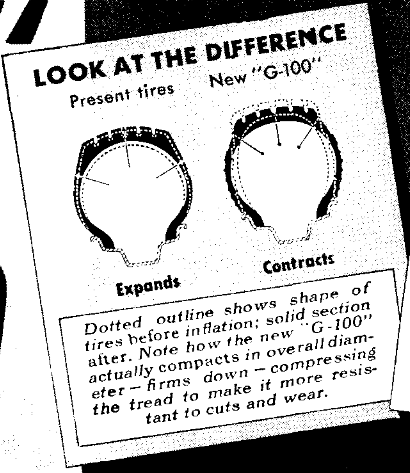
And more durable cords in the sidewalls armor the new "G-100" All-Weather in swell fashion alike against bruises and blowouts.

You want the newest and best for your money, so go see Goodyear's Centennial "G-100" tire at your Dealer's—he has all popular sizes in stock.

Let your eye run over its sleek "sculptured" lines—remember you can rely on its magnificent performance—and we're pretty sure this great traveler will be your next buy.

GO

this "G-100" S A MUSCLE"!



Dotted outline shows shape of tires before inflation; solid section after. Note how the new "G-100" actually compacts in overall diameter – firms down – compressing the tread to make it more resistant to cuts and wear.

In the squirrel cage – huge test machine – the "G-100" proves it vastly excels in fatigue resistance.

GOODYEAR
ALL-WEATHER

GOODYEAR'S CENTENNIAL TIRE– THE NEW STREAMLINED "G-100"

ONLY THIS TIRE GIVES YOU ALL THESE FEATURES

1—New tire engineering provides a *compressed* tread—greater resistance to cuts and bruises—up to 33% more tread mileage.

2—Flatter, sure-footed tread with 11% more road contact.

3—New protection against bursts and bruises from more durable cords.

4—Improved, modernized center traction All-Weather tread with diamonds closer nested for traction and safety.

5—Greater strength and endurance from new longer-lived low stretch cords.

6—Smart new beauty—fluted sidewalls to match streamlines of modern motor cars.

CENTENNIAL
1839
1939
CHARLES GOODYEAR

READ YOUR GOOD FORTUNE IN THE STARS

Among the new and improved products we have developed in commemoration of the Hundredth Anniversary of Charles Goodyear's Discovery of the Vulcanization of Rubber, we especially call your attention to the following:

★ **The new Goodyear Centennial "G-100" tire**—the latest development for passenger cars, lighter, more durable, quieter, smoother-running, with 33% longer tread mileage.

★ **The new Double Eagle* tire**—built with Rayotwist—revolutionary in design, material and performance, the finest luxury tire money can buy.

★ **The new YKL* truck and bus tire**—built with Rayotwist* for high-speed, long-distance, any-hard-duty—phenomenal in its long-mileage, high-durability performance.

★ **The LifeGuard***—an inner reserve air-container which takes the place of the conventional inner tube and makes the most violent blowout as harmless as a slow leak. You can't get better protection to save your life.

★ **The new "G-3" All-Weather* tire**—favorite of millions; gives you full center traction—blowout protection in every ply—tough, long-wearing tread—at new low price.

★ **The new Pathfinder* tire**—sets a new standard of Quality with Economy—husky, durable, good-looking; a tough, sturdy performer in the lowest price class.

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

*Trade-marks of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

OODYEAR

NEW CARS NEED IT, TOO!

Weather, dirt, and ultra-violet rays attack and break down lacquers and enamels. The dull residue speeds up the decay of the finish. Washing can't stop or correct this condition.

Saves Finish—Saves Beauty

Yes, you can easily keep your car from ever losing its beauty. All you have to do is Simoniz the finish! A secret ingredient in Simoniz never lets weather, dirt, and ultra-violet rays get at the lacquer or enamel. So, the finish can't decay. It lasts and stays beautiful for years! If your car is already dull, clean it first with Simoniz Kleener. Prevents further disintegration of the finish. Restores the natural lustre. Renews the richness of color . . . All in one quick, easy operation.

NEW EASY WAY TO USE

***TRY IT!** Clean with Simoniz Kleener on wet cloth. Let Kleener dry before wiping it off. Then apply Simoniz. (See directions in Simoniz can.) *NOTE: All Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener your dealer has may be used this new way—faster, easier!

MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ

free ½ pint 35c can of remarkable new Chrome Cleaner. Send this coupon and only 10c to cover handling and postage.

THE SIMONIZ CO., Chicago, U.S.A.

Name..........................

Address......................

City.................State.....

Dealer's Name..........................

CA8

tave drop. It picked up the second phrase, felt its way along to the bridge, and, trading the syncopation for an inverted arpeggio in even half notes, it slipped smoothly in to the finish. . . .

Johnny lifted his trumpet for the second chorus—and I stopped him. I pushed a small end table and it fell with a satisfactory noise.

You see, he'd played that first chorus absolutely straight, played it so that it "dripped out of the horn like molasses." But I knew the way that trumpet lifted he was going to jam the second chorus. Probably to illustrate his explanation of swing to Carl. The tune was set now. Carl would be able to rework it into an acceptable number—nothing sensational, but one that should have a fair success. And Johnny's facile ride-outs would only have confused him.

Then too, they had their backs to the door, but I could see Gretta standing there. She had come in just as they had started that first chorus—waited there, listening. And her blue eyes, watching Johnny, thanked him for the nice things he was doing to her father's tune.

The second chorus would have fixed that. But, of course, I was mainly interested in saving my number.

There were a few moments of confusion while I picked up the table.

Johnny looked as if he'd just been pulled away from an open elevator shaft, and I knew I was right about what his plans had been for that second chorus. With a quick double-take at me, he laid his trumpet on the piano, gingerly, as though it were a high-voltage wire.

Carl was happy. "Gretta, dear, did you hear that revision on Faithful? And Mr. Ryan was explaining to me that swing—"

"Of course," Johnny put in hurriedly, "I only know what some of the cats have told me. I'm really a schmaltz man, myself," and he was every bit as noble as young Washington being unable to tell a lie.

Gretta put her hand on Johnny's arm. "I almost believe you. And I'm sorry I was so rude," she apologized, and her quick, warm smile would have made a man forgive anything.

DURING the next ten days I saw them together—oh, at Lindy's, coming out of Roxy's, riding the top deck of a Fifth Avenue bus, and just here and there. I get around a lot, but, considering the size of New York and the laws of chance, I began to wonder when Gretta slept or Johnny rehearsed.

Three days before the Legation opening I took specials on two of our numbers over to Reg Marlowe. He promised to try to get them in the book, said that Johnny was still the white-haired boy, and I asked him to save a table for three for the opening.

I telephoned, and Gretta said that she and Carl would love to go and it was very thoughtful of me.

"Also," I said, "somebody sent me two tickets for tonight for the new show at the Wyndam. Can you use them?"

Her voice was doubtful. "Well, Johnny said he would be rehearsing until late tonight—"

"Never mind," I said. "I'll take you myself. Wash your face, and I'll be around about eight."

The show was terrible, but Gretta didn't seem to mind. As we came out of the theater into the late-evening swirl of people and taxicabs, I listened to her bright chatter about what Johnny had said to the monkey in the zoo, and decided that I was getting sentimental in my old age. She was so transparently young and radiant in her happiness, and there was something suspicious about the sudden tightness in my throat.

"Why don't you marry the guy," I growled, "and raise a lot of little song writers for me to worry about?"

She smiled up at me. "You like him, don't you, Warren?"

"Oh, he seems all right to me," I admitted, and added dubiously, "but maybe it's the contrast. I know a lot of funny people."

"You're a lamb. And you don't frighten me a bit with all your gloomy noises."

I helped her into a taxi. "I'll feed you," I said. "I have to stop by the Silo and see Jack Price anyway."

THE Silo was a small untidy place with rough wood walls, checkered tablecloths and shocks of discouraged corn standing where you bump into them regularly. It's the unofficial hang-out of half the gates in town. Jack Price, the owner, does a large on-the-cuff business, is occasionally good for a small loan, and somehow manages to stay cheerful and in business in spite of such obvious lunacy. The management's contribution to entertainment is limited to keeping the piano in tune for the impromptu jam sessions that are likely to break out like a rash any time of the day or night. Gates playing in a commercial band at one of the hotels or class night spots will drop in after their stretch and get the pent-up jive out of their systems.

As Gretta and I made our way into the crowded, smoky room, something riotous was being done with China Boy. I spotted Jack Price at the bar, and, over the unrestrained exuberance of a tenor saxophone, yelled at him briefly.

The saxophone spun its chorus to a close, dropped it, and a trumpet jumped in with a four-measure blast that made the tables rattle. I turned toward the stand, saw a familiar redhead and said quickly, "Okay, Gretta, I'm done here. Let's get out of this madhouse."

"Oh, no," she said sweetly. "I want to watch Johnny 'rehearse'!"

Now China Boy is a tough oldie, and I've seen it kicked around plenty in the last twenty years. But I never heard it take a beating like the one Johnny gave it that night. The notes streamed out of his horn like a spray of molten silver—glistening, quivering in the smoke-filled air, and so hot it sent chills down your spine. With the other boys making straight Dixieland gut-bucket, he caught an old Louis Armstrong riff, revarnished it and rode it out of the world to a blazing high F finish.

Johnny stood there grinning and happy. Then he suddenly saw Gretta and pushed through the crowd.

"Hello, honey," he said a little sheepishly. "I didn't see you come in."

She said evenly, "That was a soothing little lullaby you were just working over. Guy Lombardo would have envied that."

Johnny flushed. "I'm sorry, Gretta. Rehearsal broke up early and—"

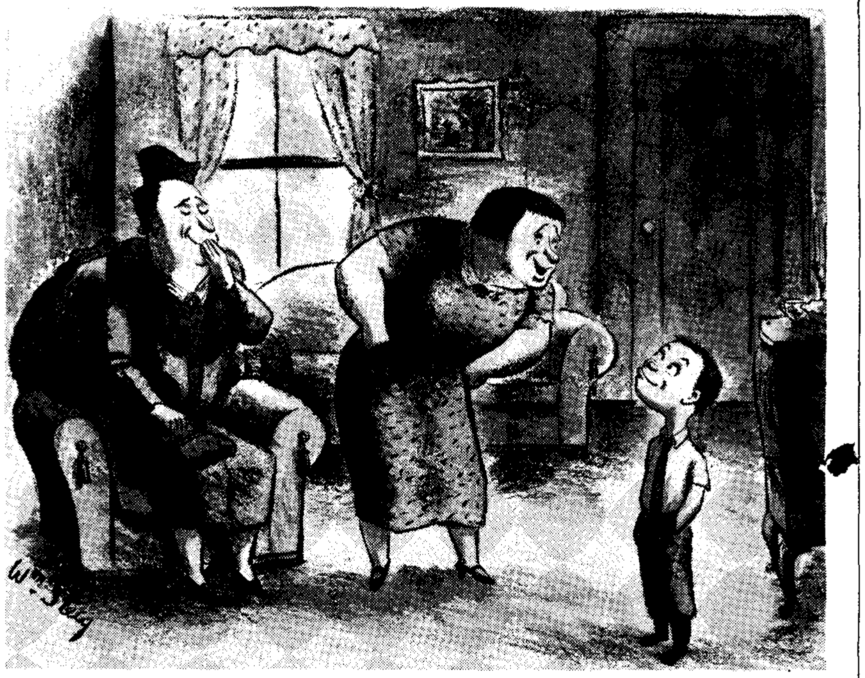
Her blue eyes were dark and cloudy. "So you're definitely allergic to swing!" she quoted, her eyes furious. "You're a schmaltz man yourself!"

"Well—I may have been kidding you a little about that—"

She bit her lip. "And about everything else, too, I suppose."

"Oh, no, honey! Listen—" She started to turn away and he caught her arm. "All right," he said grimly, "if you want to believe that, go ahead!"

Her eyes were wide and her mouth a round "O" of surprise, but Johnny had gone back to the stand.



"Why, Mickey! Where did you ever learn such nasty language?"

WILLIAM STEIG

THE new, ultrasmart Legation Hotel lifted its sleek bulk in clean, straight lines forty-two stories above Park Avenue. Here, in chromium and glass, in white leather and cork—as well-groomed and sophisticated as the café society it served—was the supper room.

Tonight it was filled to capacity with celebrities, debutantes and their escorts, and the after-theater crowd was having trouble finding tables.

Reg Marlowe, suave and immaculate in Bond Street tails, lifted his baton, brought it down in an easy one . . . two. He let it swing with a rhythmic casualness while the saxophone section picked up the first few bars of Clouds Across the Moon. The trumpets accepted the delayed phrasing with neat crisp flares, and the violins drifted along on top, waiting to sweep into the bridge.

Marlowe turned, smiled a charming, "Thanks, old man," to the remark of a Broadway columnist. Then he put down his baton and slid behind the keys of one of the two white pianos in time to take a Duchin-type break. And he stayed there. Marlowe was no stick-shaker.

He had been handed two weeks' time and fifteen musicians he had never seen before. The result was music as smooth and polished as the gleaming, crowded dance floor. That Englishman was a band leader!

"Stop," I said to Gretta, "trying to bedazzle me." We were sitting with her

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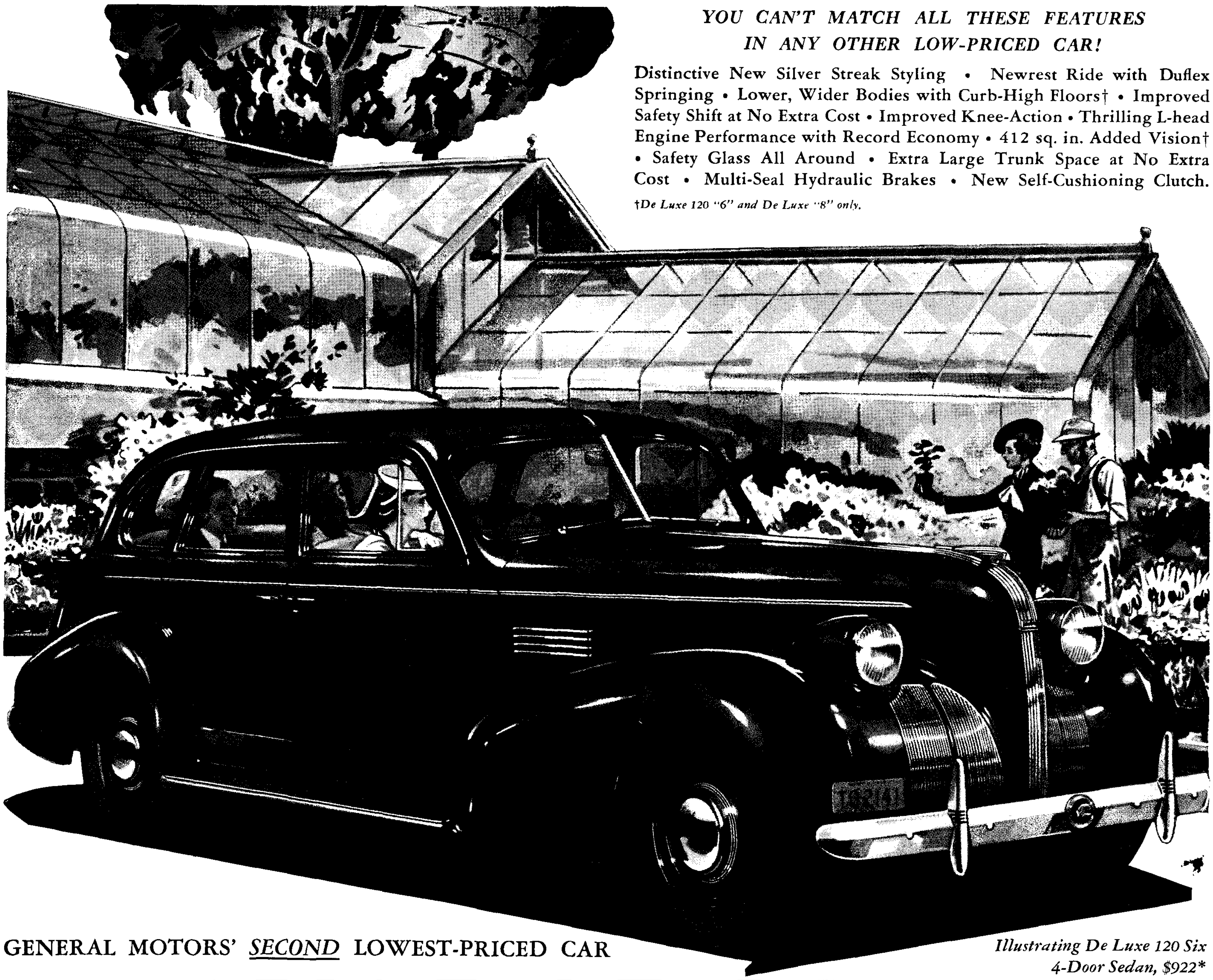

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father at a table several rows back from the floor and to one side of the raised orchestra stand. In a strapless white velvet evening gown with her blond curls piled on top of her head, Gretta was something to look at. She was hoping Johnny would. "I'm worried enough as it is. He looks," I said, "like a mournful volcano."

She glanced over at Johnny. He was sitting very straight in his chair, playing his part with a melancholy exactness. "He doesn't look very unhappy to me," she said wistfully.

"He's miserable," I declared flatly. "Why don't you forgive him so I can have some peace of mind?"

"But," she said in a small voice, "maybe he doesn't want to be forgiven. He said—"

"I know what he said," I put in wearily. "But if something isn't done pretty soon—"

IT WAS toward the end of an intermission when it happened.

The men were back on the stand ready for the next set, talking, fingering their instruments and waiting for Marlowe, who had disappeared temporarily. Johnny sat there staring moodily at his music rack. With a preoccupied air, he picked up his trumpet.

At first you could barely hear it over the noise of the late evening crowd. It was a small uncertain voice searching for something, trying to express something. . . .

Idly the drummer began flicking out a slow, rocking beat with his wire brushes, and the melody took shape, grew stronger. It had a haunting sadness that seemed familiar, and yet I couldn't place it. After listening a moment, his expression thoughtful, the guitar man declared himself in, faked the minor chords unerringly. The lead sax man straightened his mouthpiece and glanced at Johnny curiously.

Johnny let the trumpet die at the end of the chorus, and there was only the light, even beat of the drummer's brushes for four or five measures. . . .

Then, the silver trumpet lifted, and, with a clear sure tone that told me he had found what he wanted, the melody began again. It wasn't much louder, but there was a compelling urgency now, a sullen insistent rhythm that demanded attention. Conversation faded to a murmur as suddenly as if somebody had turned a radio dial. Couples came out on the dance floor, danced a few steps, then stopped uncertainly and stood there listening.

Music was being made. A strange, unsatisfied music that caught at your throat with its sadness and yet surged exultantly with its promise of fulfillment.

Carl said in wonderment, "Why, that's my Nocturne!" and I remembered his playing it that day when Johnny and I were at the apartment. It had been a lovely melody then, but frail in its lack of purpose. Johnny, with the vigor of his youth and sure sense of phrasing, was giving it form and a savage strength.

Now that it was set, he left the melody and began to ride it with a biting, cynical fluency. He mocked it with a phrase from Hearts and Flowers, playing it straight first, then, switching to an impudent, ridiculous minor, he doubled the count and played it as a riff over and over with a lifting sweep of notes that threw the saccharine sweetness of one against the bitter, nostalgic strength of the other.

Carl, his head turned away from us, was listening intently. Gretta beat her small fists on the table.

"But he can't do that! Pop! Your lovely melody! He's swinging it, he's ruining it!"

Carl turned back. His eyes were gentle and a little sad. "No. He's playing harmonies that I couldn't write, improvising on the theme in a way I'd never be able to understand, except to know that it's right and richer than I could make it."

"Oh, Pop, you don't know what you're saying. I hate him for this! He's got to stop!" She started to get up from the table.

"Sit down and shut up," I growled. "You're listening to Carl Winfield's greatest hit, and you bleat about a few swing licks!"

Johnny was warming it up now, pushing it out for all it would take, making a searing, smoky jive that was hotter than anything I had ever heard.

The first spell was broken, and people were dancing. I realized with amazement that the saxophone section was rocking the solid chord changes, and the slip-horn man was finding a spot now and then to tuck in a lick. There was no sign of Marlowe, but the other piano was in. Except for the violins and one brass man, who looked bewildered, the whole band was playing. Playing a number that they had never rehearsed, had never heard until a few minutes before! No pickup band could do that unless— With a growing suspicion I recognized the lead sax as Hat Stevens —and Michaels and Smith on the other two . . . yes, the trombone was George Fitzroy, and the guitar—

"Why, the dirty double-crosser," I thought. "He's sneaked those men in on Marlowe and—"

Now Marlowe was at his piano. The men saw him, and the music faltered. But Reg was too good a showman to give any indication that this number was unauthorized and not exactly in the Marlowe manner. With a quick glance at the excited faces of the crowd on the floor, he filled in the break himself and nodded for Johnny to take another chorus.

The cash customers heard something then. Reckless with the knowledge that he was probably fired anyway, Johnny swept around the corner with a flaming, strident ride-out that lifted the band solidly into the groove behind him.

It was tremendous. I was at the bandstand, and I didn't remember leaving the table. Gretta was shaking my arm, crying, "Listen, Warren, listen! It's wonderful!"

Reg Marlowe's head was bent over the keyboard, his fingers beating it out like frantic trip hammers.

Johnny was climbing. He whipped it up there to the ceiling, until there just couldn't be any more. And then he dropped it suddenly to a surprising unfinished third and left it. The number was over.

FOR seconds the Legation Roof was so quiet that the flat, irrelevant click of a plate being moved was plainly audible. Then there was a roar of applause and people were crowding around the stand talking excitedly and calling for more.

Reg Marlowe, smiling, accepted the praises and questions of the crowd gracefully and shook his head. "No, no more now. Need a bit of a breather." He nodded for the boys to leave and, after a moment, came over to the side of the stand where Hat Stevens and five or six others were pounding Johnny on the back and kidding him about turning the Legation into an alligator farm.

Johnny said, "That was my fault, Marlowe. I suppose I'm through," he added resignedly.

With the ovation still pounding in his ears, Reg was having trouble being properly annoyed over the mutiny. "Either that," he suggested in his clipped British voice, "or perhaps I'd better turn the band over to you. You seem to have borrowed it anyway."

"I don't want a band," Johnny said decidedly. "I *had* a band." Then he grinned. "This," he said, indicating Stevens, Fitzroy and the other men grouped around him—"is it."

Of course. He'd brought all his old men around for Marlowe's tryouts. And they worked together so smoothly that nobody else had a chance. Except for the violins and that orphan brass man, Reg had been playing straight with a solid swing band.

And that Nocturne! With Carl's melody and Johnny's phrasing, that was going to be the Number One from the Rainbow Room to the Palomar, or I would go back to publishing hymnbooks for missionaries.

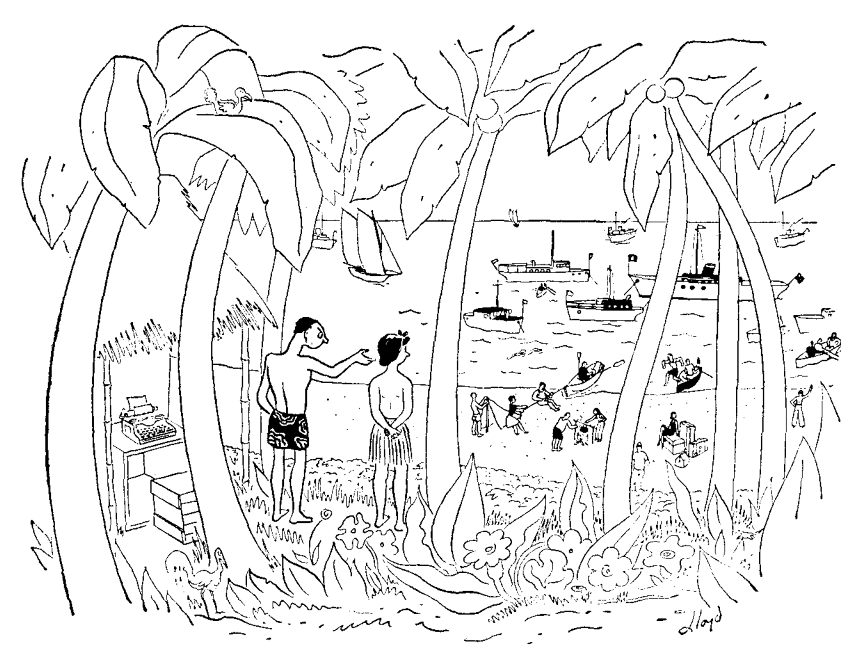
The Legation was still in an uproar. The customers weren't taking "no" for an answer. They wanted more of the same. Reg, looking harried, reluctantly waved the men back to the stand.

Johnny had one of Gretta's hands, and they were smiling into each other's eyes and you knew they were the only two people in the world.

Reg said, "Come along, Johnny, you're on. Though I'd like to know what you can give them now."

Johnny said to Gretta, "What'll it be, honey?" and she laughed and gave me the new title for the Nocturne.

"Johnny," she said softly, "swing me a love song."



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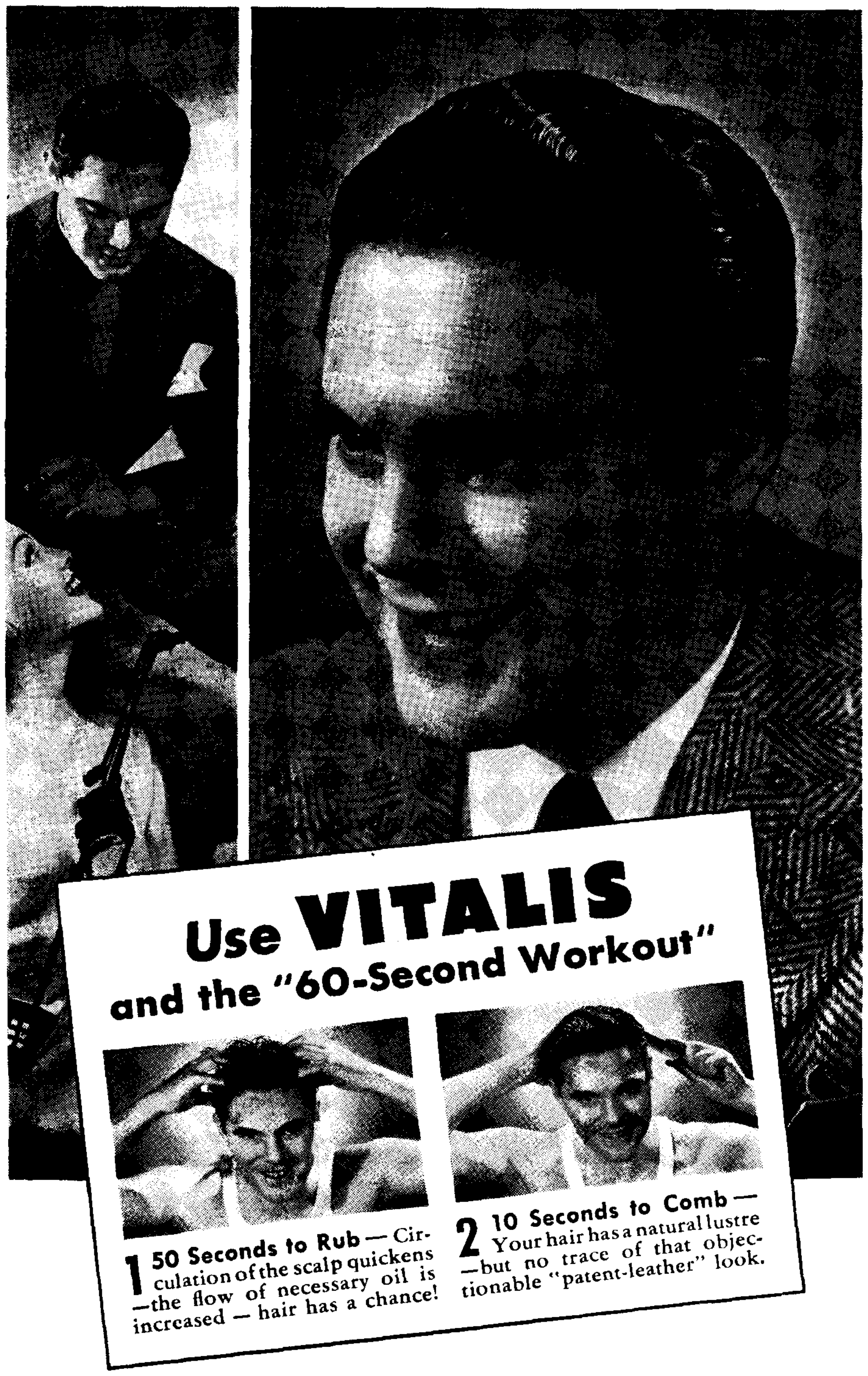

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VITALIS HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME!

The Drums of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 19

When Mrs. Merton brought another cup, I poured his coffee out and set it on the desk. He looked up.

"Perhaps a little undue emphasis on amethyst eyes," he said slyly.

I felt myself flushing.

"You may be right, Smith," I admitted; "in fact, I thought the same myself. But you see, you haven't met her—I have. I may as well be honest. Yes! She did make a deep impression upon me."

"I am only joking, Kerrigan. I have even known the symptoms." He spoke those words rather wistfully. "But this is very sudden!"

"I agree!" and I laughed. "I know what you think, but truly, there was some irresistible appeal about her."

"If, as I suspect, she is a servant of Dr. Fu Manchu, there would be. He rarely makes mistakes."

I crossed to the window.

"Somehow I can't believe it."

"You mean you don't want to." As I turned, he dropped the manuscript on the desk: "Well, Kerrigan, one thing life has taught me—never to interfere in such matters. You must deal with it in your own way."

"Is there any news?"

He snapped his fingers irritably.

"None. The man who came to Sir Malcolm Locke's house to adjust the telephone did not come from the Post Office, but unfortunately he can't be traced. The fellow who came to my flat to fix the television set did not come from the firm who supplied it—but he also cannot be traced! And so, you see—"

He paused suddenly, as my phone bell began to ring. I took up the receiver.

"Hello—yes . . . he is here." I turned to Smith. "Inspector Gallaho wants you."

He stepped eagerly forward.

"Hello! Gallaho? . . . Yes—I told Fey to tell you I was coming on here. . . . What's that!—*what?*" His voice rose on a high note of excitement. "*What do you say?* . . . Yes—details when I see you. What time does the train leave? . . . Good! Coming now."

He replaced the receiver and turned. His face had grown very stern. Here was a sudden change of mood.

"What is it?"

"Fu Manchu has struck again. We have just twenty minutes to catch the train. Come on!"

"But where are we going?"

"To a remote corner of the Essex marshes."

A DEPRESSING drizzle was still falling when amid semigloom I found myself stepping out of a train at a station on one of those branch lines that intersect the map of Essex. A densely wooded slope arose on the north. It seemed in some way to bear down oppressively on the little station, as though at any moment it might slip forward and crush it.

"Gallaho is a good man to have in charge," said Nayland Smith. "A ferret on a scent, and every whit as tenacious."

The chief detective inspector was there awaiting us—a thickset, cleanshaven man of florid coloring and truculent expression; he was buttoned up in a blue overcoat and had a rather widebrimmed bowler hat, very wet, jammed tightly upon his head. With him was a uniformed officer who was introduced as Inspector Derbyshire of the Essex constabulary. Greetings over:

"This is an ugly business," said Gallaho, speaking through clenched teeth.

"So I gather," said Nayland Smith rapidly, "we can talk on the way. I'm afraid you'll have to ride in front with the driver, Kerrigan."

Gallaho nodded, and presently, in a police car that stood outside the station, we were on our way. It was a longish drive, mostly through narrow, muddy lanes. At last, on the outskirts of a village through which ran a little stream, we pulled up. A constable was standing outside a barnlike structure, separated by a small meadow from the nearest cottage. He was a sinister-looking man who harmonized with his surroundings and whose jet-black eyebrows joined in the middle to form one continuous whole. He saluted as we stepped down, unlocked the barn door and led the way in. In spite of the disheartening weather a group of idlers hung about staring vacantly at the gloomy building.

"Not a pleasant sight, sir," Inspector Derbyshire warned us as he removed a sheet from something that lay upon a trestle table. . . .

IT WAS the body of a man wearing a tweed jacket and open-neck shirt, flannel trousers and thick-soled shoes: the equipment, I thought, of a hiker. I checked an exclamation of horror when I realized that he had died of a wound that appeared nearly to have severed his head from his body!

"Right across the jugular," Gallaho muttered, staring down savagely at the victim of this outrage.

He began to chew vigorously, although, as I learned later, he used no gum; it was merely an unusual ruminatory habit.

"Look!" Nayland Smith whispered—"Look! No doubt of the cause of death here! Thank you, Inspector. Cover the poor fellow up. The surgeon has seen him, of course?"

"Yes. He estimated that he had been dead for six or seven hours. But I left him just as we found him for you to see."

"He was hauled out of the river, I'm told?"

"Yes—half a mile from here. The body was jammed in under the branches of an overhanging willow."

"Who found it?"

"A gypsy called Barnett, who was gathering rushes. He and his family are basketmakers."

"When was that?"

"Ten-thirty, sir," Inspector Derbyshire replied. "I got straight through to Inspector Gallaho; he arrived an hour later. Dr. Bridges saw the body at eleven."

"Why did you call Scotland Yard?"

"I recognized him at once. He had reported to me yesterday morning—"

"As I told you, sir," Gallaho's growling voice broke in, "he was a bit after your time at the Yard. But Detective-Sergeant Hythe was one of my most promising juniors. He was working under me. He was down here looking for the secret radio station. B. B. C. engineers had noticed interference from time to time and they finally narrowed it down to this end of Essex."

We came out of the barn and the constable locked the door behind us. Smith turned and stared at Gallaho.

"It looks," Gallaho added, "as though poor Hythe had got too near to the heart of the mystery. . . ."

"If you'll just step across to the constable's cottage, sir, I want you to see the few things that were found on the dead man," said Inspector Derbyshire.

As we walked along the narrow village street to the modest police headquarters, the group of locals detached themselves from the barn and followed us at a discreet distance. Nayland Smith glanced back over his shoulder.

"No one of interest there, Kerrigan!" he snapped.

Laid out on the table in the sitting room were an automatic, an electric flashlight and a small flat key.

"There wasn't another thing on him!" said Inspector Derbyshire. "Yet I know for a fact that he carried a knapsack and a stick. He was smoking a pipe, too; and he asked me for the name of a cottage where he could spend a night, quietlike, in the neighborhood."

Smith was staring at the exhibits.

"This key," he remarked, "is the most significant item."

"I spotted that," growled Gallaho. "It's the key of an A. A. call box—and the nearest is at the crossroads by Woldham Forges, a mile or so from here."

"Smart work," snapped Smith. "What did this important discovery suggest to you?"

"It's plain enough. He had been watching during the night (if the doctor's right, he was murdered between four and five) and he'd found out something so important that he was making for the nearest phone to get assistance."

"Anything else?"

"That the phone nearest to whatever he'd discovered was at Woldham Forges—and that he was working from some base where he must have left his other belongings."

"What did you do?"

"We've made a house-to-house search, sir," Inspector Derbyshire replied. "It isn't very difficult about here. But we can't find where he spent the night."

NAYLAND SMITH gazed out of the window. Several loiterers were hanging about, but the arrival of the constable, now released from his duty as keeper of the morgue, dispersed them.

"I shall want a large-scale map of the district," said Smith.

"At your service, sir!"

We all turned and stared. The sinister-looking constable was the speaker. But he was sinister no more. His remarkable eyebrows were raised in what I assumed to be an expression of enthusiasm. He was opening the drawer of a bureau.

"Constable Weldon," explained Inspector Derbyshire, "is an authority on this area. . . ."

TEN minutes later I set out along a road running south by east. Nayland Smith had split up the available searchers in such a way that, the police station as center, our lines of inquiry formed a rough star.

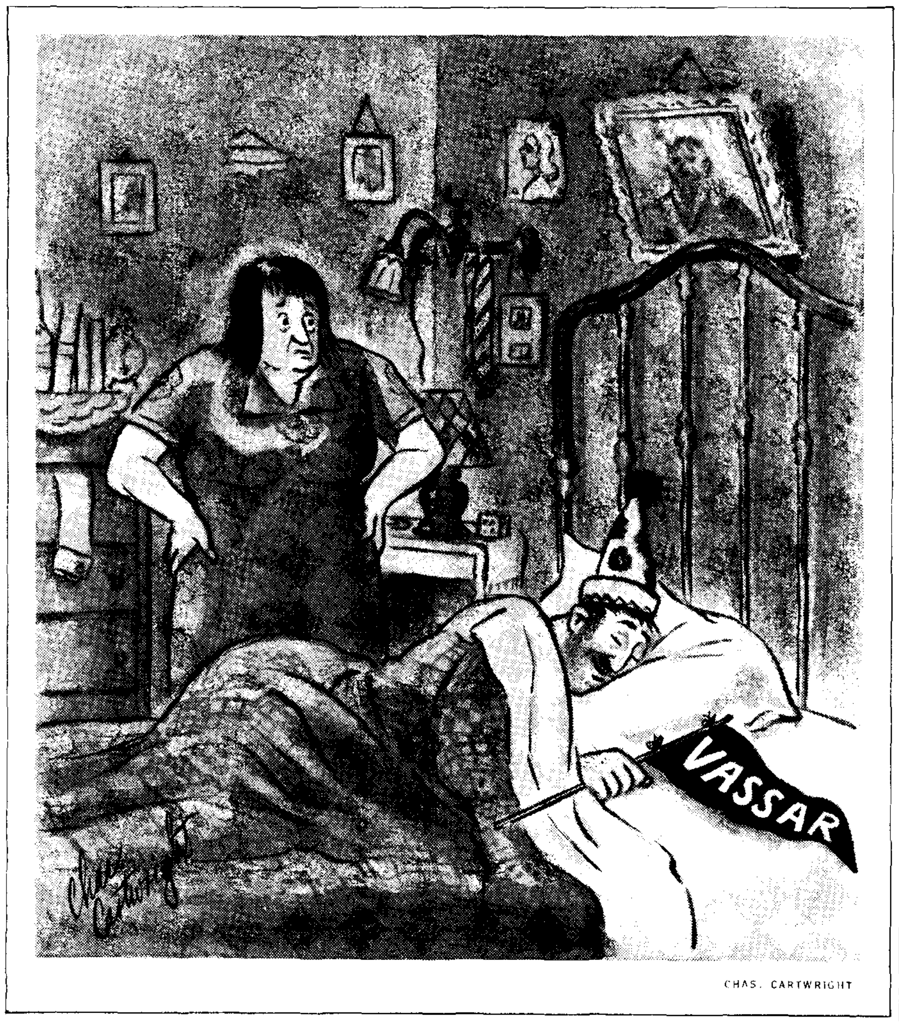
My own instructions, based upon the encyclopedic knowledge of the neighborhood possessed by Constable Weldon, were simple enough. My first point was a timbered ruin, once the gatehouse of a considerable monastery long ago demolished. Half a mile beyond was an unoccupied cottage ("Haunted," Constable Weldon had said) in some state of dilapidation, but entrance could be effected through one of the broken windows. Finally, crossing a wooden bridge and bearing straight on, there was an old barn.

The drizzling rain had ceased, giving place to a sort of Dutch mist that was even more unpleasant. I could see no farther than five paces. My orders were so explicit, however, that I anticipated no difficulty; furthermore, I was provided with a flashlight.

In the reedy marshes about me, wild fowl gave their queer calls. From a long way off, borne on a faint southerly breeze, came the sound of a steamer's whistle. I met never a soul, nor heard a sound of human presence up to the time that the ruined gatehouse loomed up in the gloom.

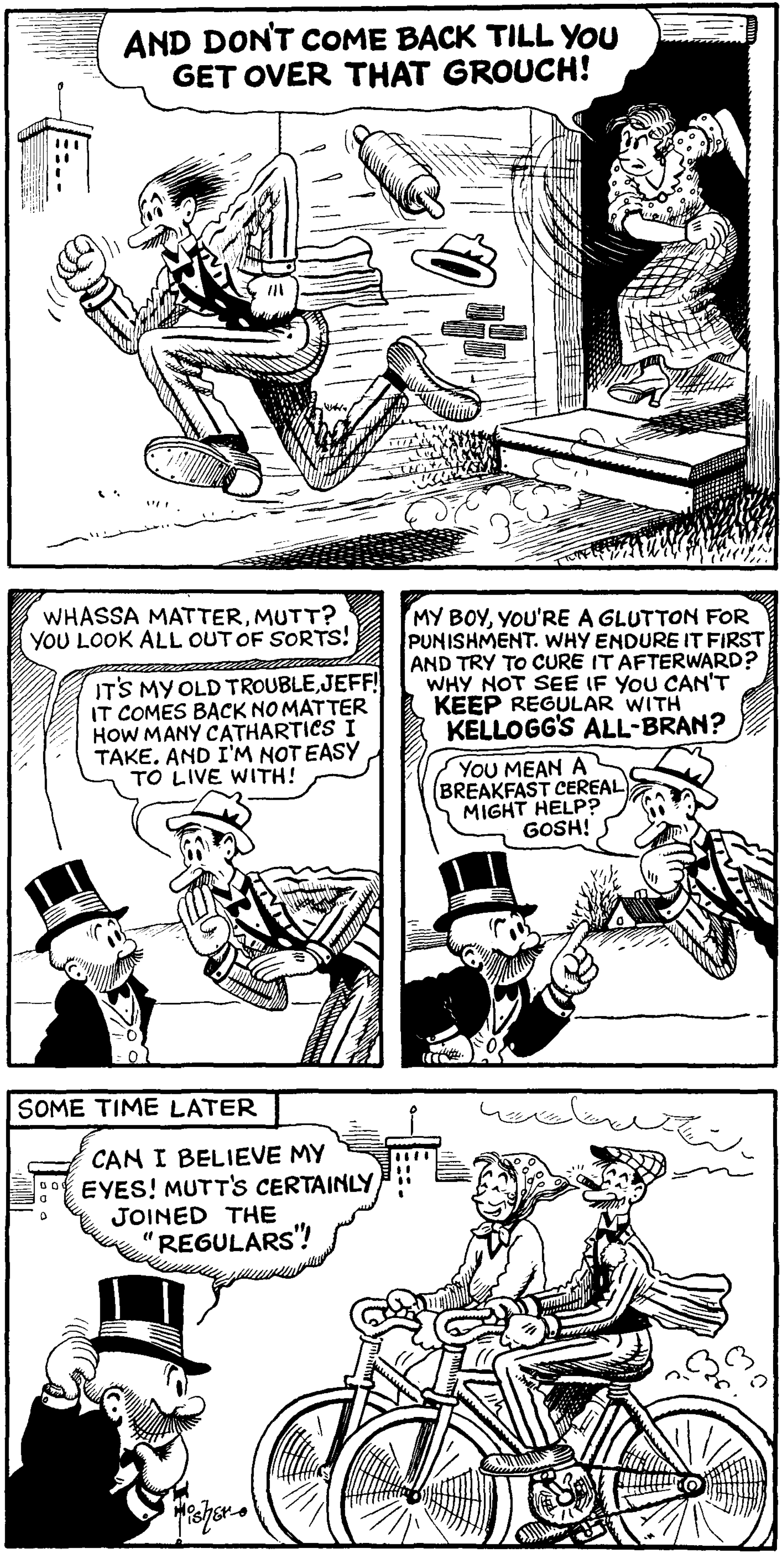
I had no difficulty in obtaining entrance—the place was wide open. Decaying timbers supported a skeleton roof: here was poor shelter; and a brief but careful examination convinced me that no one had recently occupied it.

I stood for a moment in the gathering darkness listening to the notes of wild fowl. Once I caught myself listening for something else: the beating of a drum. . . .



CHAS. CARTWRIGHT

MUTT AND JEFF —by Bud Fisher


AND DON'T COME BACK TILL YOU GET OVER THAT GROUCH!
WHASSA MATTER, MUTT? YOU LOOK ALL OUT OF SORTS!
IT'S MY OLD TROUBLE, JEFF! IT COMES BACK NO MATTER HOW MANY CATHARTICS I TAKE. AND I'M NOT EASY TO LIVE WITH!
MY BOY, YOU'RE A GLUTTON FOR PUNISHMENT. WHY ENDURE IT FIRST AND TRY TO CURE IT AFTERWARD? WHY NOT SEE IF YOU CAN'T KEEP REGULAR WITH KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN?
YOU MEAN A BREAKFAST CEREAL MIGHT HELP? GOSH!
SOME TIME LATER
CAN I BELIEVE MY EYES! MUTT'S CERTAINLY JOINED THE "REGULARS"!
Fisher

IS THERE really a better way to correct constipation than just bearing it first and trying to cure it afterward? There is, if it's the common kind that's due to lack of "bulk" in the diet. The better way is to get at the cause and prevent the trouble—with that crisp crunchy breakfast cereal, Kellogg's All-Bran. For All-Bran supplies just the "bulk" you need. Eat it with milk or cream every day, drink plenty of water, and see if the world isn't a lot brighter! All-Bran is made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

"Struck it rich
million dollar flavor
in a half-a-dollar pipe
..that's VELVET"
Velvet
Pipe and Cigarette Tobacco
Liggett & Myers Tobacco
Velvet
—the MILDNESS
of fine old
Kentucky Burley
aged in wood
—the FLAVOR
of pure maple
sugar for extra
good taste
Velvet packs easy in a pipe
Rolls smooth in a cigarette
Better tobacco
for both
Better smoking tobacco

Copyright 1939, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Then, again I set out. I followed a narrow lane for the best part of half a mile. At length, just ahead, I saw the cottage of ghostly reputation.

Mist was deepening unpleasantly, but I found the broken window and scrambled in. There was no evidence that anyone had entered the building for a year or more.

Greater darkness had come by the time that I regained the lane.

Very soon I found myself upon a muddy path following the banks of a stream—and right ahead of me I saw a wooden hut.

I paused. This was not in accordance with plan. I had made a mistake and lost my way. However, the place in front of me was apparently an uninhabited building and, pushing on, I examined it with curiosity.

It was a roughly constructed hut, and I saw that it possessed a sort of crude landing stage overhanging the stream. The only visible entrance from the bank was a door secured by a padlock. The padlock proved to be unfastened. As I opened the door, I knew that I had come upon a former eel fisher's hut.

I SHONE a beam of light into the interior.

At first glance, the place appeared to be empty; then I saw something. . . . A recently opened sardine tin lay upon a ledge. Near it was a bottle bearing the label of a local brewer. And, as I stepped forward and so obtained a better view, I discovered, in an alcove on the right of the ledge, part of a loaf of bread and a packet of butter. . . .

My heart beat faster. By sheer accident I had found what I sought; for it seemed highly improbable from the appearance of the hut that this evidence had been left by anyone but Sergeant Hythe!

And now I made another discovery.

At one end of the place was what looked like a deep cupboard. Setting my light on the ledge, I opened the cupboard—and what I saw clinched the matter.

There was a shelf about a foot up from the floor, and on it lay an open knapsack! . . . I saw a clasp knife, a box of bar chocolate, a small tin of biscuits and a number of odds and ends that I was too excited to notice at the time—for, most extraordinary discovery of all, I saw a queer-looking hat surmounted by a coral bead.

At this I stared fascinatedly, and then, taking it up, carried it nearer to the light. Its character was unmistakable.

It was a mandarin's cap!

And as I stared all but incredulously at this thing that I had found in a deserted hut on an Essex marsh, a faint movement made me acutely, coldly alert.

Someone was walking very quietly along the path outside.

What sounded like the booming call of a bittern came from over the marshes. The footsteps drew nearer. I stood still in an agony of indecision. Like a revelation the truth had come to me: we were searching for the base used by the murdered man; *others* were searching, too. And this astounding piece of evidence I held in my hand—this was the object of their search!

I knew by the nearness of the footsteps that retreat was impossible. Extinguishing my flashlight, I crept into the cupboard and closed the door almost completely.

Through the chink of the opening I stared out. Closer and closer drew the footsteps on the muddy path; then the sound gave place to the swishing of long, wet grass, and I knew that the intruder was actually at the door.

What had seemed at first to be impenetrable darkness proved, now, to allow of some limited vision. Framed in the gray oblong of the doorway I saw a motionless figure. The new arrival wore a long raincoat and what looked like a black cap; also I saw leggings or riding boots. So much I had discovered, peering cautiously out, when a beam from an electric torch shot through the darkness, directed straight into the hut. Its light fell upon the mandarin's cap.

"*Ah!*" I heard.

That one exclamation revealed an astounding fact: the intruder was a girl!

She stepped in and crossed to the ledge. My heart began to beat irregularly. A queer mingling of fear and hope, which had claimed me at the sound of her voice, now became focused in one huge indescribable emotion, as I saw that pure profile, the clinging curls under the black cap, the outline, I thought, of a Greek goddess.

As I quietly slipped across to the open door and stood with my back to it, the girl turned in a flash—and I found myself looking into those magnificent eyes that had so strangely and persistently haunted me from the hour of that first brief meeting.

"You!" she whispered; "*you* again!"

"Yes," I said shortly, "I again. May I ask what you are doing here?"

A hardness crept over her features; her lips set firmly. She put the torch down on the ledge beside her while I watched her intently; then:

"I might quite well ask you the same question," she replied, and her enchanting accent gave the words the value of music.

I laughed, standing squarely in the doorway and watching her.

Wisps of fog floated between us.

"I am here because a man was brutally murdered last night—and there, on the ledge beside you, is the clue to his murderer."

"What are you talking about?" she asked quietly.

"Only about what I know."

"Suppose what you say is true, what has it to do with you?"

"It is every man's business to run down a murderer."

HER wonderful eyes opened more widely, she stared at me like a bewildered child—a pose, I told myself, perfectly acted.

"But I mean—what brings you here, to this place? You are not of the police."

"No, I am not 'of the police.' My name is Bart Kerrigan; I am a journalist by profession. Now I am going to ask you what brings *you* here to this place. What is your name?"

Her expression changed again; she lowered her lashes disdainfully.

"You could never understand and it does not matter. My name—my name—would mean nothing to you. It is a name you have never heard before."

"All the more reason why I should hear it now."

Unwittingly, I said the words softly, for as she stood there wrapped in that soiled raincoat, her little feet in muddy riding boots, I thought there could be no more desirable woman in the world.

"My name is Ardatha," she replied in a low voice.

"Ardatha! A charming name but, as you say, one I have never heard before. To what country does it belong?"

Suddenly she opened her eyes widely:

"Why do you keep me here talking to you?" she flashed, and clenched her hand. "I will tell you nothing. I have as much right to be here as you. Please stand away from that door and let me go."

The demand was made imperiously, but unless my vanity invented a paradox her eyes were denying the urgency of her words.

"It is the duty of every decent Christian," I said, reluctantly forcing myself to face facts, "to detain any man or any woman belonging to the black organization of which you are a member."

"Every Christian!" she flashed back. "*I* am a Christian. I was educated in Cairo."

"Coptic?"

"Yes, Coptic."

"But you are not a Copt."

"Did I say I was a Copt?"

"You belong to the Si-Fan."

"You don't know what you are talking about. Even if I did, what then?"

I was drifting again, and I knew it. The words came almost against my will:

"Do you understand what this society stands for? Do you know that they employ stranglers, garroters, poisoners, cutthroats, that they trade in assassination?"

"Is that so?" She was watching me closely and now spoke in a quiet voice. "And your Christian rulers, your rulers of the West—yes? What do *they* do? If the Si-Fan kills a man, that man is an active enemy. But when your Western murderers kill, they kill men, women and children—hundreds—thousands who never harmed them—who never sought to harm anybody. My whole family—do you hear me?—my whole family, was wiped from life in one bombing raid. I alone escaped. General Quinto ordered that raid. You have seen what became of General Quinto. . . ."

I FELT the platform of my argument slipping from beneath my feet. This was the sophistry of Fu Manchu! Yet I hadn't the wit to answer her. The stern face of Nayland Smith seemed to rise up before me; I read reproach in the gray eyes.

"I think we've talked long enough," I said. "If you will walk out in front of me, we will go and discuss the matter with those able to decide between us."

She was silent for a moment, seeming to be studying my considerable bulk, planted between herself and freedom.

"Very well." I saw the gleam of little white teeth as she bit her lip. "I am not afraid. What I have done, I am proud to have done. In any case, I don't matter. But bring the notebook—it might help me if I am to be arrested."

"The notebook?"

She pointed to the open cupboard out of which I had stepped. I turned, and saw in the dim light amongst the other objects I have mentioned what certainly looked like a small notebook. Three steps and I had it in my hand.

But those three steps were fatal.

From behind me came a sound that I can only describe as a rush. I turned and sprang to the doorway. She was through—she must have reached it in one bound! The door was slammed in my face, dealing me a staggering blow on the forehead. I took a step back to hurl myself against it, and heard the click of the padlock.

Undeterred, I dashed my weight against the closed door; but, although the door was old, it was solid. The padlock held.

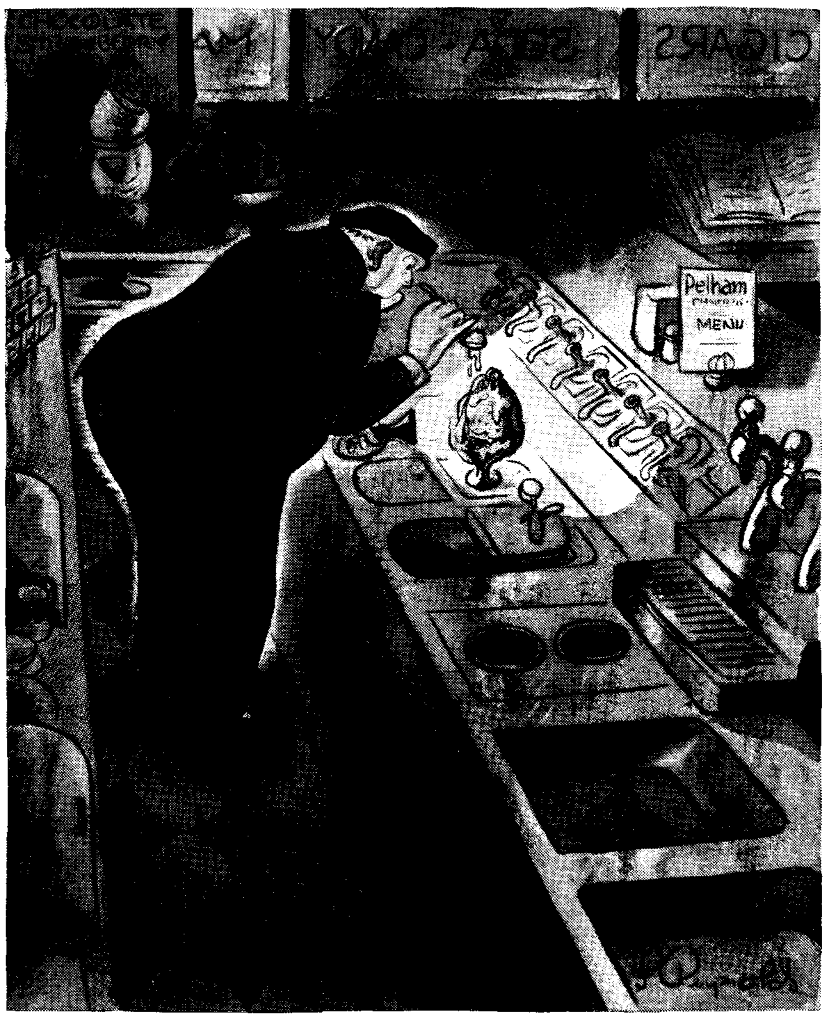
"Don't try to follow me!" I heard; "they will kill you if you try to follow me!"

I stood still, listening, but not the faintest sound reached my ears to inform me in which direction Ardatha had gone. Switching on my lamp I stared about the hut.

Yes, she had taken the mandarin's cap! I had shown less resource than a schoolboy! I had been tricked, outwitted, by a girl not yet out of her teens, I judged. I grew hot with humiliation. How could I ever tell such a story to Nayland Smith?

The mood passed. I became cool again and began to search for some means of getting out. Barely glancing at the notebook, I thrust it into my pocket.

That the girl had deliberately drawn my attention to it I did not believe. She had had no more idea than I what it was, but its presence had served her



LAURENCE REYNOLDS

To feel better faster —take Sal Hepatica!

MRS.: Wouldn't you know? Special company coming, forty things to do—and I've got a logy, sick headache. Of course, I'll take a laxative but this sickish feeling will linger for days.
MR.: Not if you take Sal Hepatica, love.

MRS.: Do you mean there's something different about Sal Hepatica?
MR.: I certainly do. First, it's quick yet gentle in its laxative action. Second, it counteracts excess gastric acidity, chases that sickish feeling in a hurry. Millions know that—by experience.

MR.: Darling, everything was grand. You're the best little hostess in this county!
MRS.: Silly! I'm not the miracle-worker—it's you—and Sal Hepatica. That sparkling glassful certainly gave me a fast come-back.

IT'S A QUICK, GENTLE LAXATIVE
AND IT COMBATS EXCESS GASTRIC ACIDITY, TOO
SAL HEPATICA
for a quick come-back
Get it at your druggists today!

TUNE IN! Fred Allen in "TOWN HALL TONIGHT"—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. S. T.

IF DRY SCALP WINS

GOODBYE HANDSOME HAIR!

MANY men blame oncoming years for the loss of their hair's good looks . . . when Dry Scalp is really the cause. Don't make this mistake yourself.

Thousands of men now know that Dry Scalp *needn't* go unchecked . . . that they can have the good-looking hair that helps so much in their business and social chances . . . through the sensible, regular use of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.

Guard against Dry Scalp as they do! Keep your hair at its best by regularly *supplementing* your scalp's own oils. Simply do these two things: Use a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic each morning as you comb your hair. And before every shampoo give your scalp a vigorous massage with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is *different.* It contains no ingredients which might dry out your scalp . . . requires no dousing . . . a few drops do the trick. Get some 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic at any drug store today . . . in handy shaker top bottles.

DRY HEAT
WATER
SOAP

They all rob your hair of natural oils. Combat "Dry Scalp" and keep hair good-looking with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.

A few drops supplement the natural scalp oils, keep your hair manageable and good-looking.

40¢ and 70¢

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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purpose. I could find nothing else of importance.

And now I set to work on the small, shuttered window at the back of the ledge upon which those fragments of food remained. I soon had the shutter open, and as I had hoped, the window was unglazed. I climbed through onto a rickety landing stage and from there made my way around to the path.

The fog was rapidly growing impenetrable.

I FOUND myself mentally reviewing the ordnance map I had seen at the policeman's cottage, listening to the discursive instructions of the sinister but well-informed Constable Weldon. . . .

"After you leave the cottage where old Mother Abel hanged herself"—a stubby finger moved over the map—"there's a path along beside a little stream. You don't take that" (I had), "you go straight on. This other road, bearin' left, would bring you to The Monks' Arms, one of the oldest pubs in Essex. Since the by-pass was made I don't know what trade is done there. It's kept by an old prize fighter, a Jerseyman, or claims to be; Jim Pallant they call him—a mighty tough customer; Seaman Pallant was his fightin' name. The revenue officers have been watchin' him for years, but he's too clever for 'em. We've checked up on him, of course. He seems to have a clean slate in this business. . . ."

Visualizing the map, I decided that the route back via The Monks' Arms was no longer than the other, and I determined to revive my drooping spirits before facing Nayland Smith. Licensed hours did not apply in my case for I was a "bona fide traveler" within the meaning of the act.

I set out on my return journey.

At one time I thought I had lost my way again, until presently through the gloom I saw a signboard projecting above a hedge, and found myself before one of those timbered hostelries of which once there were many in this neighborhood, but of which few remain today. I saw that The Monks' Arms stood on the bank of a stream.

I stepped into a stuffy bar. Low, age-blackened beams supported the ceiling; there were some prints of dogs and prize fighters; a full-rigged ship in a glass case.

Since no one was in the room, I banged upon the counter. This produced a sound of footsteps; a thin curtain behind the bar parted, and Pallant, the landlord, came out.

He was as fine a specimen of a retired prize fighter as one could hope to find, with short thick nose, slightly out of true, deep-set eyes, and several battle scars. His rolled-up sleeves revealed muscular forearms and he had all the appearance of being as Constable Weldon had said, "a tough customer."

I called for a double Scotch and soda.

"Traveler?"

"Yes. London."

He stared at me with his curiously unblinking deep-set brown eyes, then turned, tipped out two measures from an inverted bottle, squirted soda into the glass and set it before me. I paid, and he banged down my change on the counter. A cigarette drooping from his thick underlip, he stood, arms folded, just in front of the rush curtain watching me with that unmoving stare. I sipped my drink, and:

"How far is it to the station?" I asked.

"Mile and a half, straight along the lane from my door."

"Thanks." I glanced at my watch. "What time does the next train leave?"

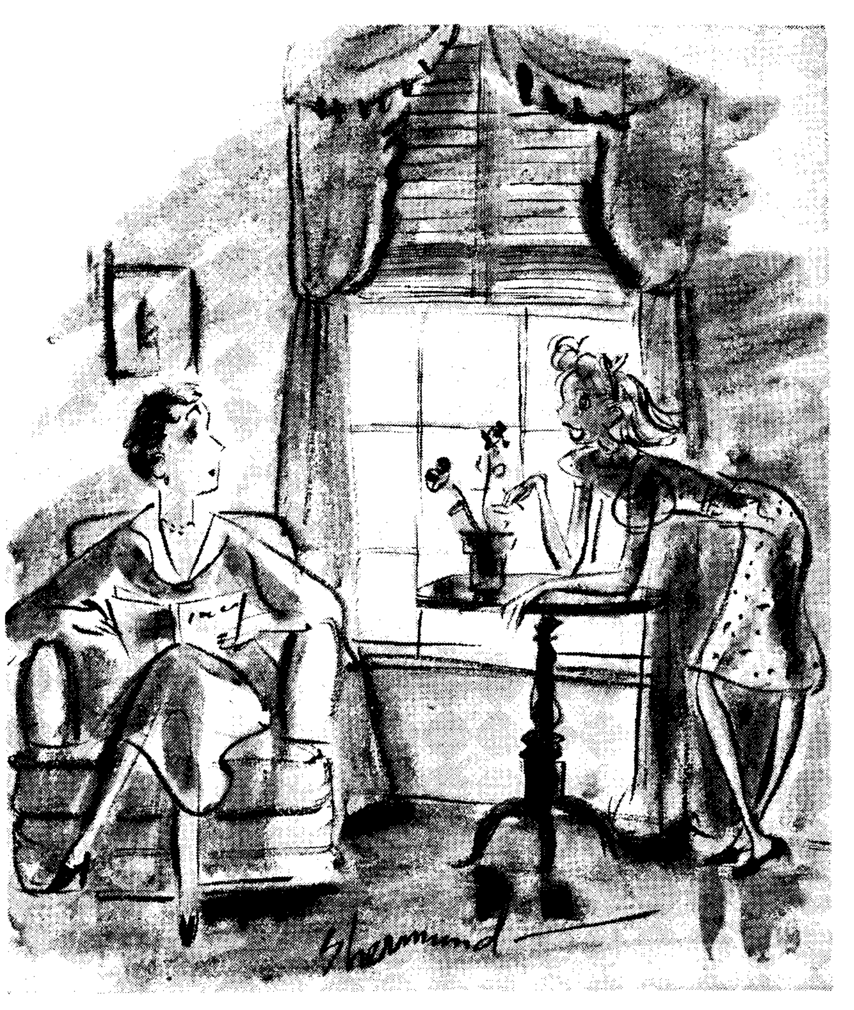
"Where for?"

"London."

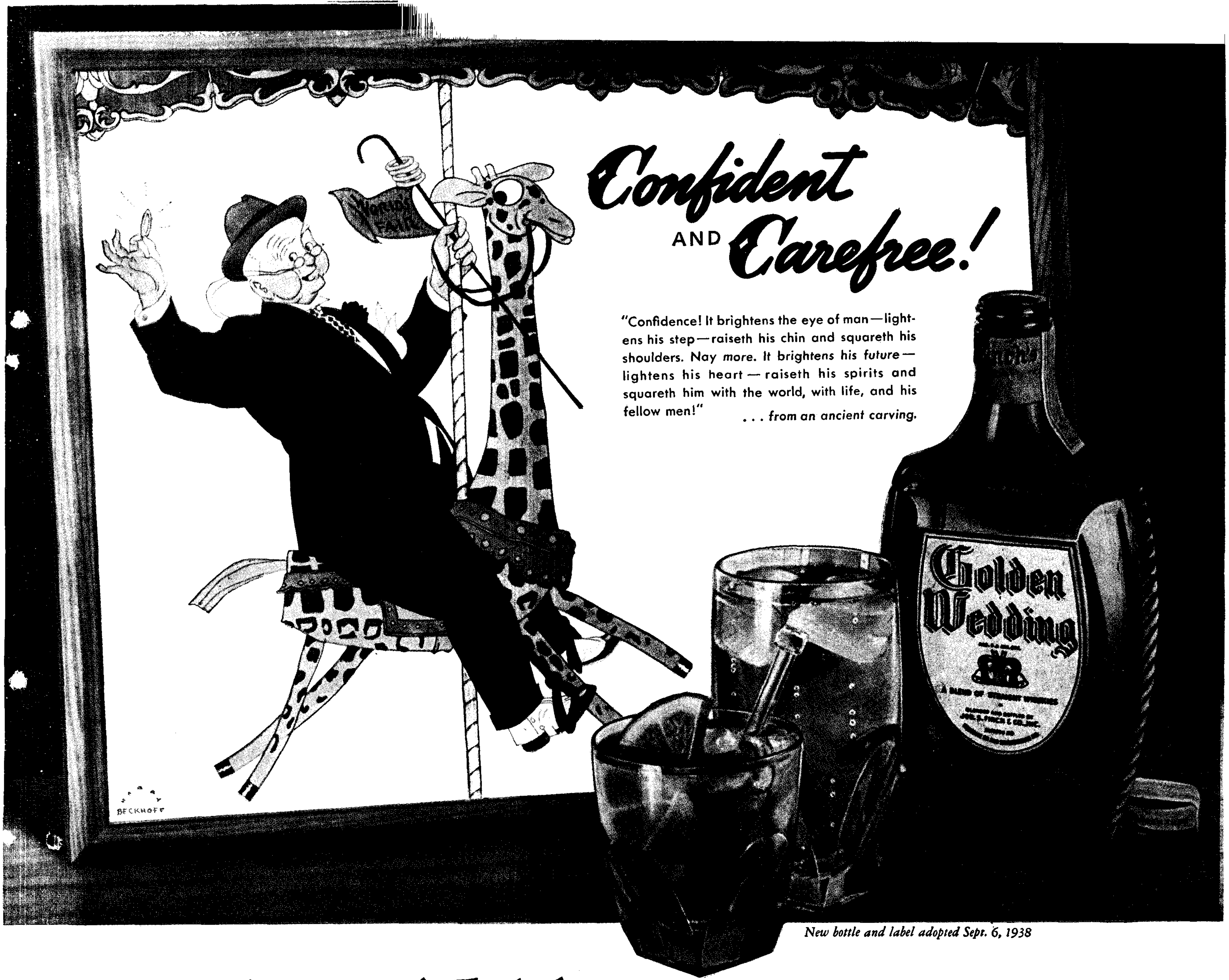
"Six-eleven."

Then, with a final penetrating stare, he turned, swept the curtain aside and went out. I heard his curiously light retreating footsteps.

As I had paid for my drink, he evi-



"Moms, I think I'll follow a career—or is your heart set on being a grandmother?" BARBARA SHERMUND



Confident AND *Carefree!*

"Confidence! It brightens the eye of man—lightens his step—raiseth his chin and squareth his shoulders. Nay *more*. It brightens his *future*—lightens his heart—raiseth his spirits and squareth him with the world, with life, and his fellow men!" *. . . from an ancient carving.*

New bottle and label adopted Sept. 6, 1938

Golden Wedding *the whiskey you feel good about!*

We hear you get around a wee bit—and enjoy an occasional round we bet...true or false? If the rumor's true, we'll wager whenever you're offered that grand old brand that's "had no peers for 50 years" you feel mighty good about it. And quite correctly too! For Golden Wedding is a sumptuous blend of straight whiskies from the rarest, most savory stock The House of Finch possesses. Every drop is ALL whiskey, fragrant old whiskey—the kind that epicures gloat over. Even the youngest whiskey in Golden Wedding has snoozed in old oaken staves 4 summers, springs, autumns and winters!

Golden Wedding

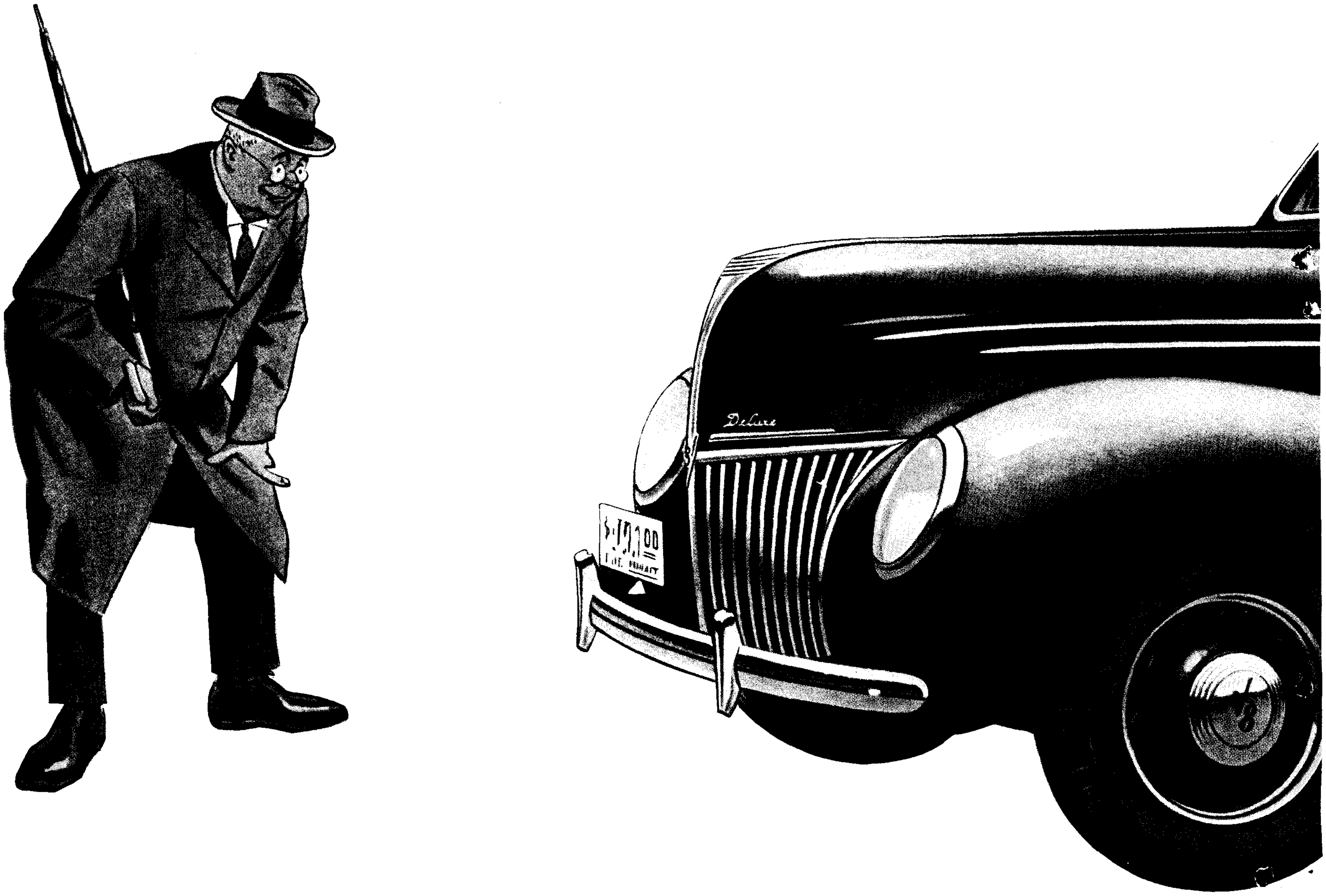
AND AT THE BAR—
When you see this tall bottle at the bar you're in a place that gives you ALL whiskey.

FINCH'S GOLDEN WEDDING
A Blend of Straight Whiskies—As you prefer in BOURBON or RYE

THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE 4 YEARS OR MORE OLD!

90 PROOF—COPR. 1939, JOS. S. FINCH & CO., INC., SCHENLEY, PA.

Even the youngest whiskey in it is 4 years old



Higher Value is another way

You expect Ford prices to be low. They always have been—always will be. That's a Ford fundamental.

But when you figure what you get for what you pay, Ford prices are much lower than they look!

Take equipment, for instance. Ford advertised prices include unusually complete equipment at no extra charge.

Consider materials. Suppliers agree that Ford specifications are "tough." But because they are, no better steels go into any car at any price!

What about workmanship? Ford pioneered mass production by pioneering precision. Johansson Gage Blocks, made by the Ford Motor Company, are the standard of accuracy for all industry. Now a new "profilometer" which measures in millionths of an inch has come from laboratory to production line.

WHY PRECISION PAYS

Working to fine limits takes time, costs money. But it reduces wear and friction, eliminates tedious "breaking-in," and makes new-car performance last much longer.

Look at design. The style leadership of the 1939 Ford line is an accepted fact.

Check engineering. The V-8 engine, for example, is seven years old—and still the newest engine in its field. It combines the smoothness of eight cylinders, with the economy of small cylinders. You have to pay far more than Ford prices to get a V-8 engine in any other car.

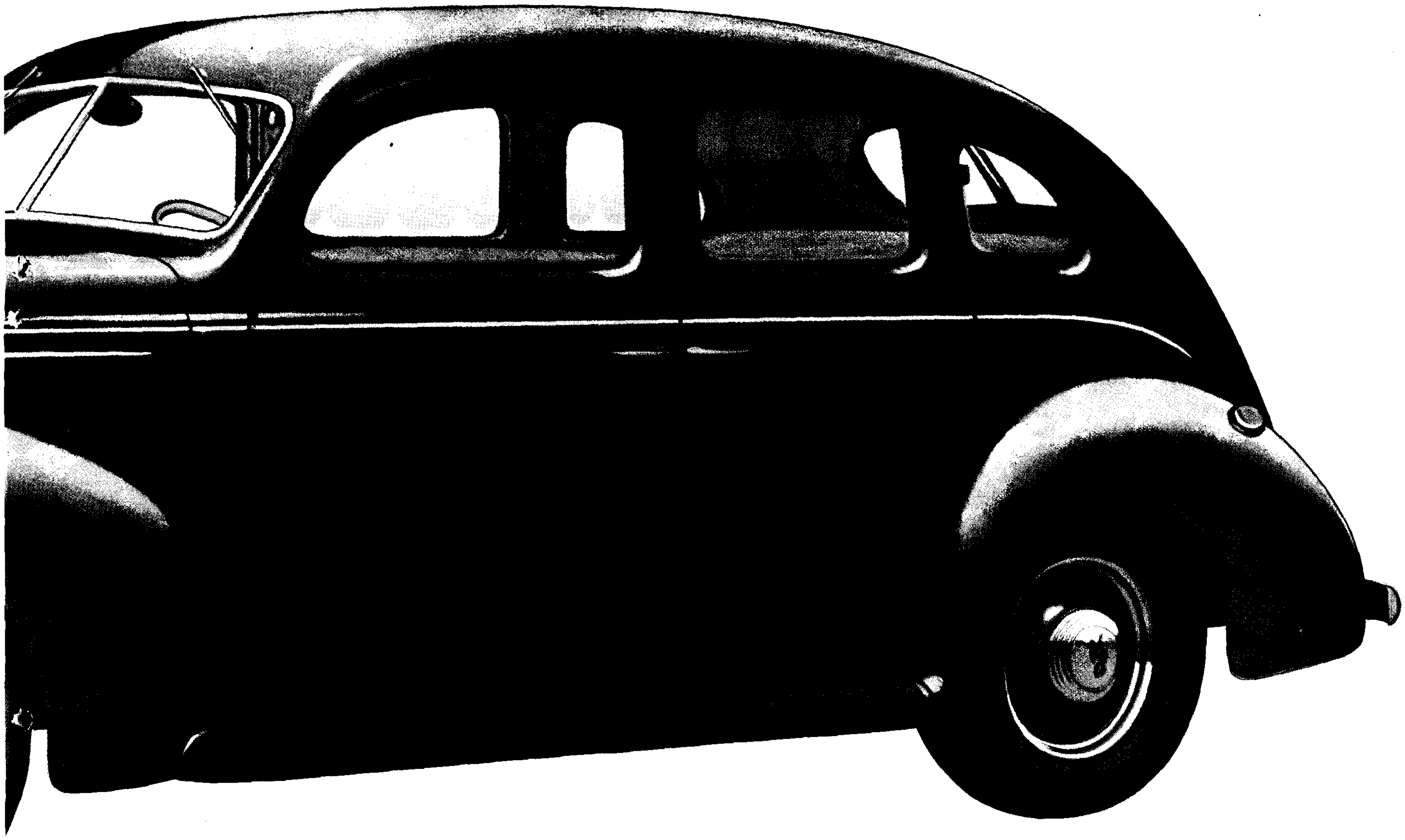
That's equally true of some other advanced Ford features.

All these things add up to higher value—which is another way of saying lower price.

All of them are made possible by tremendous manufacturing facilities and Henry Ford's determined desire to build a constantly better car.

The Ford plant at Dearborn is the largest industrial plant in the world. Here Ford ships bring Ford iron, coal, rubber. Here are plants for producing steel, glass, plastics, tires, tools and many other things besides completed cars.

FORD EXHIBITS AT TWO GREAT FAIRS
THIS YEAR, NEW YORK AND SAN FRANCISCO



THE DE LUXE FORD V-8 FORDOR SEDAN

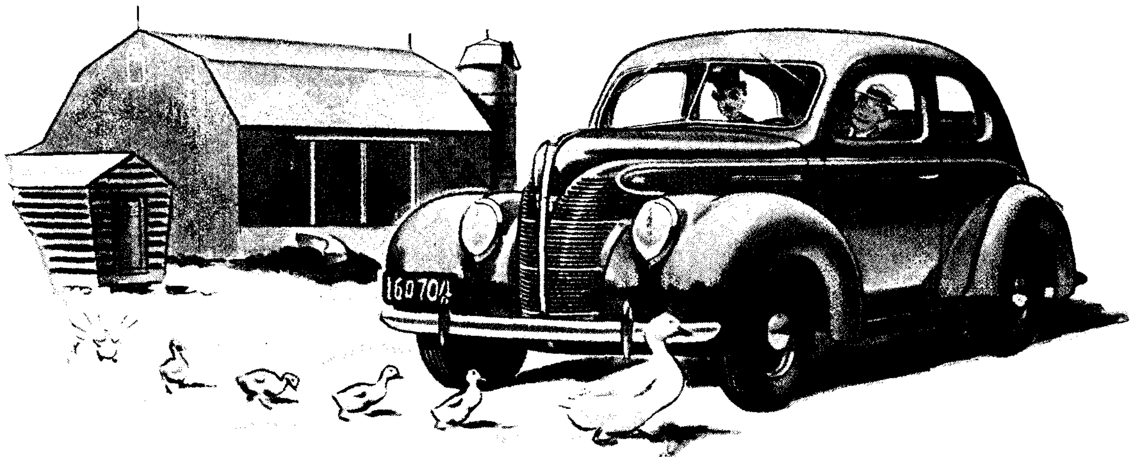
# of saying *Lower Price*

Of course, these plants don't supply all our needs. But they help us find more efficient ways of making things. And they contribute to economy, because we take no profit on their operations. Our only profit is added to the finished car.

A BASIC FORD BELIEF

We believe—and this is basic—that the one way to conduct a business is to make sure that your profit, when you buy a Ford, Mercury, Lincoln-Zephyr, or Lincoln, is larger than our own.

It pays us to sell cars only if it pays you to buy them. . . . We believe that prices and performance will prove it does pay you!



The Ford V-8 Tudor Sedan. It differs from the De Luxe Ford only in appearance, appointments and price. Both cars bring you Hydraulic Brakes, V-8 Engines, Triple-Cushioned Comfort, Stabilized Chassis, Scientific Soundproofing, and the other top-value Ford features. Both deliver the dependable, economical service you expect from a Ford.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

PROTECTION TO THE CAR!

"It's a matter of dollars and cents with me. I put my good money into a new car and then, for a little more, Squeegee-Generals protect those expensive front and rear ends, cushion the whole car, keep it tight and new longer. They pay for themselves many times over."

NEW DRIVING CONFIDENCE!

"Even on our brand-new car, it really is amazing what a difference Squeegee-Generals make. I'll admit I don't *like* wet, slippery streets—what woman does? But now I have a wonderful new feeling of confidence. And how *easy* they make steering and parking!"

MILEAGE, COMFORT, ECONOMY!

"I practically live in my car—average 100 miles a day—over all kinds of roads. Believe me, I *know* tires. I changed-over to Squeegee-Generals for mileage, but what makes the big hit with me is their *comfort*, quiet running, easy handling and positive traction *always*."

COMPLETE THE NEW CAR THRILL! CHANGE-OVER TO SQUEEGEE GENERALS

Motordom has outdone itself this year with notable improvements in safety, ease of handling, comfort and style.

Why, then, are more people than ever before changing-over their new cars to Squeegee-Generals? Simply because Squeegee-Generals offer vitally important things that make them as far ahead of ordinary tires as today's cars are ahead of yesterday's.

The almost mechanical precision with which they stop you, quick and straight, *every time*—their sure-footed grip rounding curves—your complete unconcern about blowouts—the greater cushioning to the car and to *you*—their utter quietness—their distinctive "new car" style—the final economy of General's long mileage—these are worth many times the change-over cost—now the lowest in General's history.

See the General Tire dealer or your car dealer. Have Squeegee-Generals from the start.

THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER CO., AKRON, O.
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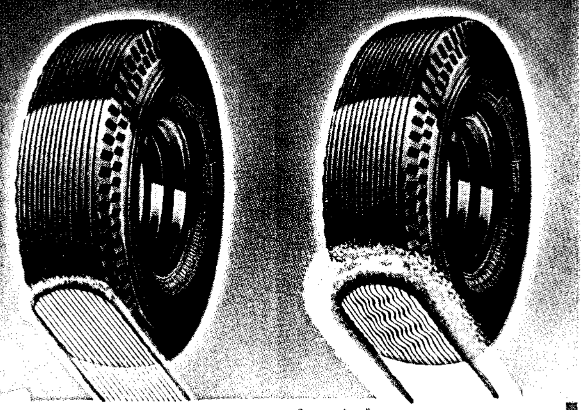
THE ONE AND ONLY SQUEEGEE TIRE



WITH THE *wrinkle* THAT REVOLUTIONIZED NON-SKID DESIGN

RUNS LIKE THIS . . . No wrinkle when running. Silent, smooth riding. Easy steering. Non-cupping. No slip or sway on sharp turns. Slow, even wear. *Long mileage.*

STOPS LIKE THIS . . . The flexible ribs *wrinkle* into squeegee-action . . . sweep a clean path . . . grip the road for a quicker, straight stop . . . without side-swerve or tail spin.

You're miles ahead with **GENERAL**

dently took it for granted that I should now depart, and clearly was not interested in the possibility that I might order another. However, I sat for a while on a stool, lighted my pipe and finished my whisky and soda at leisure. A moment later no doubt I should have left, but a slight, a very slight movement beyond the curtain drew my glance in that direction.

Through the curtain, almost invisible, except that dim light from the bar shone upon her eyes, I saw a girl watching me. Nor was it humanly possible to mistake those eyes!

The formidable Jim Pallant was forgotten—everything was forgotten. Raising a flap in one end of the counter, I stepped into the bar, crossed it and, just as she turned to run along a narrow passage beyond, threw my arms around Ardatha!

"Let me go!" She struggled violently. "Let me go! I warned you and you are mad—mad, to come here. . . . If you value your life, or mine, let me go!"

But I pulled her through the curtain into the dingy bar, and held her firmly.

"Ardatha!" I spoke in a guarded, low voice. "God knows why you can't see what it means to be mixed up with these people; but *I* can, and I can't bear it. Listen! You have nothing, nothing in the world to fear. Come away! My friend who is in charge of the case will absolutely guarantee your safety. But please, please, come away with me now!"

SHE wore a silk pull-over, riding breeches, and the muddy boots that I remembered. Her slender body writhed in my grasp with all the agility of a captured eel.

One swift upward glance she gave me, a glance I was to remember many many times, waking and sleeping. Then, with a sudden, unexpected movement, she buried her wicked little teeth in my hand!

Pained and startled, I momentarily released her. She turned and ran. I heard her pattering footsteps on an uncarpeted stair.

Clenching my fist, I stood there undetermined what to do—until, realizing that an uncommonly dangerous man for whom I might not prove to be a match was somewhere in the house, for once I chose discretion.

I was crossing to the barroom door, when, heralded only by a crash of the curtain and a dull thud, Pallant vaulted over the counter behind me, twisted my right arm into the small of my back, and locked the other in a hold that I knew myself powerless to break.

"I know your sort!" he growled in my ear. "Anyone that tries games with my guests goes the same way!"

"Don't be a fool!" I cried angrily, as he hustled me out of the building. "I have met her before—"

"Well—she don't want to meet you again, and she ain't likely to!"

Down the three worn steps he ran me, and across the misty courtyard to the gate. He was heavier and undoubtedly more powerful than I, and ignominiously I was rushed into the lane.

"I've broke a man's neck for less," Pallant remarked.

I said nothing. The tone was very menacing.

"For two pins," he continued, "I'd chuck you in the river."

However, the gateway reached, he suddenly released his hold. Seizing me from behind by both shoulders, he gave me a shove that sent me reeling for three or four yards.

"Get to hell out of here!" he roared.

At the end of that tottering run I pulled myself up. What prompted the lunacy I really cannot say, except perhaps that a Rugby Blue doesn't enjoy being hustled out of the game in just that way.

I came about in one jump, ran in, and tackled him low!

It was on any count a mad thing to do, but he wasn't expecting it. He went down beautifully, I half on top of him. I was first up. I stood there, watching him.

He did not move.

I watched him second after second, standing poised with clenched fists; I thought it was a trick. Still he did not move. Very cautiously, for I knew the man to be old in ring craft, I approached and bent over him. And then I saw why he lay there.

A pool of blood was forming under his head. He had pitched onto the jagged edge of the gatepost—and was quite insensible!

For a long minute I waited, trying to find out if accidentally I had killed him. But satisfied that he was merely stunned, those counsels of insanity, which I count to be hereditary, which are responsible for some of the tightest corners in which I have ever found myself, now prevailed.

Ardatha's dangerous bodyguard was out of the way. I might as well take advantage of the fact.

Turning, I ran back into the barroom, raised the flap, crossed the bar, and gently moving the curtain, stood again in the narrow passage. On my extreme right was a closed door; on the left, lighted by a paper-covered hanging lamp, I saw an uncarpeted staircase. I had heard Ardatha's footsteps going up those stairs, and now, treading softly, I began to mount.

That reek of stale spirits and tobacco smoke that characterized the bar was equally perceptible here. Two doors opened on a landing. I judged that on my left to communicate with a room overlooking the front of The Monks' Arms, and I recalled that as I returned from my encounter with Pallant I had seen no light in any of the windows on this side of the house. Therefore, creeping forward on tiptoe, I tried the handle of the other door.

The handle turned quite easily, and a dim light shone out as I pushed the door open.

The room was scantily furnished: an ancient mahogany chest of drawers faced me as I entered and I saw some chairs of the same wood upholstered with horsehair. A lamp on an oval table afforded the only light, and at the far end of the room, which had a sloping ceiling, there was a couch or divan set under a curtained window.

UPON this a man was sitting, watching me as I stood hesitating in the doorway. . . .

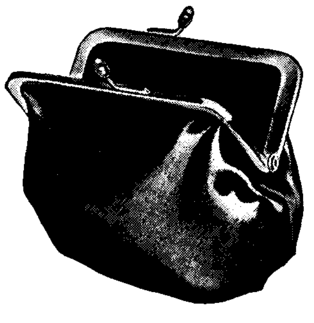
He wore a long, black overcoat having an astrakhan collar, and upon his head a Russian cap, also of astrakhan. One slender hand with extraordinarily long fingernails rested upon an outstretched knee, his chin was cupped in the other. He did not stir a muscle as I entered, but simply sat there watching me.

A physical chill of a kind that sometimes precedes an attack of malaria rose from the base of my spine and stole upward. I seemed to become incapable of movement. That majestic, evil face fascinated me in a way I cannot hope to make clear. Those long, narrow, emerald-green eyes commanded, claimed, absorbed me. I had never experienced a sensation in my life resembling that that held me nailed to the floor as I watched the man who sat upon the divan.

For this was the substance of that dreadful shadow I had seen on the screen in Nayland Smith's room . . . it was Dr. Fu Manchu!

(To be continued next week)

You can't buy



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Guam, Haunted Paradise

Continued from page 15

husks are burned at night to make a smudge that discourages mosquitoes, in schools and offices and ice-cream parlors, on bullock carts and in taxicabs, along palm-sheltered roads and damp jungle trails, you gradually piece out the whole story of Guam and find there is more here than can be met by mere appropriations for antiaircraft guns or for a plane and submarine base. It is a tale of forty years of uncertainty and confusion and postponed hopes of a people who, despite endless apologizing, intimidation and legalistic hair-splitting by their American masters, still feel themselves really to be men without a country. It is a moving recital of the strangest agitation ever waged against a great nation, a plea from the hearts and minds of one of the least of its divisions, not for separation, not for independence, not for a hand in the relief grab bag, not for punishment for oppressors—but for closer ties.

"All Dictatorships Are Bad"

The first man you talk with is an American who has been in and out of Guam for several years. His contacts here are both social and business, with both Navy and natives. He says wryly: "It's a good dictatorship, the best there is. The officers are conscientious and kindly. I haven't met any who had either much heart or intellectual sympathy with the petty bureaucratic despotism it is their sworn duty, ordered from Washington on the other side of the globe, to enforce.

"Class for class, the people here are better off in most ways than citizens in many of the states. There is far more solicitude for their health, economic welfare, social habits and home protection, and more direct measures for influencing the same education, hospitalization and sanitation. All these are managed well and cost the individual native of Guam so much less than they cost the average citizen of, say, Pennsylvania or Louisiana or Idaho, that you have no basis for comparison. My Guamanian friends appreciate these advantages, yet every last one of them who understands what it is all about is willing to face a higher cost of living if only he could have a little more say as to how he should live. It seems to me the whole fuss can be answered by two beliefs to which the United States is traditionally committed. First, that all people, great or small, ignorant or cultured, poor or rich, have a right to a voice in their own government. Second, that any dictatorship is bad whether it is in New Jersey or Guam—and no matter how benevolent, how well-intentioned, how regular in churchgoing and good to their mothers and kind to children and animals its officials may be.

"Once long ago I asked a Navy man why the matter couldn't be fixed the way it is in Hawaii, even putting Guam under the civil rule of the Territory of Hawaii, if necessary, to give the folks here their citizenship. His answer was that he wasn't sure Hawaii was governed the right way. He figured it would be a lot better for national defense if Hawaii was completely under military rule. Remember the Massie case and you'll have some idea of what was in his mind—or if you read about that recent affair in Brooklyn where Marines actually came off the Navy Yard reservation and tried to interfere with news photographers taking pictures from the public street of a fire in a naval warehouse. It's just an old military custom to overstep jurisdiction. Civilized progress has been a constant fight by civil power to keep military power in check. The point is, give any man, of whatever nationality, the authority that lies in a gun barrel, and you have the most dangerous threat to human life, liberty and pursuit of happiness.

"Guam's inability to escape this sort of thing has been due to her isolation plus the easygoing nature of her people. Americans offhand put Guam down as part of the Philippine question. Maybe it is, in an indirect military sense, but certainly not in an economic, social, geographic or any other sense. Guam is no closer to the Philippines than Puerto Rico is to New York. In the Treaty of Paris after the war against Spain it was specifically promised that Congress would determine the 'civil and political status of the native inhabitants of the territories ceded to the United States,' but Congress never got around to doing that for Guam.

"Let me tell you I don't care how far you travel or where you go—you won't find people nicer, gentler, better-mannered than these Chamorros of Guam. They are content with little; trustful, law-abiding, peaceable, anxious to learn, to please and to serve. They are friendly; everyone greets you on the highway and most of them tip their hats. They have taxation without representation, which was considered inexcusable when applied to us by George Third of England; no right of appeal to higher courts, the Navy is policeman, lawyer, prosecutor, judge and Supreme Court; they have no right of trial by jury and no real freedom of speech. Basically they are of a proud and intelligent Malay race with a leavening of American, European and other bloods, a people to whom independence and love of freedom are as natural as breathing yet who have less to say about their own management than kindergarten children at home."

Puzzle: Where's Guam?

Now that you are in Guam and consequently have a fairish idea of where it is you are one up on at least 99¾ out of every 100 of your fellow Americans. Postmaster Underwood, who came for a brief round of duty with the Marines and stayed 38 years, can tell a thousand amusing tales of misaddressing. Underwood, by the way, has a corresponding list of 2,500 philatelists throughout the world, Guam stamps being desirable items. Every transport brings mail, some of it from official sources, addressed to Guam, Philippine Islands, or Guam, Territory of Hawaii, and the local wags are expecting one to turn up any day now addressed Guam, Japan. It used to be rightfully Guam, M. I. But Guam is no longer a legal part of the Marianas Islands, which are governed by Japan. The downright official address, if you must know, is Guam, Guam.

Once in Honolulu an itinerant member of our House of Representatives Committee on Territories made a crack about "Hawaii and Guam and the Philippines and all those islands around here that we got from Spain." It was not easy to convince him that Hawaii had not been got from Spain and that Guam was not around here. A learned senator in a hearing two years ago with regard to Guam spoke of it as halfway between Honolulu and Manila.

Guam is one island with a dozen tiny sprouts broken off from it. It is not a coral reef but a husky volcanic buckling, its precipitous shore cliffs patterned

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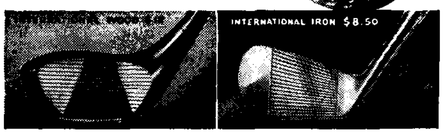


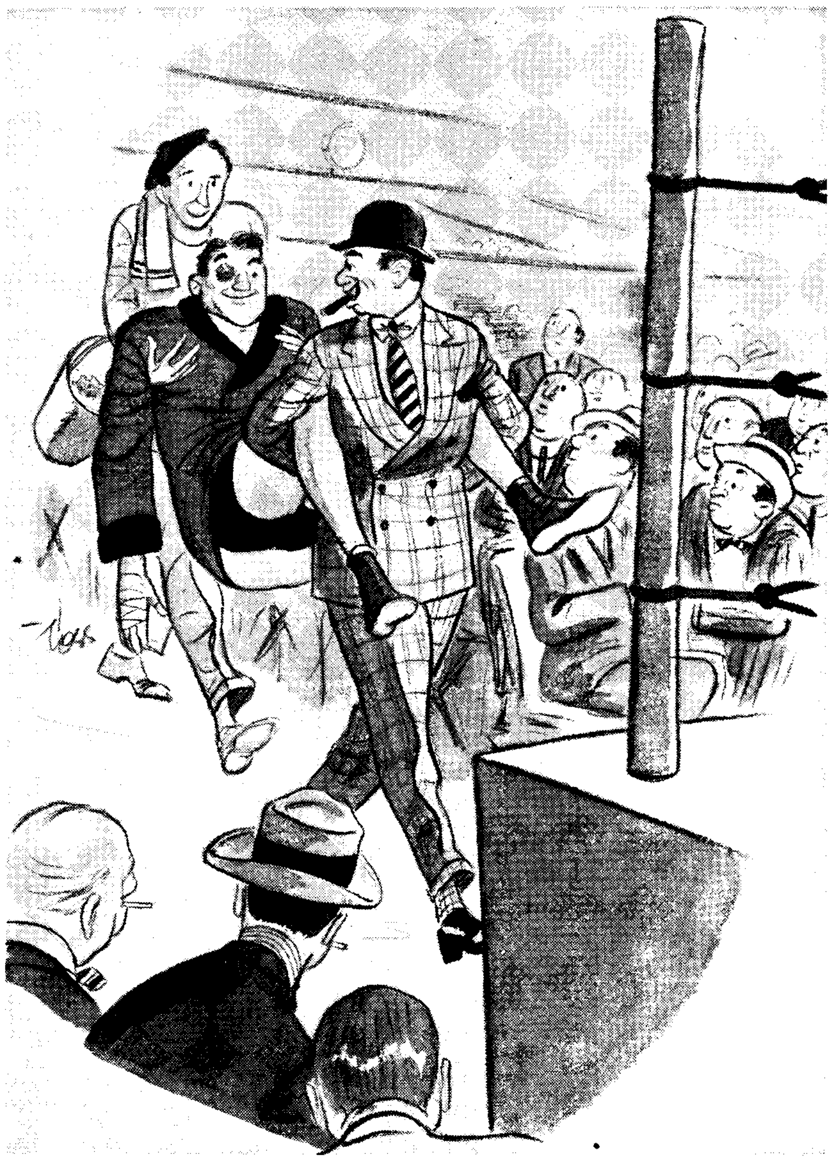
by dark rock folds, which the natives call *jomon* and geologists say are lava. In common with all warm-sea islands Guam has coral reefs. Lamlam, the highest peak, is 1,334 feet. Guam is a little more than 30 miles long and 8 at its widest; it lies 13 degrees north of the equator, more than 5.000 miles from San Francisco; 3,337 miles, or about as far as New York is from Paris, from Honolulu; and 1,500 miles east of Manila. It has mosquitoes, particularly ill-tempered wasps, giant cockroaches, known locally as Guam eagles, which sing contralto, have bronze spots and fly, air plants, wild hillbilly chickens, midget deer, the *fanihi* or flying fox, blue-tailed skunks, walking fish, tree-climbing crabs, soldier ants that kill chickens and hold maneuvers in your bed, a lovely rose-crowned dove called *tottot* and notably few other birds for a tropic isle on account of the big monitor lizards which have the size and habits of alley cats.

Magellan seems to have been the first white man to stop out here, a hundred years before the Pilgrim's Mayflower got to Cape Cod. The natives helped themselves to his stores, including a longboat, probably as much from curiosity as from turpitude. Whereupon Magellan introduced them to Christian manners by killing, burning and pillaging, named his discovery the Ladrones or Robber Islands, and sailed off in a bad humor. Later Spaniards named the group in honor of Maria Ana, widow of Philip the Fourth of Spain. In June, 1898, the U. S. S. Charleston steamed up and banged at Fort Santa Cruz in Apra Harbor. The Yankee aim was so bad that their intentions were misunderstood. Neither damage to the fort nor splash of shells being observed, and news of war not having reached Guam, the Spaniards assumed the Charleston was firing a salute with blanks. A landing party from the warship found a pleased and honored company dragging field pieces along the road from Agana six miles away to return the salute.

Embarrassing explanations took place. Here Americans, through carelessness or ignorance, missed a chance. Don Juan Marina was governor not alone of Guam but of the entire Marianas group. Captain Glass demanded and got only surrender of Guam. Spain sold the rest of the Marianas to Germany, whence they passed under the mandate of Japan after the Great War. The United States might just as easily have got the bunch for the asking in 1898 and thus have had a more tenable position in the far Pacific in 1939 if Glass had been on his toes. Incidentally every Guam school kid tells you with flourishes how the first American shot in the Great War was fired in Guam on April 7, 1917, by Marine Corporal Mike Chockie, at a launch of a German warship which had interned in Guam to escape Japanese raiders.

A Foot in the Open Door

If you will stare at your map you will see that the Marianas form a literal door 450 miles wide barring westward passage toward Asia. Bonin, near Yokohama, is the north jamb on which the door is hung and the Japanese Caroline and Marshall islands form the south column. Move in for a closer look at Guam, tailpiece of the geographic chain of Marianas. From a high-flying airplane you will see that Guam, by ironic



"If this doesn't make the other boy over-confident, nothing will!"

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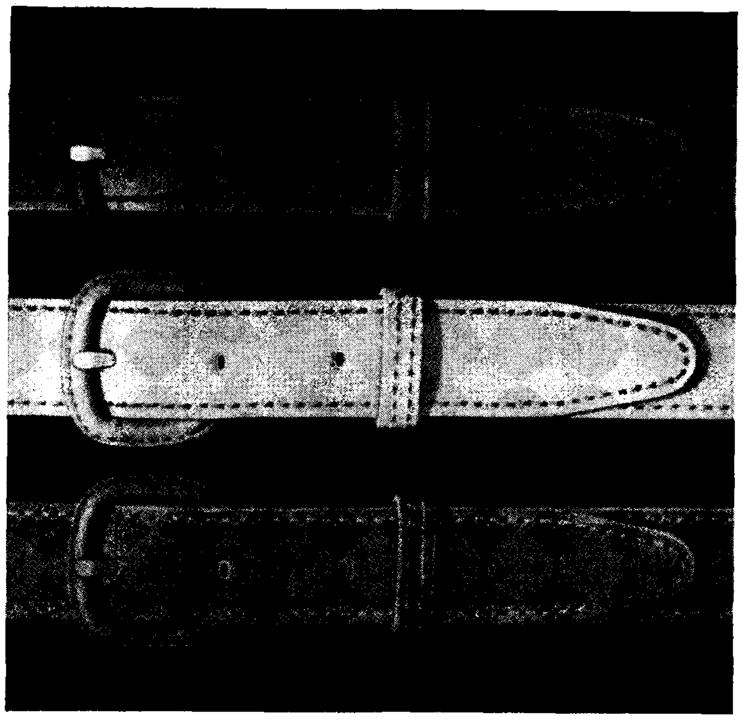

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There is a widespread need for extra vitamins—more than average meals supply—many studies indicate.

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VITAMIN B_1—helps maintain steady nerves, healthy *digestion*.

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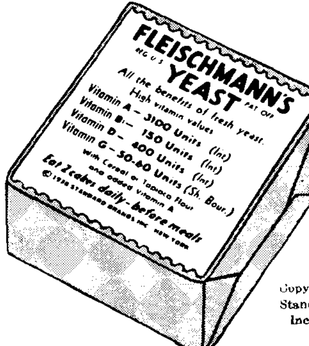
And the *fresh* yeast helps to *quicken* and *stimulate slow digestion*, which may be preventing you—like so many others—from making as full use of the vitamins eaten as you should.

By helping to *improve* digestive activity, the yeast can help you take up the vitamins you eat more fully. In this way, it acts like a "booster" for the vitamins—gives *more* than just vitamins alone.

Why not start now to get extra vitamins this *effective way*—in Fleischmann's new High-Vitamin Yeast. Try eating it faithfully for a month! See if you don't begin to notice a real change in yourself. See if you don't feel better and begin to have more pep, so you'll want to *keep right on* eating your 2 cakes regularly every day. Order from your grocer today.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symbolism, bears a resemblance to the shape of a human footprint. That foot is thrust right across the south end of the threshold, preventing the Japanese from closing the door tightly. It has the annoyance value of a salesman's foot in a housewife's door, rather than the menace of intrusion. This is the real crux of the fortification of Guam. It is not so much a potential Gibraltar as a wedge that would take valuable time to dislodge and give the drummer opportunity to summon up his manager, who can talk louder and faster and more persuasively.

Japanese officers told me they consider that Japan's sphere of influence includes everything west of the 180th meridian, the international date line, where day begins. More symbolism: Japan's traditional culture speaks of her as the "first land greeted by each new day, the rising sun." Guam is the split infinitive in this empire poesy. Japanese argue: "If you think it is all right for America to fortify Guam to protect your China trade, how would you like it if we took over and fortified the Galapagos Islands to protect our trade with South America."

The jambs of the doorway in which Guam is stuck are tough and sturdy. Bonin to the north is a great naval station; Truk, Yap and Palaou to the south are mystery bases. If you're caught peeping there you will see home and mother no more. But even your amateur military eye tells you Guam could be made a hard nut, too. She grows food abundantly and could be stocked with reserves. There is adequate water for a large garrison. The island's whole east and north sides are open to heavy Pacific swells with very deep and constantly tempestuous waters, a hard lava shelf which means death to keel plates, no bite for anchors and steep jagged cliffs you would hate to try to scale. A few machine guns would make this shore costlier and bloodier than Gallipoli. The west and south coasts are guarded by coral reefs and shallow approaches which have taken vicious toll of shipping. Landings might be essayed here but contours are nicely drawn for raking cross fire. The central ridge or backbone of the island is made to order for antiaircraft or heavier guns. Apra Harbor with a little dredging could be made a grand submarine and plane nest. Years ago before one of the disarmament conferences in Washington a joint Army-Navy board estimated Guam could be made impregnable for $300,000,000. That figure could now be undercut in the light of modern weapons.

What Guam's Interested In

But impregnability is one thing in a fortified island and offensive usefulness is another. Even if an enemy could not capture Guam he might be able to stand off and blockade her more or less effectively with a comparatively light force. Granted his submarines and his planes were based on near-by islands, he could match Guam's forces. It is not, however, the merits of the professional arguments with regard to the fortification of Guam that interests its uneasy natives. The more poignant question of what may happen to them if we don't fortify it is what makes Guamanians hang on the news from Saipan—pronounced Cy-pan—even more than on news from Washington. That's why they gaze apprehensively toward Rota, which on clear days is in full and menacing sight from Ritidian Point. Saipan is not within view—it's another seventy miles north of Rota—and advices that come from it are roundabout and slow, by letter, word of mouth or rumor. Formerly there was direct intercourse between Saipan, next largest of the Marianas, and Guam. The schooner Mariana Maru, owned by Shimizu-San Long, honorable merchant of Agana, beat up and down the chain from Yokohama. Natives tell you it was uncanny the way Mariana Maru always happened to make port when the United States warships or transports were in. Alas, faith diminishes among nations. Japanese ships are no longer welcomed in Apra.

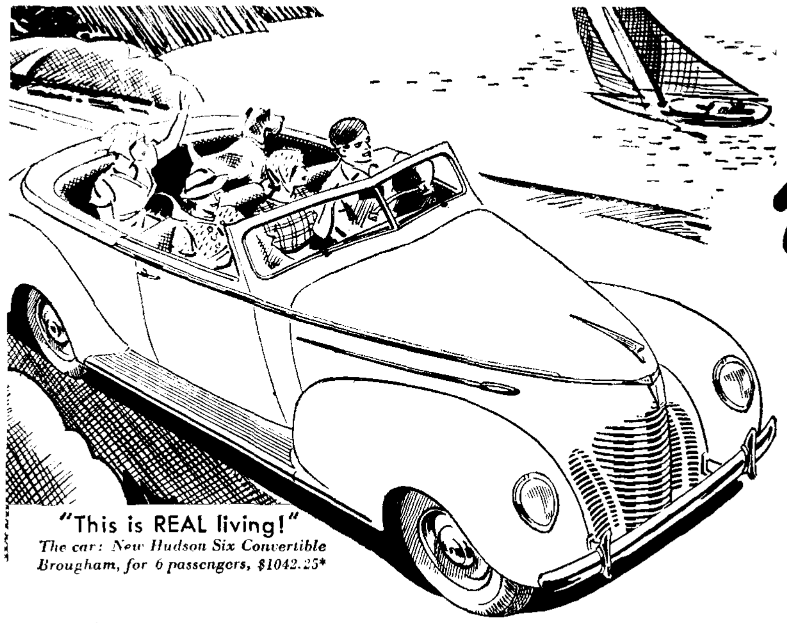
Guam for its size compares lustily with great world capitals as a rumor factory. The talk is mostly of Saipan because that's the nearest of the Japanese fortified islands, capital of the Marianas and bound to Guam by native ties of blood and language. You hear of the mysterious disappearance of an American naval officer who went to Saipan on a tour years ago and never came back. You hear of a Japanese admiral who, visiting Guam, smilingly and slyly revealed that he knew more about the island than most of its inhabitants. You hear of Japanese officers making secret landings on lonely Guam beaches for a look-see. Back in Washington a representative tells Congress about Japanese and German airplanes that flew over Guam recently and you hear of an American official of long ago who visited Guam, got tight, had his picture taken with his coat off between two immaculately uniformed Japanese officers and thus cost us plenty of face. But just try to pin any of these things down to names and dates. Old Sus, on the other hand, gives you a fascinating string of facts based on first-hand knowledge. Sus went to Saipan many times in freer days, has kinfolk there now and in one way or another hears from them occasionally.

When Jap Meets Chamorro

"I remember," he says, "the Spanish days and those were not good. Then came American days and they on the whole have been good and we talk and pray among ourselves that you will remain and make us Americans. But in all these years you have not decided and we think you do not like us or want us and that soon you will go away without first telling other nations that we too are Americans. Then it will be here as it is on Saipan and that is not good for the Chamorros.

"On Saipan I know, for my people have told me, Japanese are telling them with smiles, 'Oh, it won't be long now until all Chamorros are under one government.' On Saipan, which has been one of their home islands since ancient times, Chamorros are forbidden to set foot on most of the countryside. Even in Garapan, which is the chief village, there are streets and water-front places where they cannot walk. Saipan is a much smaller island than Guam but there were only a few thousand Chamorros and they were able to live comfortably. Now 40,000 Japanese are there. That is twice as many people as on this big Guam.

Chamorros are being squeezed out of everything. Japanese buy and trade only with each other. They force our Chamorro people to lease their land to them and pay them very little and try to cheat them out of rent and land as well, until there is little for Chamorros to do except sit and wait to die off or work no better than slaves for Japanese who crowd them and seize every inch of space like a swarm of brown land crabs until there is nothing for Chamorros. The Saipan Chamorros are of our Catholic faith and have religious processions like ours. There is a lad I know who when Japanese in Garapan laughed at such a matter went bravely up and said to them, 'Please respect our God as we respect your emperor.' He was thrown in jail; no one has seen him again because it is forbidden to Chamorros even to mention the emperor. Many Saipan Chamorros were born on Guam or have relatives here and our governor kindly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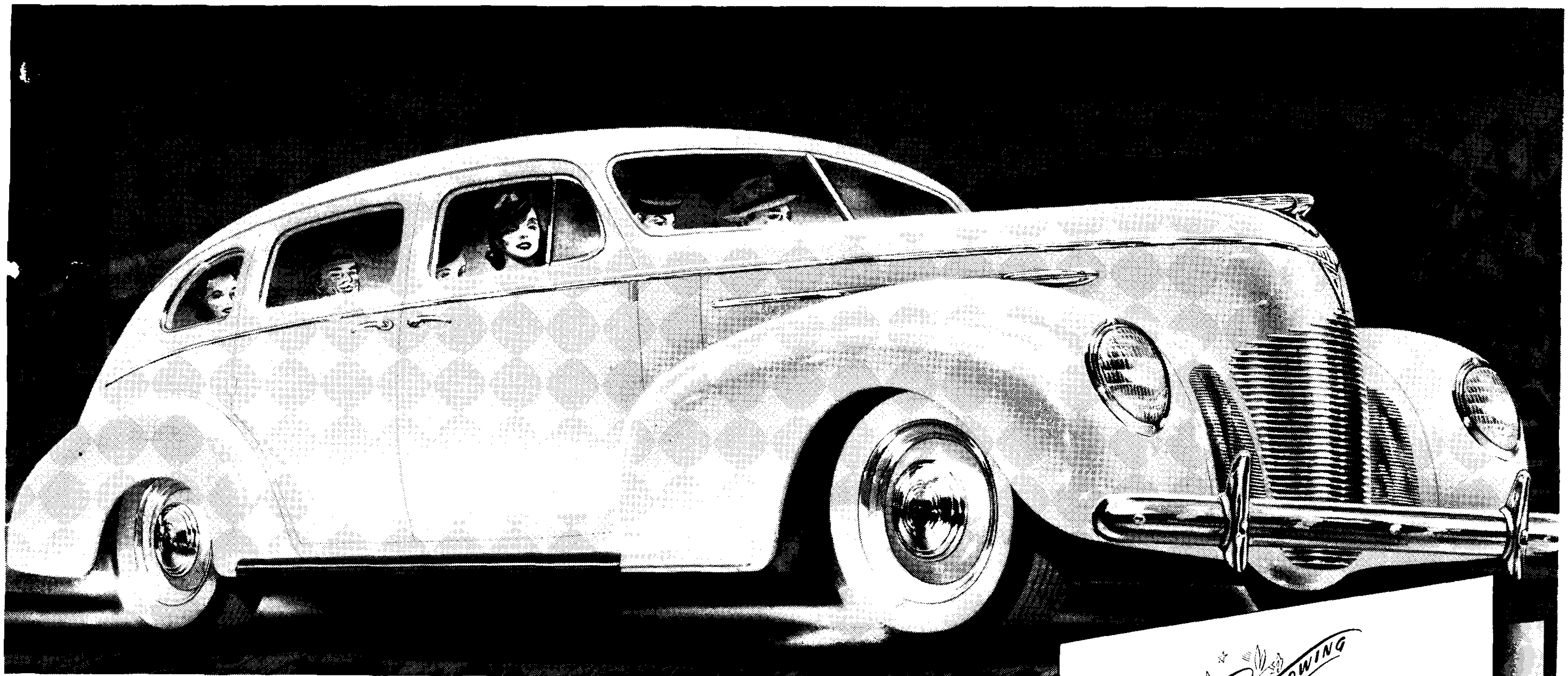
*Car shown is new Hudson Six Touring Sedan, $854**



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arranged permission for nearly 200 of them to come here, but they never came.

"The Japanese won't let them. Neither are Saipan priests under our bishop as in old times, but the Japanese have fixed it for the Marianas to be under a bishop who lives in the Pelew Islands so there will be no talk between our Guam priests and theirs. Garapan Harbor is filled always with warships and airplanes that fly from the water—they cannot help our people seeing that. They say to Chamorros, 'Oh, we will not land in Apra or Agana when we go to Guam, but in Agat.' Then they laugh but our people are not stupid, they see the Japanese have set aside a great field, one whole mile square, on the shore near Garapan where planes with wheels fly. They see too that on the smaller Marianas Islands the Japanese who play baseball like you Americans and our younger men have made baseball fields which are big enough for a dozen games. They laugh about those too and say these can do for airplanes as well as games. They are great ones for laughing, those Japanese, but Chamorros who live under them do not laugh much.

"Once six of their small warships came to Garapan very fast. Some airplanes came with them. Japanese cheered and Chamorros heard they had come from Yokohama and it was a game attacking Guam. They have many fine highways and a railroad all around Saipan and this carries sugar from the big fields to the port, only sometimes the Chamorros see the navy men with guns riding there too. Japanese in Saipan know everything that goes on here in Guam. When Mr. Perry, who was chief clerk to the governor, went to America on leave he took Mariana Maru to catch the steamer at Yokohama. There was no mail before him to Saipan and there is no wire under the sea but they knew on Saipan he was coming and they wouldn't let him land. Such are things we are thinking of these days, sir." The qualms of old Sus are typical of those of all natives in Guam today, young and old, ignorant and smart.

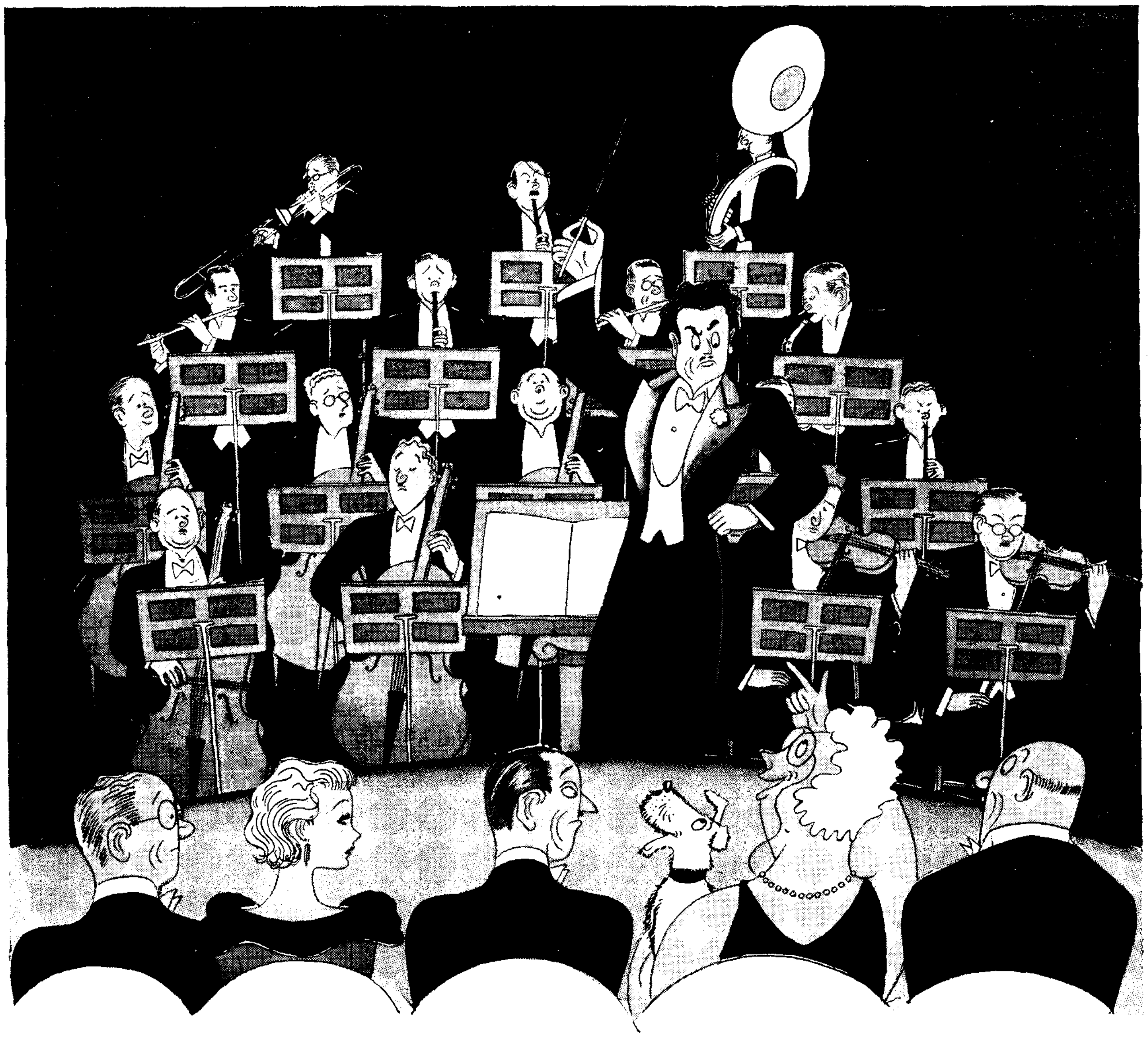
The taxi driver was of a different generation, entirely the product of American education including school, movies and detective stories. He interpreted for me with Sus, who speaks a mixture of Spanish, English and Chamorro. Before we reached Sus I asked the boy if he thought the old man might believe I was a naval officer and be afraid to speak frankly. You quickly learn in Guam of double talk—one for Navy people generally, except for certain officers who have temperament and at times come near to reaching the people's hearts, and one for others. "No," he said, "he'll know who you are. Everybody in Guam does. You've been here two days." He looked at me narrowly. "Say," he asked, "is the United States getting ready to—how you say it?—sell us down the river? I'm just wondering what kind of movies we'd get if the Japs move in. Old Sus told me they don't have any in Saipan."

Americans All

Maraquita is of the better class. Her father had a government job. She has not only taken all the public schooling available in Guam but studies English and American literature in the evenings with a lieutenant's wife. "I am a stenographer, but could be a teacher," she explains. Maraquita is small, dainty, lusciously pretty with melted licorice eyes—and she has a grievance. There is a school in Agana built and supported by special taxes levied on the Navy personnel, cigarettes and luxuries at the commissary, with a per head charge of $1.50 monthly for officers' children and $1 for enlisted men's. This is called the American school. "What do they mean by that name?" demands Maraquita. "Aren't all schools in Guam American schools. Don't we salute the same flag, sing the same patriotic hymns in our classrooms, love and respect the same great men? I know they pay especially for it while our children go free but don't you think it is a very tactless name?"

You would be constitutionally unable to disagree with anything Maraquita says, and she likes that and tells you more about Guam schools. All children wear simple uniforms of the very cheapest material, which is supposed to knock out inferiority complexes. Education is compulsory between seven and twelve. Limited accommodations make it necessary to have competitive examinations for admission to the junior-senior George Washington High School. "Only lately," says Maraquita significantly, "have civics been taught. I guess they didn't want us asking too many questions about citizenship." All teachers are natives, some graduates of American normal schools and colleges. In the old days teachers were United States Marines and the results were not as unorthodox as you might have feared. You are struck by one fact. The instant school lets out all kids, even of the highest grades, lapse into Chamorro, which is untaught except by word of mouth at home but has extraordinary vitality. "It is in our hearts," says Maraquita. Then she tells you about the extracurricular American education of Guam kids.

Goods from the United States usually



"He's waiting for you to throw that stick!"

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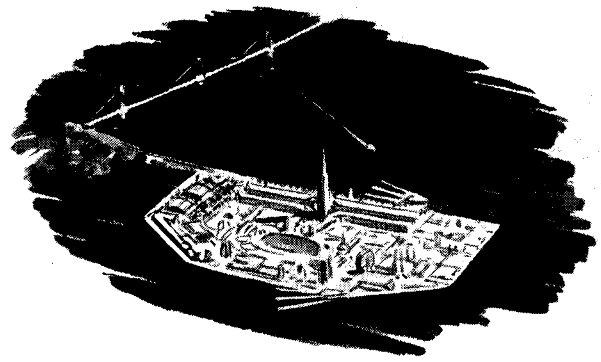
1 Too bad. Here we had our typewriter overhauled this year to tell you all about Southern California... about the cool summer nights and rainless days, the fun you could have sun-tanning on white beaches, diving into cool ocean combers, dining at palm-bowered boulevard restaurants, sailing to nearby pleasure-isles...

2 We had at least a dozen nifty adjectives on hand to picture the crisp air, the pines, the trails of our high mountain country... to describe the thrill of hearing a great symphony under the stars, of visiting Old Missions, mammoth big trees, foreign settlements, oil fields, sunken gardens, orange groves...

3 We even intended to tell you about the life and the vigor of this place...things happening! Men creating movies, fashions, new architecture, new ways of living, and just...news! Coast-to-coast broadcasts. Sneak previews. New swing bands. Hilltop supper clubs where authors, wits, columnists, people-on-the-way-up and people-already-up are sitting at the next table...



4 But how can we talk so much about Southern California when there's a beautiful World's Fair right next door to us? San Francisco's magic Treasure Island of fantastic towers, castles, dramatic exhibits (and those two bridges) makes this a special year out here on the Pacific Coast; gives you better reasons than ever to come west. Never again will you be able to see Southern California and a World's Fair on one cool vacation trip. This, of all years, is the year to give yourself this trip.

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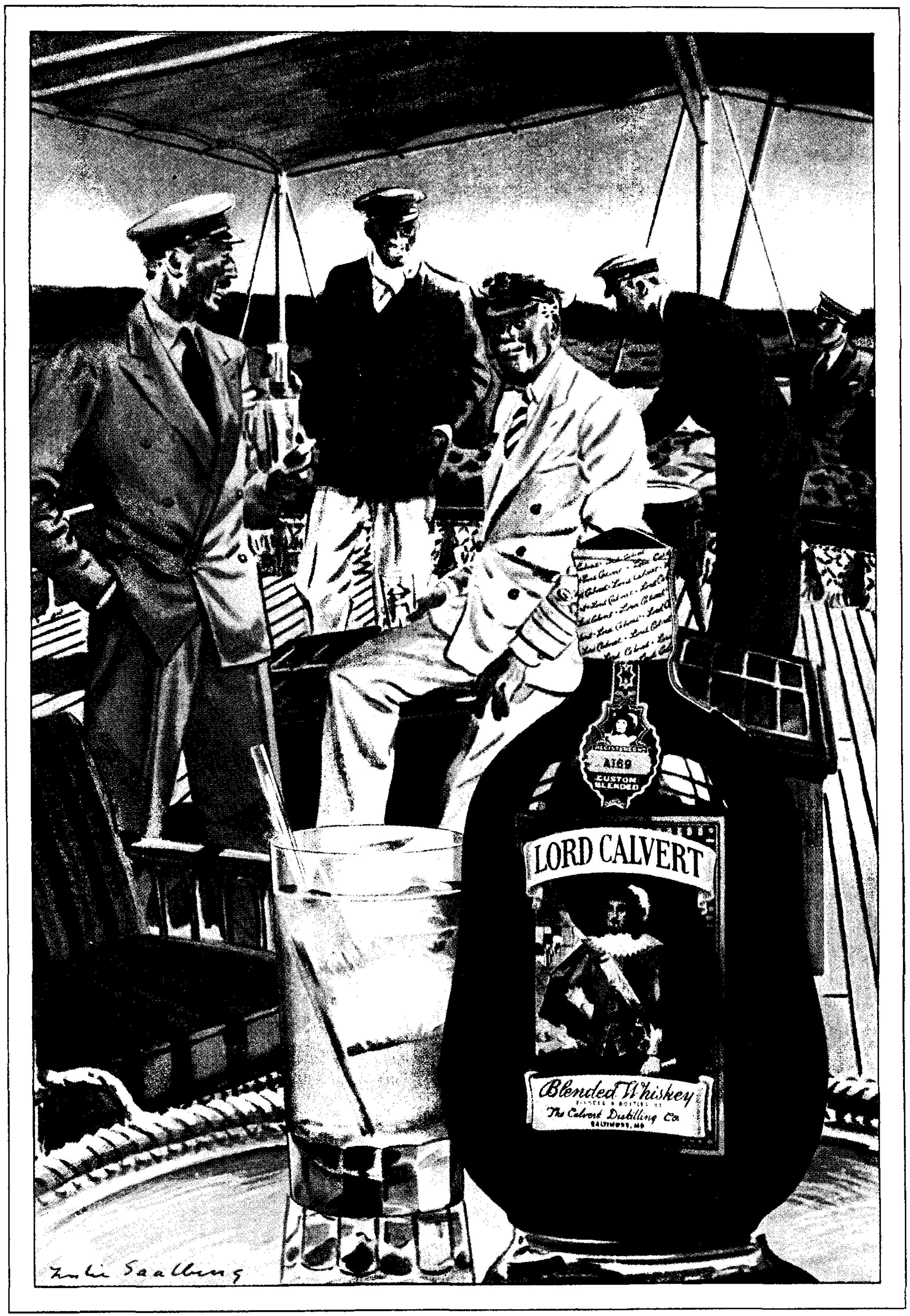
ALL-YEAR CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA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come packed in old newspapers. Moreover, Guam storekeepers buy 50- or 100-pound bales of papers from Honolulu and California for use in wrapping. Some children pool their coins and bargain with merchants for these bundles, others just stand around and beg single copies. There is a lively funnies exchange in Guam, tops, marbles and other staples being traded for them. Each copy is swapped around until it is actually worn out. It does not matter that most papers are from one to three years old. "Sometimes you get them," said Maraquita, "as limp as thin tissue."

Trade and barter are inborn in the fabric of Guam economic life. Arithmetic is the subject they find most difficult in school, and later the average Chamorro of the middle or poor classes has absolutely no money sense and isn't interested in acquiring one—lucky fellow! It is hard to get farmers to sell produce. If they have something you like they'll give it to you and be insulted if you offer to pay. If a man has a bumper crop he celebrates by distributing it among friends and relatives. Recently, a transport wanted 40 pounds of Chinese cabbage. A United States Department of Agriculture expert who was on the island trying to organize co-operatives and was close to the cutting-out-paper-dolls stage knew a farmer who might have this. He sent a generous offer for the cabbage, delivered. A message came back: Yes, he had the cabbage, but if anybody wanted it he could come and get it.

Where Life is Easy

Pre-Magellan Chamorros, by all records, were large, handsome people. The Spaniards in the process of Christianizing them virtually exterminated the males. The present Chamorros therefore are a lavish blending and run to Asiatic stature. They are slowly increasing in Guam and decreasing in the Japanese islands. Language and other clues suggest the ancient Chamorros came from Malay. Perhaps they are related to the Dravidians of Central Asia. Their burial stones curiously resemble those at Stonehenge, England. Nearly every family lives in a village but owns a ranch which feeds it amply and provides enough besides for clothes and a two-dollar poll tax. Every morning you see them streaming from villages on foot and by bullock carts. They reach their ranches in time for lunch, siesta and then are ready to start home again. Work is a social diversion rather than a necessity.

They are poor but there's no poverty in the sense we know in the States. No one walks the streets hungry. No one save a handful of cripples and lepers is a public charge. The villages, thanks to Navy watchfulness, are clean and presentable. The usual house is whitewashed siding, blue furring strips, thatched roof, and there are flowers, plants all around. Peasants chew narcotic betel nuts. Unless you have a powerful stomach you'd better skip looking into a betel-stained mouth. Chamorros are mainly superstitious about one thing—the Taotaomina, or before-time people. These strange folks dwell beyond the reef and in the country away from the villages, in banyan trees, and they generally prowl about at night. So the Chamorros stay home then. None would think of passing a banyan tree without saying, "Old man, forgive me my sins."

The carabao is a familiar beast here. You can pick up a good one for twenty-five dollars. American milk cows were introduced but they turned up punch-drunk presently because the Chamorros used them to plow and pull carts. The favorite Chamorro dessert is ice cream. Good-time drinks are *tuba* and *aggie*. These are made from the juice of the coconut palm buds and bear the same relationship as sweet and hard cider. Tuba is the fresh expression while aggie is brandy distilled from that. Here's a tip from Guam housewives: if you want to give your hardwood furniture a beautiful glow and build up the patina, rub it with coconut meat wrapped in cloth.

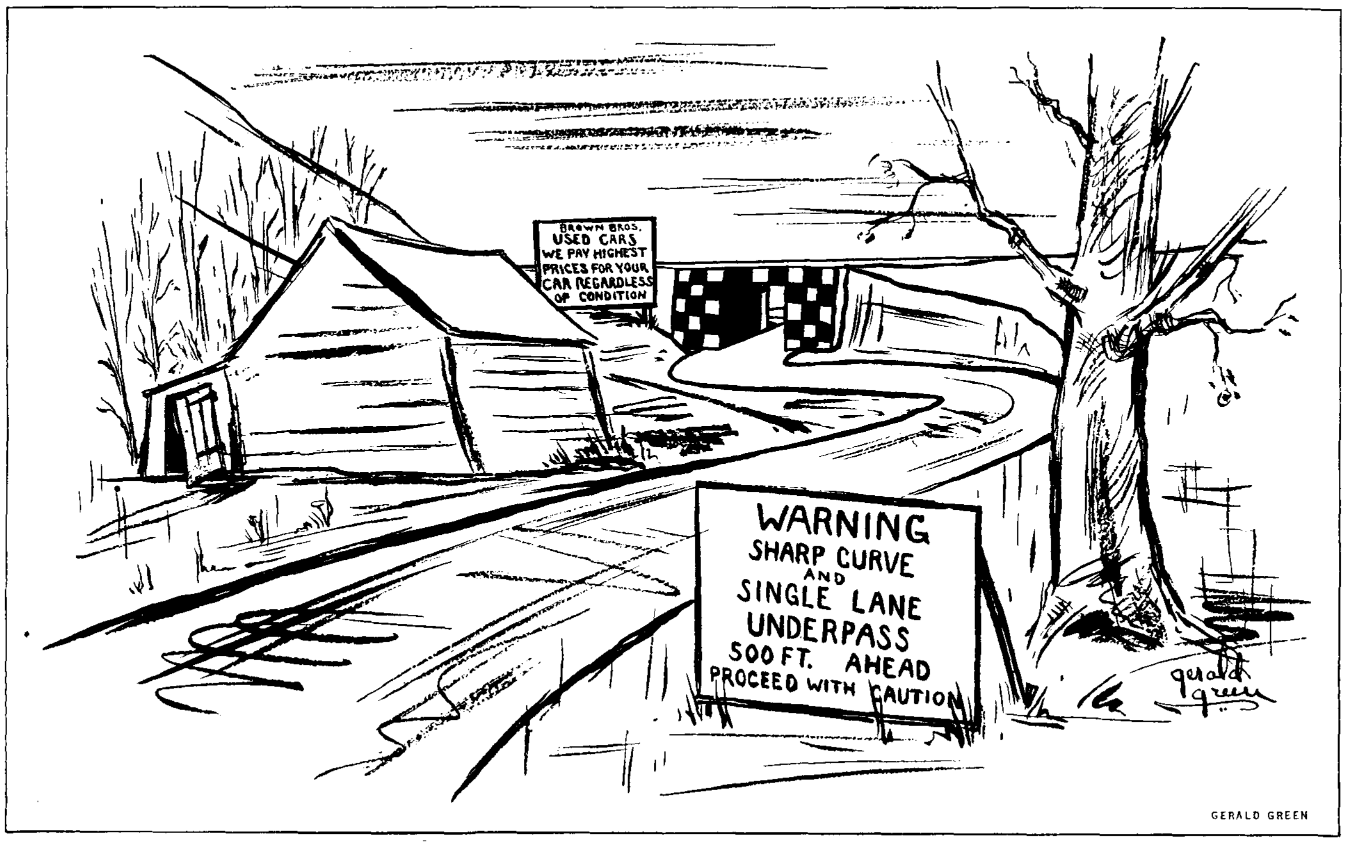
Laundering here is a notable experience, for your clothes are scoured with corncobs. All that comes back generally is a neatly pressed lot of buttons. Chamorros being neat, even-tempered and never servile, make excellent servants; many naval officers take them back to the States. The Navy is enlisting fifteen Chamorros monthly as mess attendants, but this creates a social problem, removing the fittest young men from local marriage lists. Many served in the Great War. Guam has the Mid-Pacific Post Number One of the American Legion. Chamorros make good, proud soldiers. In the Guam militia when a man gains a chevron he wears his shirt to bed and to work in the fields, even though he may not have pants or shoes.

The Navy regards this idyllic civilization, this happy-go-lucky faith in a hard world of bills payable, as sufficient basis for the contention that the Chamorros are not ready for American citizenship—that and certain arguments of national defense and unsettled international policy. The Navy fulsomely admits the virtues of the Chamorros and their astonishing lack of serious faults. Naval records are peppered with such tributes from officers who served on the island. Most of those now on duty there told me their private hopes that a way could be found to grant citizenship and expressed their belief that in another ten years, with a generation of American-educated Chamorros grown up, citizenship is inevitable. Officially these officers are in no position to speak for or influence the Navy Department 8,000 miles away in Washington, which has a known policy of opposition to citizenship. Guam, as you have seen, is geographically set down right in the center of the Far East problem. Navy Department view seems to be that, until state policy in regard to Asia is determined, caution in all Guamanian matters is essential, that if citizenship is given civil government would have to be set up.

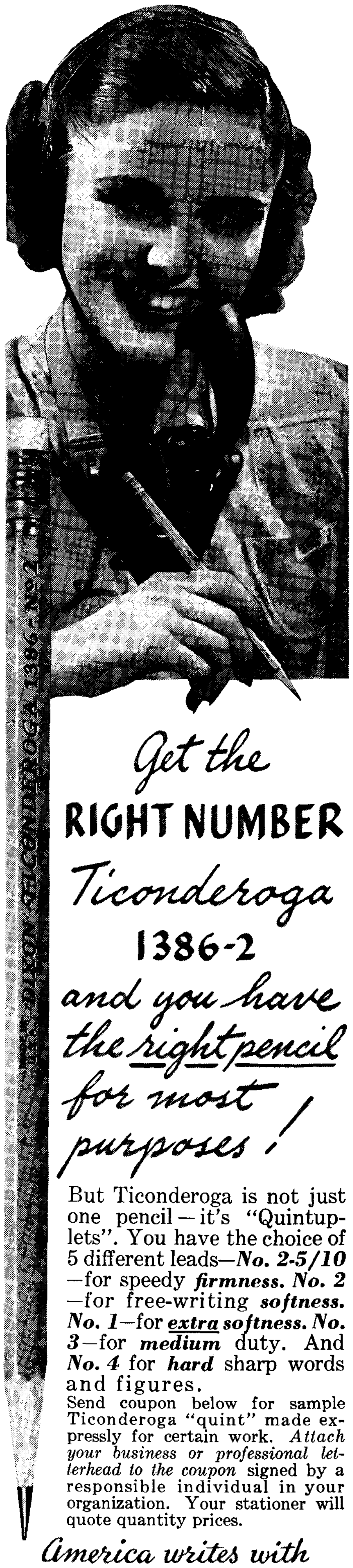
Citizens Without Citizenship

This would hamper efficient conduct of the island as a fortified naval base if Guam should be designated as such. The island, the Navy maintains, is too small for divided control in the event of war. Then it advances as incidental arguments that United States citizenship for Guam would necessitate a change in the Oriental Exclusion Act. Chamorros have been officially recognized as citizens of Guam, and have all privileges of American citizenship without drawbacks. They are entitled to American passports, pay no federal income taxes or tariffs, receive education, medical service and are guarded from exploitation. In answer to the Chamorran fears of insecurity in the future the Navy quotes the State Department comment: "Exactly the same protection is given to citizens of Guam that is given to citizens of the United States." Guam is not self-supporting in the modern economic sense although its people could live in primitive simplicity on tropical agriculture without progress in health education.

Copra and the Navy pay roll are the backlogs of its finances. If the Navy



GERALD GREEN



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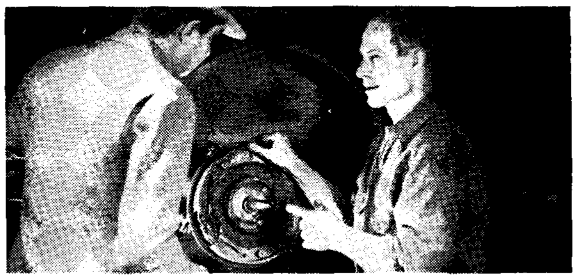
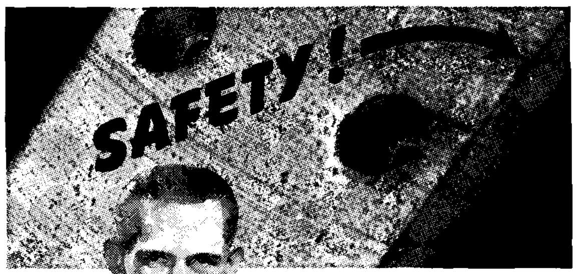
—your brakes need attention



2. Any service station mechanic will be glad to take off a wheel and look at the "innards" of your brakes. Ask him to let you have a look.

3. It may be that your brakes just need setting up. But if you find that the lining is worn thin, like this typical example, *it is dangerous.* Your brakes need re-lining.



4. The job can be done in a few hours, with the thick, long-wearing American Brakeblok brake lining, pictured at left. The name American Brakeblok is stamped on the back of every piece.

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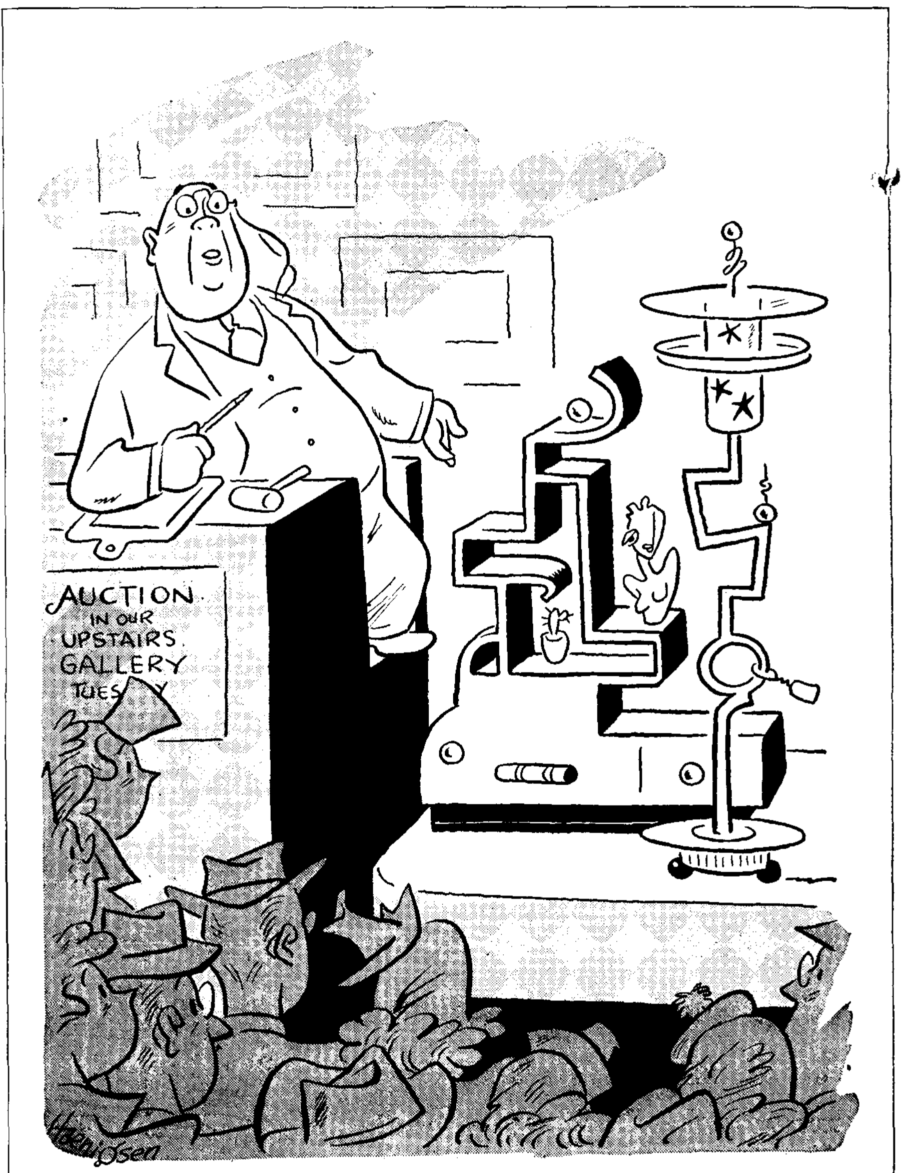
were withdrawn there would be hardship, poverty and immediate requests for its return, as was the case in the Virgin Islands. The salaries of the naval personnel are paid by the federal government. The island budget, however, bears the expenses of road making, education and other routine things from money raised by local taxation. Administration is based upon the California civil code. There is a Guam congress. Its function is purely advisory. Most Chamorrans who by occupation and education are equipped to rebut the Navy case hesitate to do so for fear you will believe them critical and ungrateful by nature. The Chamorran is deeply appreciative and not politically minded or argumentative. His gratefulness for what the Navy has done for his people is in proportion to his intelligence.

One man who has a responsible job and was college-trained in the States assured himself I would not misunderstand his motives, then spoke up: "We want to be United States citizens and would like the benefits of civil government although we realize perhaps not enough of our people are yet trained to take full responsibility for posts in such a government. Citizenship is more important and we don't see why we can't be American citizens under the Navy. But understand this: even if we don't get either, still we would rather be subjects of the United States than citizens of any other nation on earth. We don't agree that administrative expenses and consequently taxes would be much higher if we had civil government; our wage scales are lower than yours and in nearly every department we have a native assistant to the head who goes on, year in, year out, and knows the job better than his titular superior, the Navy officer who is changed each two years.

"We don't agree that the Oriental Exclusion Act would have to be amended in order to make us citizens if it wasn't for the Hawaiians. We are from the same Western Pacific roots. One general order years ago, to use the exact words, ruled we were neither 'Dagoes nor Niggers.' People of both those stocks, however, are citizens of the United States. Secretary of War Denby ruled that while the native of Guam owes perpetual allegiance to the United States he is not a citizen. Neither is he an alien and there is no provision of law under which he may become a citizen of the United States by naturalization. That answers the statement that we have all the privileges of citizenship. Yes, but we have all duties, too, without the dignity. We are citizens by innuendo.

"The Navy always threatens to pull out of Guam and take away the pay roll that is so necessary to our people, if we get citizenship and civil government. Isn't that a question of national policy and a move that should be decided by the United States government as a whole and not by the Navy Department? The Navy says it could not administer Guam if it did not have undivided authority in the event of war. But in wartime doesn't military power have full control in any area in which it operates by declaring martial law, which supersedes civil law for the emergency? We don't agree that we can look forward to future security as the State Department contends with the same guarantee as the mainland citizens. It is not probable you would give Ohio to Japan in order to avoid war, but we are a remote little



AUCTION IN OUR UPSTAIRS GALLERY TUES Y
Haenigsen

"Please realize, folks, you're bidding on the heirlooms and antiques of tomorrow" HARRY HAENIGSEN chick far away from the shelter of its mother's wing and can see the hawk's shadow. Washington politics might very well lead you sometime to let us slip in order to avoid general bloodspilling.

"We have read with interest of your sympathy for the Jewish refugees from Germany. We only wish you could extend this sympathy to your endangered children here who some day might have a worse fate than what has befallen the Jews in Germany, who for years have stood daily in pledge of loyalty, patriotism and devotion. There are 22,000 people here who want your sympathy too, and hope they have earned it, who have paid you the compliment of imitating you in every possible way and wanting to be as you are."

Your last chat is with a member of the civilian American colony, one of many Americans who have elected to make Guam their home and are engaged in business there. He says: "This seems to be one of those arguments in which both sides are right and it can be worked out, I think, giving both sides all they want. Some Navy people are inclined to believe the local politicos agitate for citizenship so they can get jobs, but I don't think so. I know these people well and I don't think they have any ulterior motive; they want security. Also, as you know, face is very important out here. Citizenship would give them plenty. The Navy has done a magnificent job when you consider these officers are not schooled in civil administration.

"In my quarter century here I have seen this inexperience lead to a few silly things. I remember one governor who ordered the people not to whistle. Another banished some Caroline islanders to Saipan because they refused to wear clothes—Navy morality seemed predicated in that administration on pants and chemises. There have been more serious faults when governors haven't bothered to understand the people. Two former governors were frankly anti-Catholic, a grave thing with these devout people. It left marks of resentment that officers here today don't realize because the people keep them to themselves.

"One major of the Marines in the old days went around warning people not to believe priests. Another man forbade the ringing of church bells because they disturbed him. Years ago the former bishop of Agana got permission from the Secretary of the Navy to bring nuns for the usual work of those good women—to do nursing, teaching, household crafts, and the like. The bishop at considerable expense brought nuns from Europe to Manila, where they had to stay because the governor countermanded the secretary's orders. He said: 'On Guam I'm czar.' Chamorros know that even Japanese permit nuns on their islands. Another officer threatened to search the houses of the bishop and priests, claiming they had great sums of money hidden that they were sending to Spain. You know how poor Chamorros are, how impossible it would be for a priest to build up a fortune.

An Unconsidered Move

"Now it is the policy of the Navy to replace Spanish priests with Americans. The Chamorros are saying among themselves that they have been tricked into seeming to want this. Several administrations ago, when this policy was brought up, patrolmen went from door to door getting people to sign a petition for cheaper rice, which contained an inconspicuous paragraph saying they wanted Spanish priests replaced by Americans. Later the people flocked to the priests and said they hadn't known what they had done. Bishop Olano and the priests feel very bad. It is not that they mind going elsewhere if American government policy demands it, but after their years of devoted service they are hurt because it was made to appear that the people were driving them out. Believe me, I know these priests never interfered in politics and discipline. The virtues they taught people made it easier for the Navy to govern the island. The priests love the natives. A great wrong would be averted if they were invited to stay out their days here.

"There has been a constant procession of governors. None wants to stay longer than his allotted two years because it would hurt his promotion chances. Each new one has ridden a hobby, each dropped that of his predecessor, and so the good work of each previous two years has been lost. Each governor's intentions have doubtless been praiseworthy but the poor natives have been kept running in circles. One governor wanted the people to grow more rice. The next boomed coffee. Another got enthusiastic about kapok. His successor had a 'plant avocados' campaign.

"Why, the tours in office don't even overlap because of housing shortage. Every officer has to pack himself and family aboard the transport the day his successor arrives. That's why Guam has two goodbys for the garrison. Transports leave here, stop in Japan, China and Manila, stop here again on the way home seven weeks later. I think the Navy Department should send a retired officer as a permanent governor. About citizenship, the Navy, I'm afraid, strives for perfection in these people and we haven't got that back home in the States. Why should they demand it of these people who are better qualified to realize what citizenship means, because of their Navy training, than millions of those who have it?

Shadow Across Paradise

"Perhaps the greatest flaw in the Navy's relationship with the Chamorros is the effort to impose temperate-zone civilization with its industriousness and money values on a tropical people. That's no go. Living is too easy to pick up out here. Follow the equator around and you'll find people and countries along it ruled by nations that have the zip cold weather gives. I don't know much about military value but Guam's real place in the economic world is as an old-fashioned South Sea trading isle, a place where some big corporation sets down an agent who takes the natives' copra and gives them tobacco, muslin and other goods in return. And a couple of times a year a trading ship comes inside the reef and anchors. Everybody goes down to the beach, sings, feasts, gets tight and has a swell time."

You have come to the end of your stay in America's fear-haunted paradise and you are called in pitch darkness for the flight outward to Manila. For a long moment you pause when you step outdoors. The Southern Cross is still bright. There is a cool night wind in the palms on the distant shore and the muted thunder of the surf beyond. Near by there is the occasional thud of a coconut gnawed loose by rats. Their torches glitter like monster lightning bugs as spear fishermen wade dangerously along the reef. Several hours from now in Agana school children will be gathered in the plaza in front of the palace of "Y Malagala," the great man, as they call the American governor. When the Marine guard raises the flag the children will pledge allegiance to it and sing the national anthem, but there is a little catch in their voices these days, for they know the talk that goes on around oil lamps in the evenings.

You leave Guam at sunrise color and when you look back regretfully upon its morning peacefulness you find another phrase belling in your mind: "The Rising Sun."

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3 REASONS WHY THIS USED CAR BUYER IS *Satisfied*

HE PICKED A CAR BUILT BY
HUDSON
(A HUDSON OR HUDSON TERRAPLANE)

and now he's enjoying—

1 • BEST "1939" FEATURES

Many features advertised as "new" this year on other cars can be found on Hudsons and Hudson Terraplanes for 3 years back! For example: Full-width 3-passenger front seat; extra wide windshield vision; roomy luggage compartment with spare tire carried inside; clear front floor with gear shifting at steering wheel (on many models). *Hudson's 1939* HANDY SHIFT, *at the steering wheel, can be installed on all '37 and '38 models.*

2 • GREATEST SAFETY

PATENTED DOUBLE-SAFE HYDRAULICS! 1—Finest Bendix Hydraulics. 2—Reserve mechanical foot brake *working automatically from the same foot pedal!* 3—Easiest acting hand brake for parking. *Three ways to apply brakes!* On all 1936, '37 and '38 Hudsons and Hudson Terraplanes. AUTO-POISE CONTROL! 1939's most sensational safety invention. Helps keep wheels on their course *even when a tire blows.* Available on all these same models.

No other car, new or used, has anything like these two great safety features.

3 • MORE *UNUSED* MILES

Thanks to the use of quality engineering and finer materials... super-hard chrome alloy cylinder blocks, for instance, and alloy steel gears that show little or no wear after tens of thousands of miles.

Your Hudson dealer will tell you more about all these extra value features . . . and show you *low prices that will amaze you!*

MORE MILES • SAFER MILES
Hudson and Hudson Terraplane

PERSONALLY *Indorsed* USED CARS

SEE YOUR NEAREST HUDSON DEALER

Pay for the Piper

Continued from page 17

amateur songwriters. They fear that merely looking over the song may get them into a lot of trouble, as this fact has been sometimes used as evidence in plagiarism suits.

The publishers advise you to have photostatic copies made of your song and get your local band leader to introduce it. But there is no formula for successful songwriting, although the rules are plentiful. Two well-known songwriters teamed up and wrote six songs in six months. Five were flops. On the other hand, Edward B. Claypoole, an amateur in Baltimore, innocently sent in Raggin' the Scale and had it accepted by return mail. This is the only known case where a publishing house opened an amateur's mail and came out on top.

With radio the bottom fell out of the entire business. Six years ago Irving Berlin sold only 225,000 copies of How Deep Is the Ocean and Say It Isn't So. And it is doubtful if such later successes as Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen or Ti-Pi-Tin or I Married an Angel will even reach those totals. The average tune sells no more than 10,000 copies—earning for the composer and lyric writer a royalty of three cents a copy! To this can be added the negligible income from phonograph records. Even a top hit averages only a sale of 50,000 at two cents royalty per side to be divided between the composer and the lyric writer.

With seventy-five per cent of radio programs made up of music, the popularity of a song is quickly made and just as quickly killed. When Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen was at the height of its success, it was played a dozen times a day on the big chains and hundreds of times on the smaller stations. It died the death in a few months. Because of this situation, the writers are almost entirely dependent upon the radio revenue. And so, the battle.

Use versus Availability

It began in the early twenties with friendly negotiations that gradually developed into a brawl. Radio first claimed that since it didn't admit the public into the studios, broadcasting was a "private affair." It then maintained that it was not broadcasting music but "emanating electrical energy." Then it got to the point where it was "making the songwriters famous."

In 1924, with broadcasters tapping advertising budgets, money began to flow into radio's coffers, and ASCAP's battle began in earnest. It has raged in the courts right along. Litigation has gone all the way up to the Supreme Court.

Radio makes no bones about the value of ASCAP, the composers' organization, as a central clearinghouse for music copyrights. At least the major stations don't. The three big networks pay without reluctance for the privileges that an ASCAP license secures for them. They employ large copyright staffs themselves, but they know their ASCAP license saves them plenty of legal entanglements and gives them access to a prodigious musical treasure.

On the other hand, the smaller "independent" stations often have reason to kick about ASCAP. They feel they could and would get along without it if only the networks (who can pay for ASCAP's license so easily) would stop sending ASCAP hits over the air. They would like to pay for "use" . . . not for "availability." Why should they pay ASCAP 5% of their earnings from, let's say, a lecture which has no music whatever?

There is one thing that the large and small stations share in common: Fear.

Radio is afraid of ASCAP's present and potential power. ASCAP members write the smash hits that the public wants. Ninety per cent of radio songs are ASCAP tunes. A top feature like the Hit Parade consists almost entirely of ASCAP songs. In its nightmares radio sees ASCAP raising its price and refusing to renew the license until radio accedes to its terms. Radio is a "continuous-operation" industry, and could not afford to have such a strike last a day. For its show must go on, no matter at what price, even though its business heart may be torn with the sorrows of a Pagliacci!

In the $250 minimum statutory damages fixed by law, radio sees a Damoclean sword hanging over its head. Radio cites a classic example of a well-known singer who, before going on the air, heard of the band leader's birthday. She interrupted her program to sing a few bars from Happy Birthday to You. Two old ladies, the composers and copyright owners of the Happy Birthday song, demanded and received a small sum for the performing rights. But since this program went over ninety stations, the ladies could have claimed ninety times $250. It is generally believed that each station in the hookup could be sued for copyright infringement.

Radio wants the $250 minimum damages abolished. The author and composer should be allowed to sue for any amount that the infringement may warrant. But few artists are worldly and affluent enough to hire legal aid on a par with the networks' large expert staffs.

Radio has fearfully witnessed ASCAP's phenomenal transformation from a crusading force into what it terms "big business." And radio knows it has been the unwitting creator of this new power . . . which it now regards as a Frankenstein. For twenty years radio has used every legal means to crush the monster—and for twenty years it has lost practically every important battle.

More than 1,000 composers, authors and publishers belong to ASCAP in the U. S. About 45,000 foreign composers are affiliated with it. ASCAP now controls the exclusive right to license the public performance for profit of some five million of the world's most popular musical compositions. For the performance rights to this tremendous repertory the users pay ASCAP some $6,000,000 annually. (More than four million comes from radio. Another million comes from the movie theaters—ASCAP's 10¢-per-seat-per-year share of the colossal $1,560,000,000 paid by the movie audiences at the box office every year).

Everybody Shares

Apportioning the society's income among its members is far more than a matter of adding machines—it is a matter of heartening sentiment as well. Four times a year a committee of twelve songwriters meets in solemn conclave and appraise their colleagues. These are rated, first, in a Permanent Class A Honor Group, which includes such veterans as Raymond Hubbell (Poor Butterfly), Harry von Tilzer (Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie) and Percy Wenrich (Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet). These composers are no longer actively writing but as the creators of songs that still enjoy a widespread popularity they are entitled to a fair emolument for the continued use of their work.

The estates of about ninety composer or author members are protected from need by their shares of the society's income. No ASCAP songwriter has been on the relief rolls; the society distributes about $600 every day in relief and royalty advances.

Top rating is Class AA. ASCAP pays composers in this group about $14,000 a year. It's the goal of every young composer; and boasts of such Tin Pan Alley gods as Irving Berlin, Jerome Kern, Rudolf Friml, Sigmund Romberg, the estates of Victor Herbert, John Philip Sousa, and George Gershwin. Thereafter the ratings taper off through classes A, B, C and D. These ratings are "subject to change," but rarely does a member who has enjoyed a high ranking find himself consigned to a lower group.

Radio endorses a good deal of ASCAP's mission and claims that it wants to deal with it as equal partners in a "business" that is vital to them both. It wants to pay a "fair" price—and most of the present difficulties seem to hinge on who is to determine what is "fair."

"PAPPY! Yew know that ain't how th' feller said to work it!"

YATES M. HOAG

It's a Beauty and a Bargain!
It Has Everything!
Priced Lower Than Ever!

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GET THE INSIDE STORY

Sub-Freezing Storage • Low Temperature, High Humidity Storage • High Humidity, Moderate Temperature Storage • Safety-Zone Storage

General Electric's different *combinations of temperature and humidity* keep foods at their fullest, finest flavor and provide the most practical method of food preservation at low cost. No other refrigerator keeps foods looking and tasting better, or retains more of the health-giving vitamins longer, than does the new 1939 G-E.

Look to General Electric for leadership! **FIRST** with the *sealed* mechanism! **FIRST** with an all-steel cabinet! **FIRST** with stainless steel super-freezer, sliding shelves and other notable contributions! And now General Electric gives you *perfected* SELECTIVE AIR CONDITIONS.

"SEE G-E!" That's the hot-tip among refrigerator shoppers this year. The 1939 General Electric now on display is jam-packed with new value, new features, new conveniences. It has everything you want—everything you need—for thrifty, convenient, safe preservation of food, *and is priced lower than ever before.*

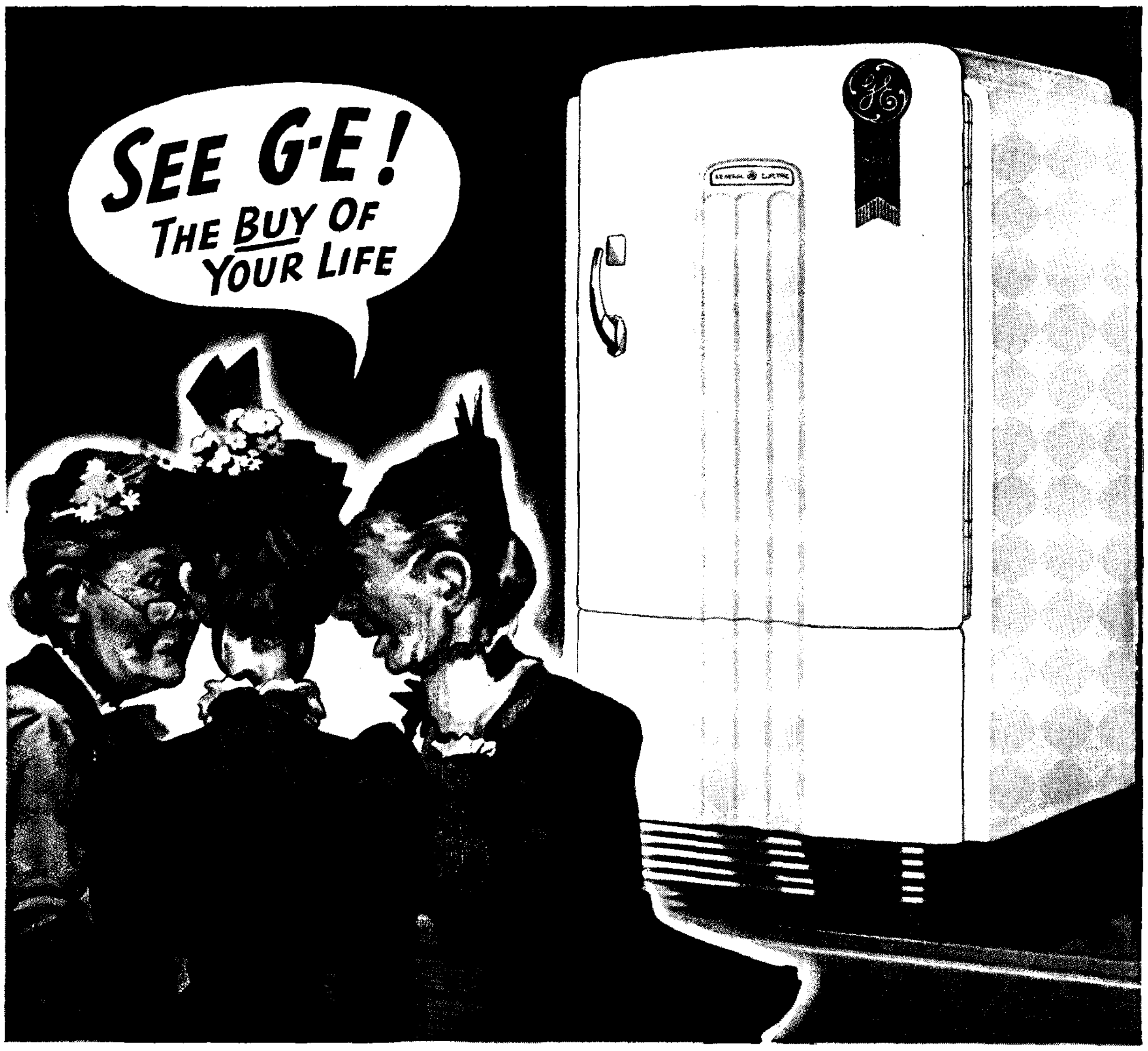
Here's Why G-E Is the Great Value of the Year!

1. **Selective Air Conditions perfected at world's greatest electrical research laboratories.**
2. **Stainless steel super-freezer with removable shelf.**
3. **Fast freezing, easy releasing Quick-Trays.**
4. **Easily adjustable storage space, sliding shelves.**
5. **All-steel cabinet, one-piece porcelain interior.**
6. **Simple, quiet, sealed-in-steel Thrift Unit.**
7. **Forced-feed lubrication and Oil Cooling.**
8. **Enduring economy proved by 13-year record.**
9. **Thrifty in price, in current, in upkeep.**

Research Keeps G-E Years Ahead!

General Electric has built more *sealed* refrigerating mechanisms than any other manufacturer—and is the originator of the 5-year performance protection plan. From the famed G-E "House of Magic" came forced-feed lubrication, oil cooling, acoustic mufflers and "floating power." These advanced features of the G-E Thrift Unit assure quiet operation, low current cost and long life.

You can buy a new 1939 G-E Triple-Thrift Refrigerator on G-E's easy monthly payment plan. See your dealer. General Electric Co., Specialty Appliance Division, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

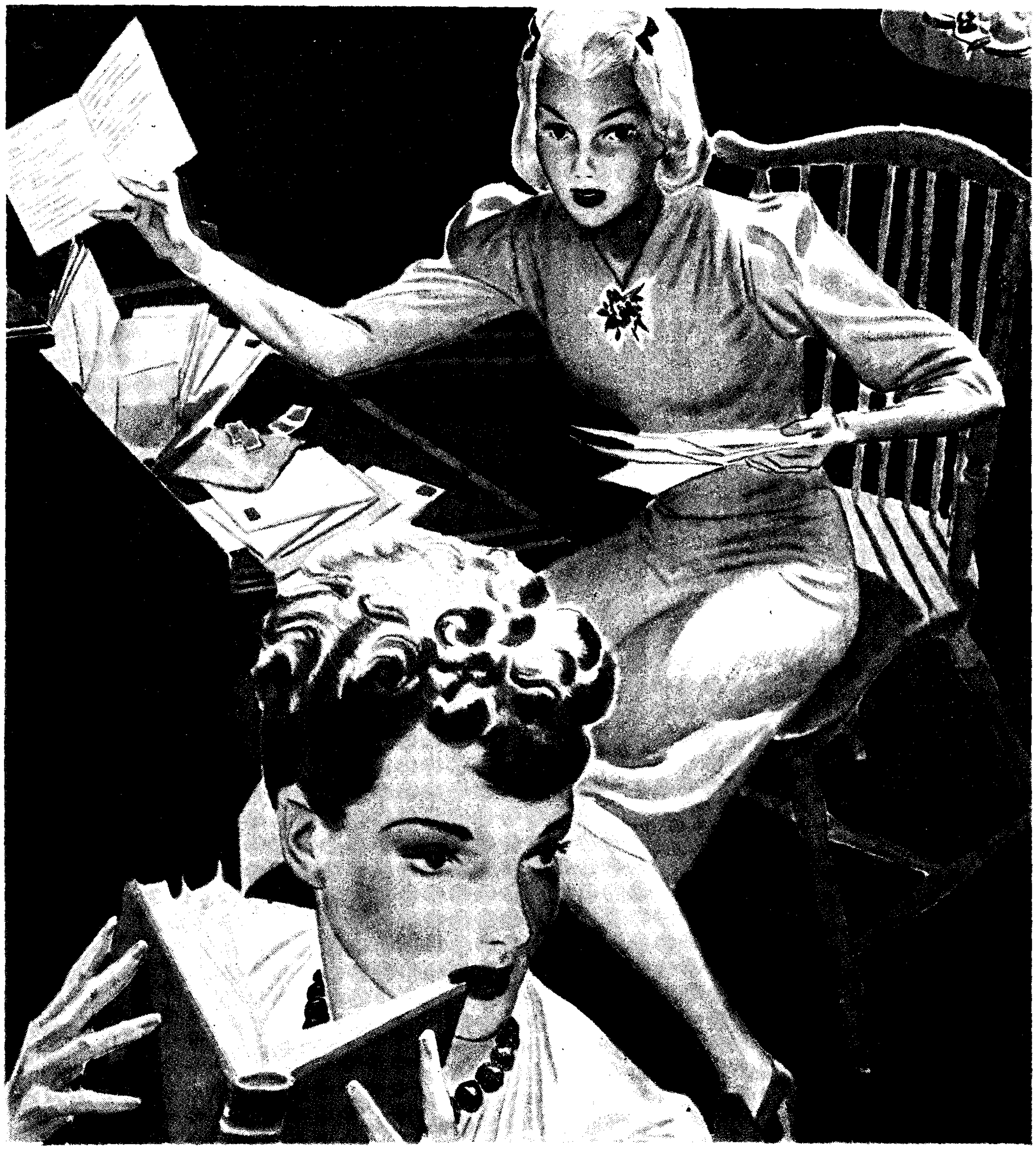

SEE G-E! THE BUY OF YOUR LIFE

See G-E "House of Magic" at both World Fairs

GENERAL ELECTRIC

SEE G-E's New Quick-Trays that release two or more cubes at a time—freeze up to 48 lbs. of ice in 24 hours. G-E's New Adjustable Interior Arrangements.

SEE G-E's New Sliding Shelves, New Interior Lighting, New Pottery Dishes, New Tel-A-Frost and [illegible] features that make this G-E "the buy of your life."



Mrs. Turner hastily explained that it was an old Christmas list—some people she wanted to send cards to

Sudden Shower

By Sally Benson

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

When the young man has a slight case of cold feet, leave it to Mother

HEARING the front door close, Mrs. Turner knew that Larry Gates had left. She looked at the clock and, seeing that it was not quite eleven, wondered if he and Kay had quarreled.

Kay had known Larry Gates for six months. At first she had gone out with him once or twice a week to a movie or, with some friends, to dance. But before very long she was seeing him nearly every day, breaking dates with other boys to be with him, until now she never went anywhere without Larry, and the boys she knew didn't even bother to telephone her. Lately she and Larry didn't seem to want to go out. They were content sitting around and talking, and Mrs. Turner couldn't imagine what *they* found to talk about night after night. Sometimes they would turn on the radio and dance, and from the next room Mrs. Turner could hear the soft shuffle of their feet on the bare floor.

When she questioned Kay about Larry, Kay was strangely reticent. And if Mrs. Turner threw out small hints about how foolish a girl was to let one boy monopolize her if nothing was going to come of it, Kay pretended not to notice and changed the subject. It would be different, her mother thought, if they stayed home to save money, if they were planning on something, but they seemed to be drifting along without a thought for the future. Larry Gates didn't even call Mrs. Turner "Mother Turner," as some of Kay's friends had. He was polite and impersonal.

OCCASIONALLY, Mrs. Turner went out to play bridge in the evenings, or went to see a picture, but mostly she excused herself when Larry came, and went to her room. There she would lie in bed, listening to the low murmur of their voices, the beat of dance music on the radio. Larry's voice had a good-natured, easygoing quality and his laugh was deep and amused. In the last few weeks, Mrs. Turner had been irritated by his laugh. It had a resonant quality that rang in her ears and she sometimes felt that months and years would roll by with Kay growing older and working in an office every day, with Larry dropping by promptly at eight each night, lazily accepting Kay's time and youth, and asking for nothing else.

For a long while, Mrs. Turner lay still after the door closed, expecting Kay would be in to say good night. But, hearing no sound in the next room, she got up, sliding her feet into blue satin mules and wrapping her dressing gown around her shoulders. Even with no make-up and the net cap she wore to hold her wave in place, she was a pretty woman. Her hair shone too brightly bronze under the net, and the corners of her mouth turned up in too set a manner, but there was vitality in her walk and her figure was as slim as a girl's.

In the living room, Kay sat curled up in one corner of the day bed. Her hair was a little mussed, her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were soft and focused on nothing in particular. She had the slightly unstrung appearance of a girl who has just been kissed. At the sight of her mother, she made an effort to pull herself together, but there was a disordered quality in her smile, and her voice was unnaturally soft. "Oh, hello," she said.

"I *thought* I heard Larry go," Mrs. Turner said. "But I wasn't sure. He closed the door so quietly that I barely noticed it. Then, when I saw the time, I thought he might have gone out for cigarettes or something."

"No," Kay told her. "He's gone."

"Well, he *is* being a good boy." In spite of her words, Mrs. Turner's tone was slightly reproving. "For a minute I thought you two children might have had a little spat."

"Oh, no!" Kay assured her. "I guess nobody could fight with Larry. He's got a grand disposition."

MRS. TURNER smiled. "He certainly has," she agreed. "And that's so important. But sometimes I think a *too* sweet disposition is the sign of laziness. I mean, you take those big, good-natured men and they're a little slow."

"I don't see how anyone could be *too* good-natured."

"Well, I don't know," Mrs. Turner said thoughtfully. "I went to school with a girl, Grace Gordon. You've heard me speak of her. And she went around with this boy for years. Everybody thought the world of him, and he was the nicest man. But that was the trouble. He was *too* nice, and he just hung around and hung around."

"What happened?" Kay asked.

"Why, nothing happened. That was just it. I know Grace felt terrible about it, but there was just nothing to do about it. If she'd had a little more get-up and go to her, she might have managed things. Goodness! For all I know, he

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Dr. West's
Miracle-Tuft
Sealed in Glass —
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In the Regular size and the smaller, 2-row Professional size
50¢
-the toothbrush without bristles*!

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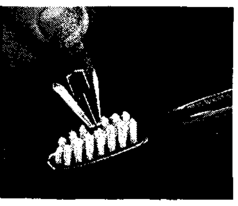
Made possible by the invention of sensational Du Pont EXTON!

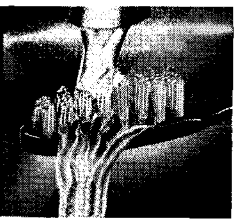
Try to pull it out!

No bristle shedding! Exton is uniform, micrometrically perfect. Because of its great strength and resiliency, it cannot possibly split, break off or come out in your mouth.



99.7% Waterproof

Water is the natural enemy of your toothbrush. *But Exton is non-porous and water-repellent!* This new laboratory-made, bristle-like filament cannot go limp and soggy in use and fail to clean your teeth.



Lasts Longer

Scientific tests show that a *Miracle-Tuft will outlast animal bristle brushes more than two to one.* 6000 scrubs on a laboratory testing machine destroyed the animal bristle brush (above) but scarcely harmed the *Miracle-Tuft* (below).

SAY GOODBYE forever to animal bristle troubles! In the new *Miracle-Tuft*, science has at last developed a brush that has none of the objectionable qualities of animal bristle—a surer way to lovelier teeth . . . true mouth charm.

Miracle-Tuft is truly the perfect toothbrush. It is made with Exton, a unique, bristle-like filament now produced by Du Pont exclusively for Dr. West's. *All other* toothbrushes are made with animal bristle. They cannot give you the benefits of this new laboratory-made product.

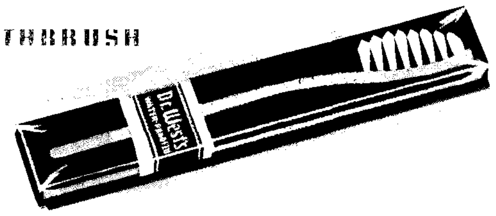
Miracle-Tuft is uniform—cannot possibly shed in your mouth. It is water-repellent, non-porous, hence cannot go soggy when wet and fail to clean. It is ideal for gum massage. And it lasts longer—much longer—than ordinary brushes. Throw away your old toothbrush TODAY! One brushing with a Dr. West's *Miracle-Tuft* will convince you that here is the way to more attractive smiles, healthier gums, teeth sparkling, brilliantly clean.

*** Heretofore all toothbrushes have been made with animal bristles. Now, after years of research, *DU PONT EXTON BRISTLE* —a product of Du Pont Chemistry—has been developed and is used in DR. WEST'S *Miracle-Tuft* Toothbrush exclusively.**

WORLD'S FINEST NATURAL-BRISTLE TOOTHBRUSH

DR. WEST'S WATER-PROOFED

Packed in new style Blue and Yellow Carton . . . Sterilized! The same famous brush that has outsold all others for years at 50c. Made of finest natural bristle, water-proofed against sogginess. A bargain in good looks at 35c everywhere.



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has been the symbol of quality
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HIGH LIFE
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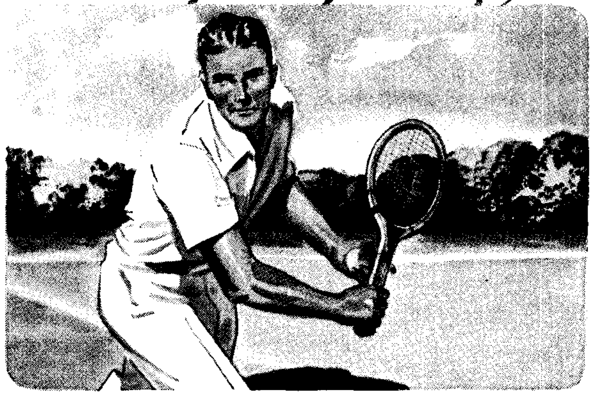
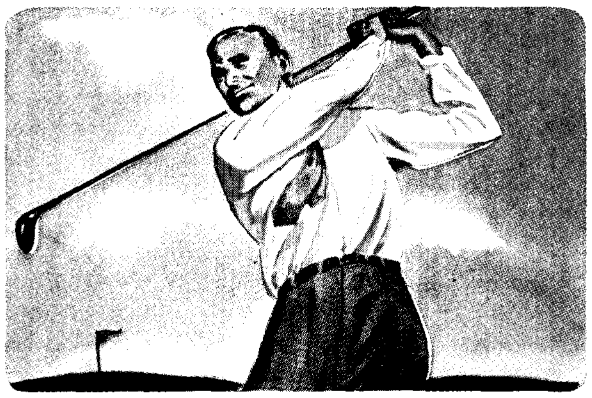
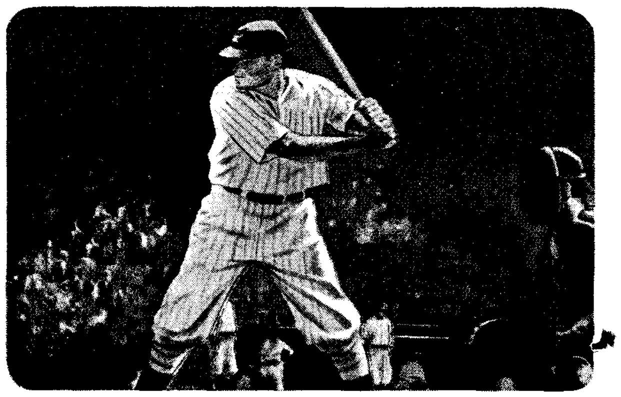
Enjoy Life WITH *Miller* HIGH LIFE







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Wherever there's action—wherever people are doing things—you'll find Miller High Life. There's a blithe lift to this sparkling, amber brew that puts it in time with action and fun.

So look for the crystal clear, streamlined bottle with the gold foil neck. Drink up... and as you do... you'll relish that mellow flavor... that zestful tang and palate tingling taste.

You'll agree you've never tried a beer as good as Miller High Life. Try it today! In bottles or on draft wherever you go.

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may be hanging around her to this day. He thought the world of her, too, and she *loved* him."

Mrs. Turner sat down on the day bed and lit a cigarette. "Larry seems very devoted to you," she said.

Kay smoothed her skirts. "I suppose he is," she agreed complacently.

"You suppose he is," her mother repeated. "Hasn't he said so?"

"Oh, of course. Sort of. You know how people say things."

Mrs. Turner spoke severely: "I hope you're not wasting your time on a young man who can't make up his mind about you. I mean, it would be pretty foolish to give up all your other friends for one boy unless it was pretty serious. And there are other things to consider, too."

KAY looked at her mother sharply. "What other things?" she asked.

Mrs. Turner flushed a little. "Well, after all, Kay, you allow him to kiss you and let him monopolize your time. Really, it's got so you never go out any more, you two. You just sit around here like old married folks. I must say I don't approve of it. It would be different if you were engaged. But you're not, my dear."

"Oh, engaged!" Kay exclaimed scornfully. "People don't get engaged always. They sort of go around together and then they get married. I suppose we're as engaged as a lot of other people who say they are."

"Then you consider yourself engaged?"

"Oh, Mother! Of course we're not engaged. What's that got to do with it? Larry likes me and I like him, and that's all there is to it!"

Mrs. Turner shook her head. "Young people take these things far too casually," she insisted. "You may not listen to me, but if your father were alive I'm sure he'd say the same thing. It isn't *right* of Larry to do what he's doing."

Kay sat up and faced her mother belligerently. "'*What's* Larry doing that isn't right?" she asked.

"He's taking your time."

"He can have it. I haven't anything better to do with it."

Mrs. Turner smiled placatingly. "Now, see here, Kay," she said. "Be sensible. You like Larry better than anyone. Be honest with me. Don't you?"

"I certainly do," Kay answered defiantly.

"And he likes you better than anyone, doesn't he?"

"He certainly does!"

"And you don't call that love? You don't call that enough to get engaged on?"

Kay's eyes were no longer soft. "Oh, I don't know," she said. "How do I know? Larry's swell and I like him and he likes me. But I don't know whether I want to get married or not, and I don't think he does. And I wish you'd leave us alone."

Mrs. Turner got up from the couch and started toward her room. "If you ask me, I think you're in love with him," she said.

"All right," Kay answered quietly. "So I'm in love with him."

"That's all I wanted to know," her mother told her. "Good night."

In the days that followed, there was something mysterious in Mrs. Turner's manner. She was preoccupied and had a busy air. One night, rummaging in the desk, Kay found a list of names in her mother's handwriting, and Mrs. Turner hastily explained that it was an old Christmas list—some people she wanted to send cards to.

Then one morning, before Kay left for work, Mrs. Turner said, "Goodness! I don't know what's become of my memory. Jane Barrows called you up yesterday. She's leaving for Bermuda for a month, and wanted to know if you and Larry couldn't stop by tonight to say goodby."

"Leaving for Bermuda," Kay repeated. "Whatever put it into Janie's head to go to Bermuda? We can stop by. I'll call her. I suppose I ought to take her something."

Mrs. Turner seemed inordinately amused at that and suggested that perhaps it would be better if Kay sent something to the boat.

It was almost half past eight when Kay rang the bell of the Barrows' apartment. "We won't have to stay long," she whispered to Larry. "Just say goodby and beat it."

Jane opened the door herself. There was no light in the hall and Kay could see that the living room, too, was dark. She thought for a minute that Jane might have forgotten they were coming, but Jane seemed to expect them and told them to come in.

In the dark, Kay could hear faint rustlings and a sense of catastrophe gripped her. Then the lights were switched on and laughing faces appeared from behind doors, from behind chairs and from the closets. Surprisingly, she saw her mother, who was laughing with the rest of them and calling out, "Surprise! Surprise!"

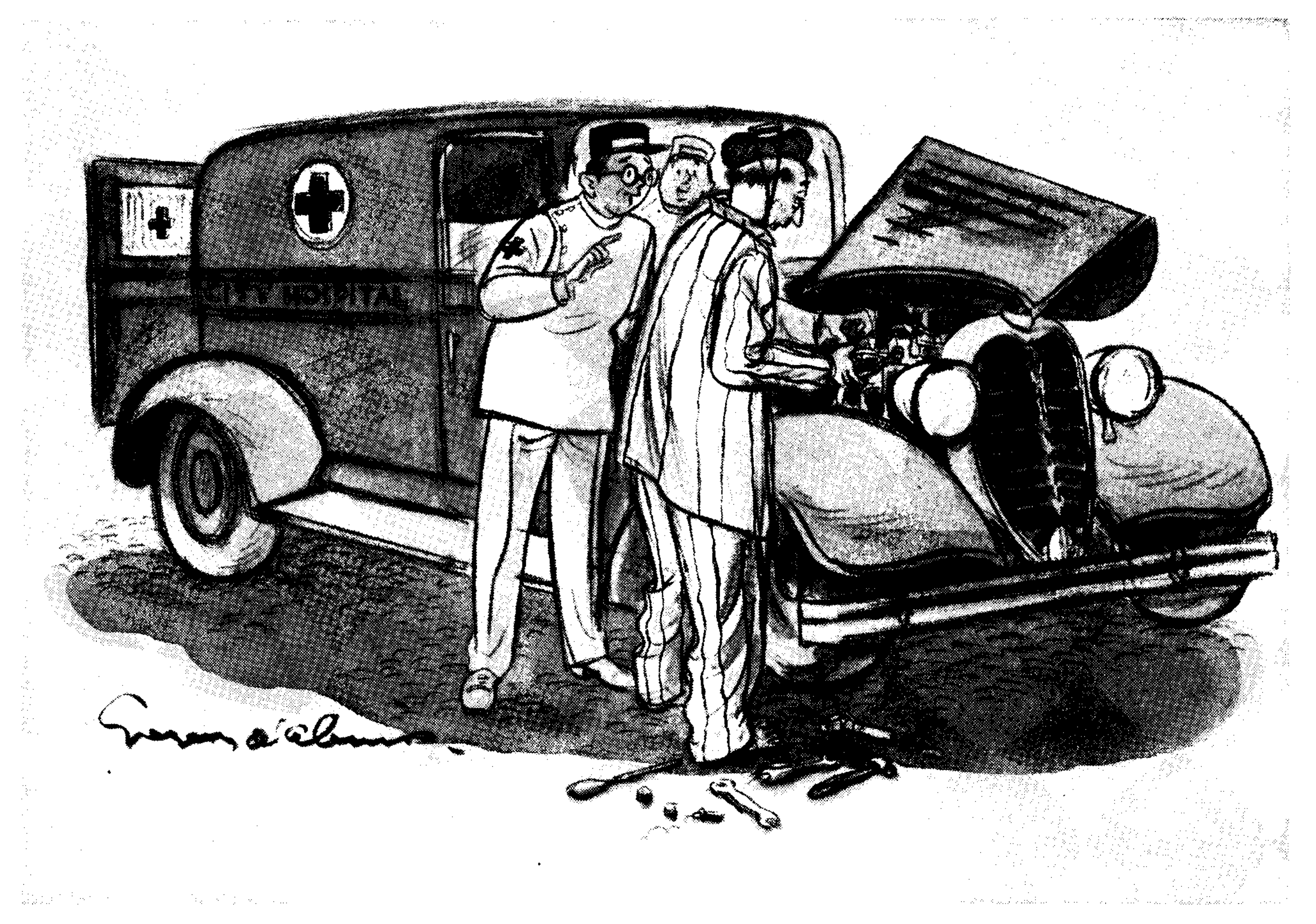
It seemed to Kay that the most amazing thing was the fact that her mother was there when she and Larry had left her reading at home. "I took a taxi," her mother cried. "Surprise! Surprise!"

THEN Kay saw the chandelier with the wedding bells suspended from it, and the cake in the middle of the table with the bride and groom on it. Around it were arranged tissue-paper packages tied with silver ribbons. She felt herself being pulled excitedly toward the table and someone thrust one of the packages into her hands. Someone else helped her untie it and something white, lacy and shining fell from it.

There were delighted cries of "Oh, Kay!" "Oh, *Ka*-tie!" She stooped and picked it up. It was a nightgown, white, heavy with lace and white satin bows. Janie Barrows was saying, "Your mother thought a lingerie shower would be more bride-y."

She was surprised to see that Larry was standing next to her, and she didn't dare look at his face. "I've got to tell him," she thought. "I've got to tell him I didn't know."

But suddenly she felt his arms around her and heard him say, "Well, what the hell! *What* the hell!" And then he began to laugh. It didn't sound like his usual, easygoing laugh. There was delight in it, and relief, and, above all, a strange sharp note that almost sounded like a crow.



"Gee, you sure know motors, don't you, mister?"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

PIPE SMOKERS USE JUDGMENT

Watch a pipe smoker wrestling with a knotty problem. He packs his pipe slowly, puffs deliberately, takes his time—why, the very act of smoking a pipe marks him as a man who will not jump to conclusions.

And it's the good judgment of thousands of pipe smokers that has carried Crosby Square to the top—made this master blend of choice tobaccos nationally popular.

Now advertising is spreading the message of Crosby Square farther afield, bringing the news of its fragrant, mellow smoothness to you. Try Crosby Square. We rest our case on your good judgment.

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Pipe Mixture

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Special Offer

We will send a generous sample of Crosby Square Pipe Mixture for 6¢ in stamps to help cover packing and mailing. Address CROSBY SQUARE DIV., 102 Delmar Bl.

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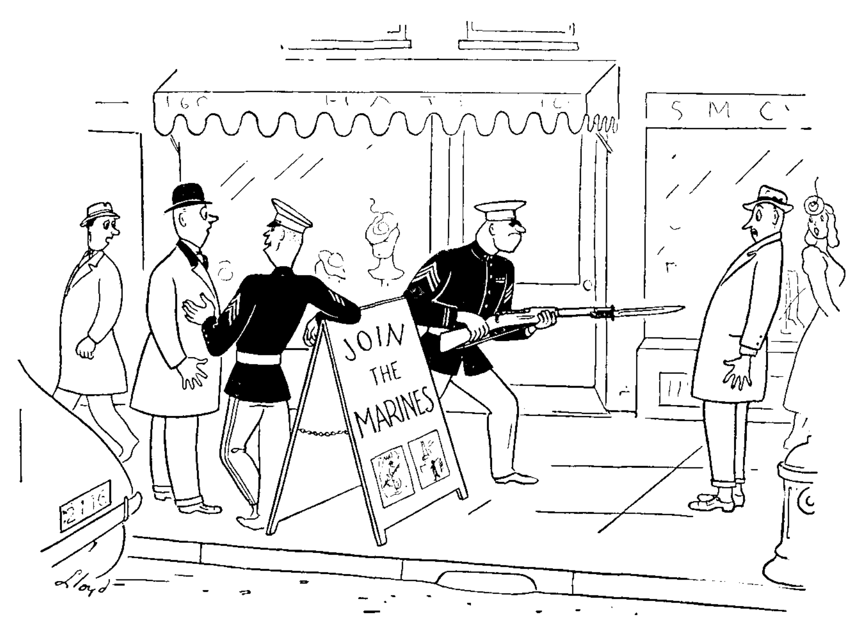
50 Years a Favorite

Handy Man

Continued from page 11



"Me, I'm content to let things ride, but Sergeant Hanson's a go-getter!"

LLOYD COE

Europe bows to his imperial will.'

Restless, impatient and energetic, Kennedy is having fun in the job. He won the confidence of Neville Chamberlain in short order and is far closer to the Premier of Great Britain than have been most American ambassadors. He lives extravagantly—far beyond the government's salary and allowances—and all the great men of the empire are his guests from time to time. His future, though, is uncertain. Kennedy has never held any one post for long and if things really calm down in Europe he will soon grow bored with this one. But the future disturbs him little. Kennedy is an opportunist, not a dreamer. He was uncertain about accepting when President Roosevelt first offered him the ambassadorial appointment a year ago.

"You'll be the most important American in Europe," suggested a friend in Washington, and Kennedy quickly said that he would go.

Kennedy's arrival in London, so great was the interest in the new envoy, was like that of a Robert Taylor or a Marlene Dietrich. The English newspapers hailed him as "Jolly Joe Kennedy" and "The U. S. A.'s Nine-Child Envoy." Some weeks later the weekly Sketch published a photograph of Rosemary, the oldest daughter, with a caption, "Daughter of the Father of America."

Unstatesmanlike Statesman

A week after Kennedy landed, the enthusiasm of the British reached a new high. On March 6th, the first Sunday, he went to Stokes Poges for a round of golf. The second hole was 125 yards long and the American ambassador's iron shot from the tee landed on the green, then dribbled into the cup.

"The newly appointed American ambassador . . . has made a great beginning," cheered the London Daily Express.

The sentiment was echoed by the British public who were convinced anew that the bloke was a bit of all right. The only sour note came from his sons, Joseph P., Jr., and Jack, at Harvard.

"We are dubious about the hole in one," they cabled.

Informality, but by no means lack of dignity, marks Kennedy as American ambassador in London. He has turned fifty but he doesn't look that old because he takes very good care of himself. In addition to playing golf and tennis he rides horseback. Exercise has preserved a trim, hard body despite the fact that he is a big man and weighs about 170 pounds. His sandy hair is receding, but he has more than the average man of fifty. His eyes are blue and affable behind tortoise-shell spectacles.

The ambassador's office is in the chancery of the American Embassy at 1 Grosvenor Square and is distinct from the massive residence at 14 Prince's Gate where the ambassador lives. It is a new building into which the diplomatic as well as the consular offices were recently moved.

Infinite politeness attends the reception of all visitors who, if their business merits it, are escorted to the second floor by a freckled-faced American office boy with a pleasantly flat Midwestern accent. During the tourist months the room is well filled. People come in with all kinds of requests. They want to locate a Mr. Jordan of Peoria who, they have heard, is somewhere in London. They want tickets for Ascot and for the sessions of Parliament. Often they want Joe Kennedy to take steps, in person, to find their lost baggage. However foolish the pleas, an underling does what he can. After all, the chancery is American soil, a God's country oasis in the desert of British eccentricity.

The visitors who see the ambassador —a small fraction of the total—usually find him dressed in striped trousers and a short black sack coat which is his compromise with the more formal morning coat. With it he wears a white shirt, stiff collar and necktie of some dark shade. The ambassador's private office is impressive without being grandiose. The décor is American colonial with white woodwork against a light blue figured wallpaper. Blue velvet curtains are at the windows. Kennedy sits behind a moderately large mahogany desk from which he arises with alacrity when a caller is shown in. British journalists, although accustomed to freakish traits in the envoys from the United States, were mildly surprised when he put his feet on his desk during the first press conference.

"You can't expect me to develop into a statesman overnight," he explained.

Kennedy no longer uses tobacco. The habit gripped him fairly late, when he was thirty, and he smoked furiously until two years ago. Then he gave it up. Instead he eats a great deal of candy or soothes his nerves with gum.

"Have a stick?" Kennedy frequently offers.

Nearly everybody else in the chancery smokes, of course, and unbroken packages of standard American brands are sometimes handed, as a substitute for cigars, to visitors. This seems like munificence because American cigarettes sell for thirty-seven cents a package in London. Actually, the cost is but eight cents because the staff buys them without paying tax or duty. Equally delightful is the prerogative of getting American whiskies and other liquors on the same economical basis. But these are not handed around.

Nobody has yet defined the precise duties of an ambassador. He is, of course, the personal representative of his country's ruler, whether that ruler is a monarch or some constitutional officer. Thus Kennedy, in Great Britain, is clothed with the aura of President Roosevelt and is outranked by no other American. Socially Kennedy, as a new man, is well down on the London list—his seniors in the diplomatic corps outrank him.

Generally speaking, the representative of a major power does as much or as little work as he likes or as his capabilities permit. If little, he is more or less covered up by the career men who are on his staff. He can bluff his way by signing the dispatches that they write and can limit himself to social functions. The American diplomat who really works at it, and Kennedy is one of these, finds himself faced by problems of vast importance and great technical complexity. He must do more than merely understand business trends. He must find out what is going on. This is where Ambassador Kennedy has shone. He has no awe whatever of British or other industrialists and financiers.

The dispatches of an envoy who leans too much on his staff are weak for the good reason that the young career men hesitate to make predictions for fear they may be wrong. Only the ambassador, himself, can get to the best sources of information: the Prime Minister, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, or other men of the government. Yet Kennedy, despite the excellence of his contacts and sources, sent fewer dispatches to Washington weekly—up to midsummer at least—than did most of his predecessors. During the turbulent September weeks when war seemed almost certain he was, naturally, frequently in touch with Washington by transatlantic telephone.

Always energetic, the ambassador's daily schedule is distasteful to some of the more elegant young attachés who no longer find time for teas and other social engagements. He has been an early riser for years and he gets up now at 7 o'clock, has breakfast, goes for a horseback ride in the park, has a shower and gets to the chancery at 8:45. His first task is his mail, most of which is relayed to subordinates.

Visitors are seen both morning and afternoon; glad-handing will always be one of the most arduous and boring duties of the diplomat. A typical Kennedy appointment day soon after his arrival began at 11 o'clock with Sir John Wilson Tyler, Honorary Secretary of the Pilgrims, who wanted to discuss the Pilgrims Banquet. At noon Kennedy saw Tarleton Winchester, European manager of the United States Lines. At 12:15 o'clock Rabbi Wise called. At four o'clock in the afternoon the ambassador saw a delegation of British editors; at 4:15 the visitor was the secretary of the American Chamber of Commerce. Every day is much the same. One appointment schedule included interviews with the mayor of Eastham, who invited Kennedy to some local ceremony, a correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, and Arthur Hays Sulzberger, publisher of The New York Times. Unless there is a tea at the Embassy, Kennedy normally remains at the chancery until 6 or 6:30 o'clock. After that he usually must attend some dinner or entertain guests himself.

Almost the only interest of the average American in a new envoy to London is whether he wears breeches and silk stockings at Buckingham Palace. On this, however, feeling runs fever-high and the issue is starkly simple. If he does, he is a sissy and pro-British to boot. The English are accustomed to the debate by now and even join in it themselves. But they remain somewhat puzzled. The Palace, they suggest, is the King's house and a host normally prescribes whether his guests wear white ties, black ties or no ties at all.

Mistaken for a Waiter

The young men of the American embassy, particularly those who have been in England for some years, are frightfully bored with the matter. They wear breeches themselves as a matter of course. They regard the whole argument as ill-bred and awfully American. Kennedy was bored with it, too, long before he reached London. Privately, he would have preferred breeches. He had heard how the American ambassador was frequently mistaken for a waiter and asked to "bring me a salad, my man," during palace functions.

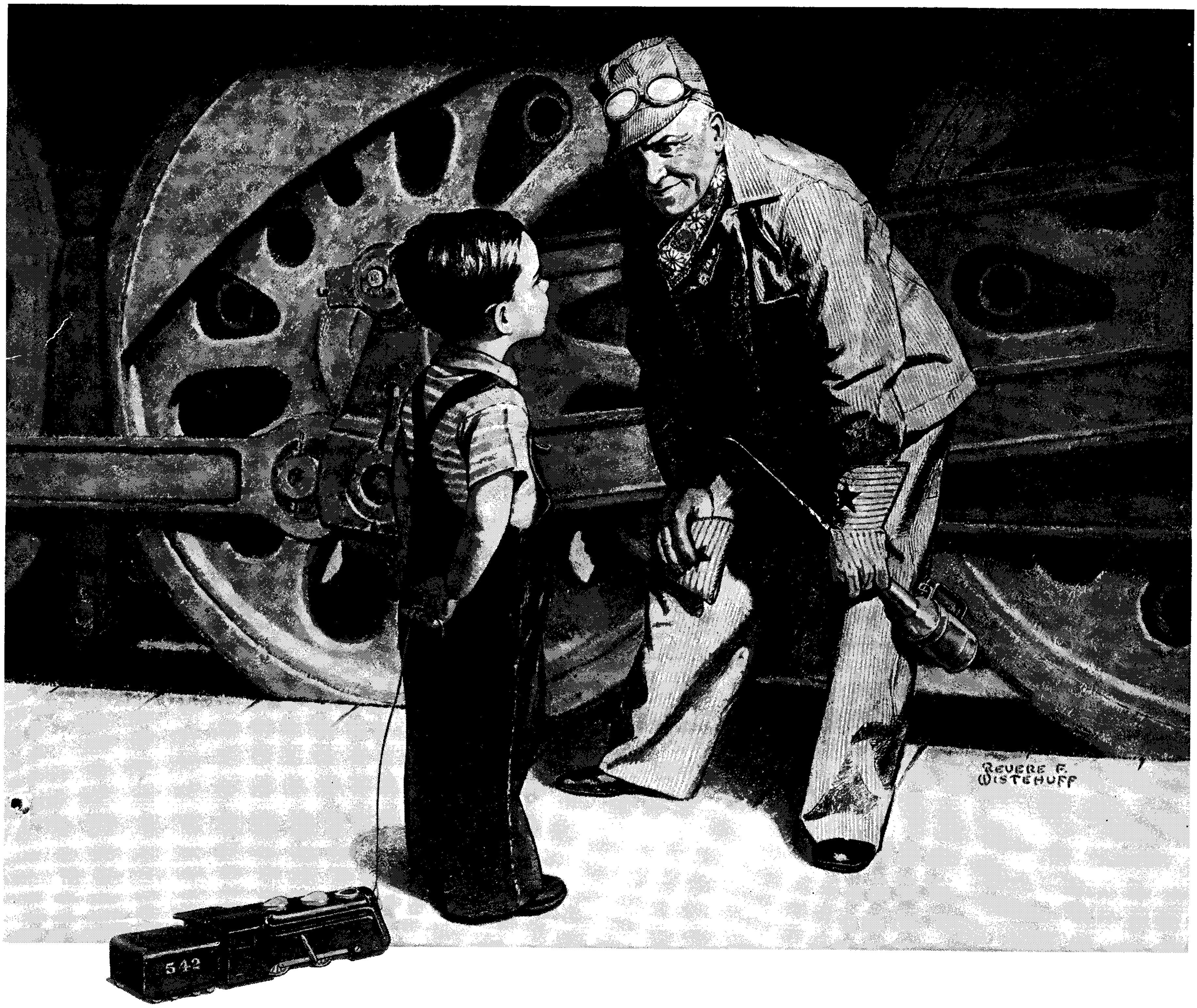
"Don't think it's any fun to go to one of those parties and be the only man in long pants," he confided to a friend.

In the end he gave in to American public opinion. The photographs and cartoons that would have followed an appearance in knee breeches were too fearful to contemplate.

The social side of being American ambassador to Great Britain is impossible to separate from the diplomatic, political or economic aspects of the post. London is really New York, Boston and Washington rolled into one. All phases of British life—whether financial, intellectual or political—are centered there. An adequate envoy must participate in all three and one reason for Kennedy's success thus far is that he has done so.

Until J. P. Morgan took pity on their homeless plight about fifteen years ago, American ambassadors lived as best they could in rented dwellings. Two houses at 13 and 14 Prince's Gate had been owned by the elder Morgan, and his son offered them to the United States as a residence for the American ambassador. They were accepted by act of Congress with an appropriation of $200,000 for their alteration and refurnishing. The two houses were thrown into one, and the structure is big enough for even the Kennedys. There are thirty-six rooms.

The government makes almost no provision for the upkeep of so vast a house, however. The salary and allowances of the London ambassadorial post are more niggardly than those of the other American diplomats because the costs are greater. Only a man of wealth can afford to hold the job. In contrast, the British ambassador in Washington



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GUY W. COX, President

receives $81,250 a year of which only $12,500 is rated as salary and taxable. Kennedy is paid $17,500, but the allowance for maintaining 14 Prince's Gate is less than $10,000 a year. This includes an item of $4,800, which is supposed to pay for entertaining. Obviously it makes up but a fraction of the total. Twenty servants are on duty for the Kennedys constantly and an additional twenty are brought in when there is a dinner or reception.

No government could fairly be expected, of course, to provide for so large a family as the eleven Kennedys. "We are coming over in installments," the new ambassador declared at the Pilgrims dinner. By June all except the two older boys were in London. The others, in chronological order are: Rosemary, 20; Kathleen, 18; Eunice, 17; Patricia, 14; Robert, 13; Jeane, 10; Edward, 6.

Mrs. Kennedy is an extremely busy woman. As the purchasing agent for five girls she has bought as many as 200 dresses a year. She has a card index on which are noted visits to the dentists, oculist consultations and data on childhood diseases. Otherwise it would be quite impossible to remember which of the offspring have had measles, mumps or the chicken pox.

The rags-to-riches theme, despite the excessive riches that Kennedy has accumulated, plays no part in his story. He was born on September 6, 1888, in East Boston into an environment of more than moderate comfort. The Kennedy home may have been touched with mediocrity but it was a happy one.

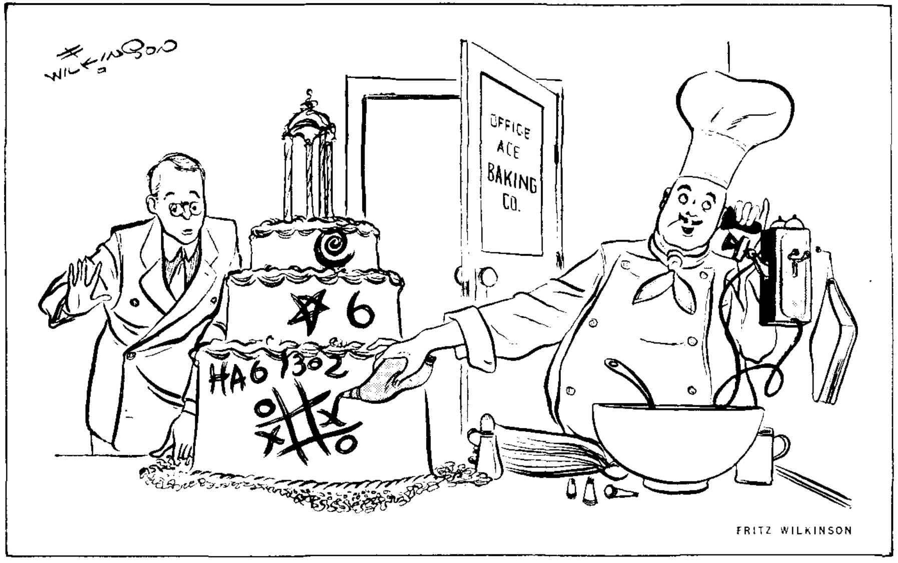
The Portal to Fortune

Politics would have seemed an inevitable career for young Joe Kennedy after graduating from Harvard in 1912. But politics offered meager financial returns. So, at first, did his other jobs. For a year and a half he was a state bank examiner at a mere $125 a month. Then, with startling suddenness, he became president of the board of the Columbia Trust Company, which was more or less a family institution. He got the post by acquiring $45,000 worth of stock with borrowed money. In 1917 he left the bank to become assistant general manager of the Fore River plant of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation and so served for the years of the war. One day he called on Galen Stone of Hayden-Stone Co., investment bankers. What he wanted was to persuade Stone, who was chairman of the Atlantic, Gulf and West Indies line, to have ships built in the Bethlehem yards. He obtained no contract but he got a job as manager of Hayden-Stone's Boston office. This was the portal to fortune. Stocks, bonds, their fluctuations and mysteries were Kennedy's meat.

Cunning, the nervous energy that marks most men who play the market for high stakes and a fairly thorough ruthlessness were the attributes that were to win vast sums for Kennedy. He ran the Boston branch of Hayden-Stone for the five years between 1919 and 1924 and learned the ropes. A man doesn't pile up millions in the street without making enemies who assert loudly that he is a rigger and manipulator. Kennedy never answered them. He piled up millions in the bull market and continued to profit even when the world came to an end in October, 1929.

In 1924 or thereabouts Kennedy became intrigued by the motion-picture industry and still is. But his active participation, now, is majority stock ownership in a relatively small theater chain in New England. Kennedy took part in the mergers and consolidations from which the Radio-Keith-Orpheum Corporation was organized. He had a fling, too, at independent producing and found it, at first, very expensive. This was when Eric von Stroheim had a hypnotic power over Hollywood magnates. They considered him a genius, hired him and then wept as the bills poured in. Each producer had an illusion that he, alone, could handle von Stroheim, and Kennedy, when in Hollywood, shared this dream.

He engaged von Stroheim to direct a preposterous movie called Queen Kelly in which Gloria Swanson was to be starred. It was a little number vaguely about a nun who had escaped and was running a disorderly house in South America or Africa. Something like that; nobody remembers very clearly. Anyway, the Catholic Church would have blacklisted any such film and the Hays office would have been forced to rule against it. Yet von Stroheim went ahead and Kennedy paid the bills. These had mounted to some $750,000 when it became apparent, at last, that Queen Kelly had certain flaws. Kennedy then paid out $100,000 more in a futile salvage job. But Queen Kelly just wouldn't do and was never released. Kennedy made another picture for Miss Swanson, The Trespasser, which was profitable. Then he ceased being a producer.



In London it is widely believed that Ambassador Kennedy is extremely close to President Roosevelt, that he is the President's most trusted adviser. This increases Kennedy's prestige and value as an envoy, but it isn't accurate. Joe Kennedy does not approve of all the phases of the New Deal and says so openly. Roosevelt has had his own misgivings about Joe. As ambassador, for instance, Kennedy has been a shade too ambitious and has talked too much. He gave the impression that he was influential in the Anglo-American trade agreement signed last fall when, in fact, experts of the State Department at Washington were doing most of the work. In November, with Hitler's latest anti-Jewish purge under way, he said a good deal about organizing refugee relief. Inasmuch as Myron C. Taylor had been delegated by President Roosevelt to handle this problem, the dispatches were received with mild surprise at the White House. It was reliably reported, at the time, that Kennedy had been warned not to poach on Taylor's preserves.

Kennedy's real status in the Administration is that of a man of wealth and marked ability who is useful. A major basis for his advocacy of the Roosevelt-Garner ticket in 1932 was a growing conviction that things looked pretty black, economically and socially, for the younger generation. Kennedy, having a large-sized younger generation in his own home, worried about that. He concluded that the trust funds he had established for his children would be worthless unless a measure of security for the existing order was achieved. This was a principal Roosevelt objective.

Another reason motivated Kennedy. He likes very much to be on the winning side and he was confident, prior to the 1932 convention, that Roosevelt would be nominated and then elected. Kennedy gave generously to the preconvention and Democratic campaign funds. The most accurate estimate is that he donated $25,000 outright, made a loan of $50,000 and raised an additional $100,000.

Despite this munificence, Kennedy's seat on the band wagon was far from prominent. He was nowhere near as important as Louis McHenry Howe, Samuel I. Rosenman, Raymond Moley, Rexford G. Tugwell or Adolf A. Berle, Jr. Indeed, Kennedy was never inducted into the Brain Trust at all. Nor did he get any of the things he wanted when at last victory came. And this was due principally to the stubborn hostility of Louis Howe. The President-elect's most faithful satellite and future secretary would have none of Kennedy. He blocked his ambition to be Secretary of the Treasury, an ambition that still holds. He dissuaded Roosevelt from making him Secretary of Commerce.

Kennedy was in the unpleasant position of having backed a winning horse and then being told by the bookie that it didn't pay off. Cheated out of public life, Kennedy returned to stock-market operations. A major one in the summer of 1933 was the Libby-Owens-Ford Glass pool, out of which, with his colleagues, he netted $395,000. The report of the Senate Stock Exchange Investigating Committee condemned this as typical of pools in general.

Meanwhile, Ferdinand Pecora was exposing the misdeeds of bankers, brokers, investment dealers, stock salesmen and the New York Stock Exchange. One result was the law that created the Securities and Exchange Commission. Meanwhile, too, Ray Moley kept demanding justice for Kennedy.

On the theory, perhaps, of setting a stock speculator to catch stock speculators, Moley was pushing Kennedy for chairmanship of the SEC. Louis Howe was ill by this time and the President was not listening to him as much. Kennedy got the job.

That Kennedy did an excellent job is obvious. But it is also obvious that he did not wait for the major engagement of the war against Wall Street—effective reorganization of the Exchange itself—which took place under Chairman William O. Douglas. A trait of Kennedy's is that he likes to start things and grows bored when a certain amount of progress has been made. He resigned from the SEC in September, 1935.

Until March, 1937—save for his open support of a second term for Roosevelt—Kennedy was not greatly in the public eye. He was busy enough, though. He received a fee of $150,000 for drafting a reorganization plan for the Radio Corporation of America. He received $50,000 as a special adviser to Paramount. These were merely part of his activities. He had jumped into the liquor business when repeal came and owned, in whole or in part, Somerset Importers, Ltd., the agency for Haig & Haig and John Dewar whisky. Kennedy got the contracts for these brands soon after repeal, during a trip abroad. Kennedy also obtained, post-repeal, very large permits for the importation of liquor.

Kennedy's connection with the liquor business, no less than his connection with Wall Street, contributed to the suspicion with which Louis Howe and other Brain Trusters regarded him. They prejudiced, at times, the President himself. Yet Kennedy never lacked one very important contact with the White House. The "White House girls," as Marguerite LeHand and Grace Tully, the presidential secretaries, are called, had known Kennedy for years and were deeply fond of him. The Roosevelt children, particularly Jimmy, were equally devoted. Kennedy thereby never wholly lost his standing as *persona grata*.

What is more important is that Joe has the ability to handle a tough job and is ambitious enough, politically and otherwise, to take one on if the rewards are great enough. The President, presumably, is aware of this. In March, 1937, Kennedy took on a honey, the chairmanship of the Maritime Commission. This was created by act of Congress to achieve the impossible—the construction of an American merchant marine in short order. Kennedy has not done it. He knew that he could not. He knew that the act, in the main, was not workable and so, again, he resigned after making a brilliant start and left the details to his successor, Rear Admiral Emory Land. He held the post for less than a year, but during it he accomplished a good deal.

Exiled to London!

Kennedy's period as Maritime Commission chairman added to his reputation as a hard-working, forceful Irishman who feared nobody. He aroused hostility on the part of labor because he attacked the marine unions and suggested training of seamen by the Navy or the Coast Guard. He was just as tough, however, in his attitude toward the shipping companies. In February, 1938, he flew to Seattle where a longshoreman's strike was in progress.

"I don't know where the hell we are going to finish if we keep up the way we are going," he told the workers. "Everybody knows that the shipping business is lousy. The American merchant marine is a mess today—it has either to get new capital or be turned over to government ownership."

This was a forthright Americanism but it simply was not smart, politically. Neither was his rather astonishing speech last fall in which he said that the democracies and dictatorships must work together. Yet there is slight doubt that Joe, despite the political handicap of his religion, cherishes the hope that he may be President.

But there is nothing to indicate that President Roosevelt, who can probably dictate the 1940 Democratic nomination if he chooses, has yet overcome a certain fundamental distrust of Joe Kennedy. The first indication of a change in attitude will be appointment to his Cabinet. The post as ambassador to London may mean, merely, that Roosevelt preferred to have Kennedy out of the way.

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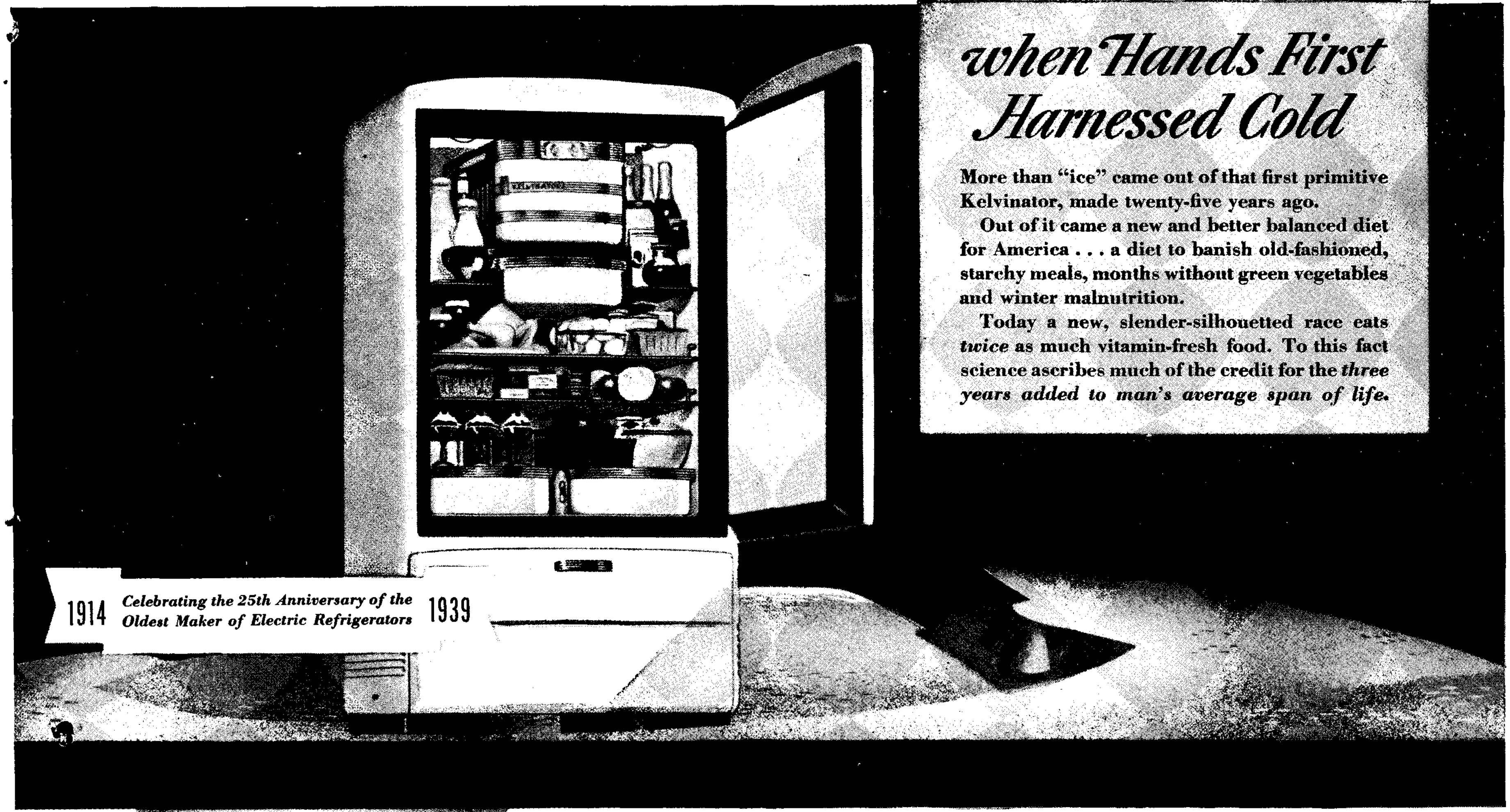

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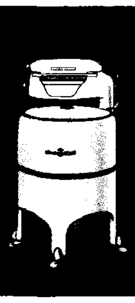

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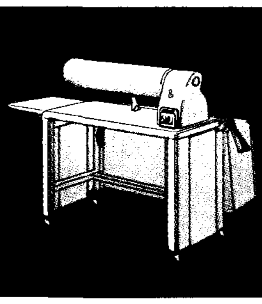

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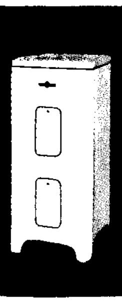

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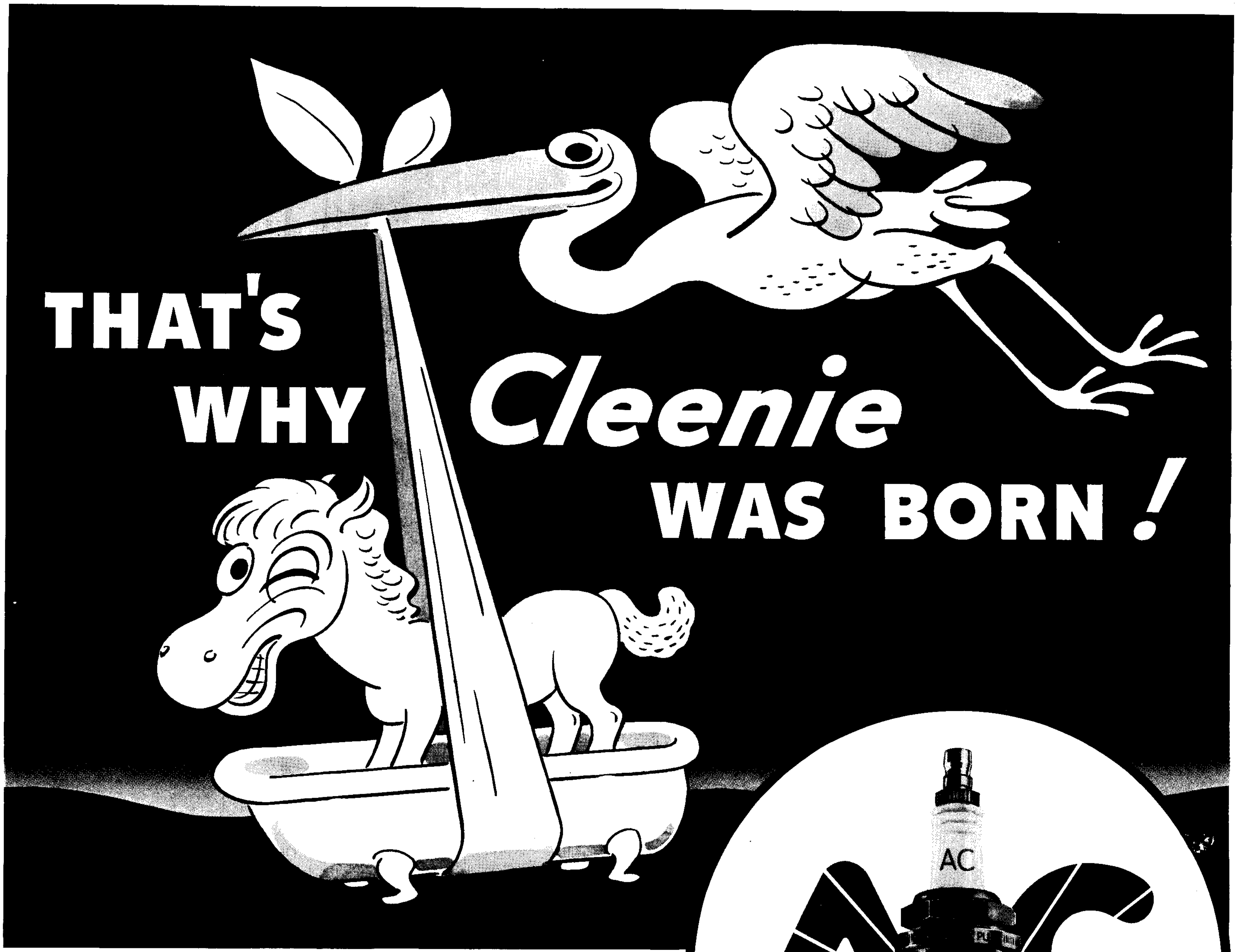
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The Green Angel

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

The Story Thus Far:

PETER BARNETT dies in China. With him, at the time, are his brother, Rodney, and his ten-year-old son, Peter, Junior. A thoroughgoing scoundrel, Rodney gets possession of Peter's fortune by the simple expedient of letting it be known that both father and son have died, and sending little Peter (under the name of Daniel Martin) to a school in Switzerland.

When, years later, Peter tries to establish his identity, Rodney insists that he is an impostor. . . . Under the name of William Boone, Peter becomes a successful artist. He knows that if he can gain possession of a box of toys—with which he had once played and which is secreted in the attic of Rodney Barnett's country house near New York—he can prove that he is Peter Barnett. The toys, he feels sure, *still bear his baby fingerprints.*

Meeting Barnett's stepdaughter, Nancy, he promises to paint her portrait. And a short time later, he becomes a house guest at the country place. Among the other guests is Suzette Aberdeen, who is engaged to Rodney. . . . He finds the toys. Unfortunately, his valet, Harmon (a crook), also finds them—and, after stealing them, offers to sell them to Barnett for fifty thousand dollars. Within a few hours Harmon is shot to death, in the attic. The body, with a pistol beside it, is found by Boone.

Meanwhile, Yvonne, a maid who has been working with Harmon, has hidden the toys. And, quite by chance, *she has seen Barnett shoot Harmon.* She now informs Barnett that she will sell him the toys, and keep silent, for two hundred thousand dollars. Barnett promises to meet her in New York City, and pay her. . . .

Inspector Teeple, who is working on the case, regards Bill Boone as Suspect No. 1. Certain that Barnett—of whose true character she is now fully cognizant—is the killer, Suzette Aberdeen plans to save Boone (with whom she has fallen in love). Moving swiftly, she hides one of Barnett's pistols in his desk; and she tells Boone that, shortly before the murder, she had seen Barnett slip a revolver into his pocket!

Acting on Suzette's suggestion, Boone reports the revolver incident to Teeple. "There must be some reason," he says, "why she wants this confidential." The inspector stares at him. "Just what are you indicating?" he murmurs.

VIII

I'M NOT indicating anything," Bill said. "I'm only telling you what she wanted me to tell you. The rest of it is up to you. Now, here's another point. If Rodney Barnett did walk out of the pistol range with that revolver in his pocket, with, we will assume, no intention of using it—that is, he carried it off without thinking—and a situation arose later in which he found it necessary to kill my valet, he would have been very clever indeed to use that revolver as it was and not wipe it off afterward. And mind you, he had no way of knowing that I was going to pick up that revolver, or that I would even be the one to discover the murder. A gun wiped clean of fingerprints would mean that anybody in this house could have killed Harmon, including Rodney Barnett. But a revolver bearing his fingerprints and the fingerprints of Miss Aberdeen, made innocently and publicly on a revolver that anyone could have secured later—well, doesn't it constitute the nicest possible proof that he did not use that revolver to kill Harmon?"

The inspector was drawing cobwebs again. "Interesting," he said. "Very interesting, Mr. Boone."

"Rodney Barnett had no way of knowing I'd pick up that revolver," Bill resumed. "Therefore he knew the natural assumption of the police would be that whoever killed Harmon had either wrapped the revolver or worn gloves."

Inspector Teeple looked up again. He said decisively, "These theories of yours are very interesting and I must say very plausible. In fact, the only thing the matter with them, Mr. Boone, is that they are all based on the assumption that you are telling the truth about finding Harmon's body and picking up that revolver. And incidentally, Mr. Boone, Nancy Barnett was not with you in the theater."

Bill's hair looked as if he had been rumpling it. His face was pale and his forehead and his upper lip were perspiring. His jaw was white along the muscles. His half-closed eyes gave him a purposeful air.

"She just admitted she wasn't," the inspector added.

Bill smiled. "Well, that's a load off my mind. Now, here's another point, Inspector. Whether or not Miss Aberdeen definitely saw Rodney put that revolver in his pocket before they left the range, doesn't it seem unlikely that another person should have gone in there and picked that one particular revolver out of a caseful?"

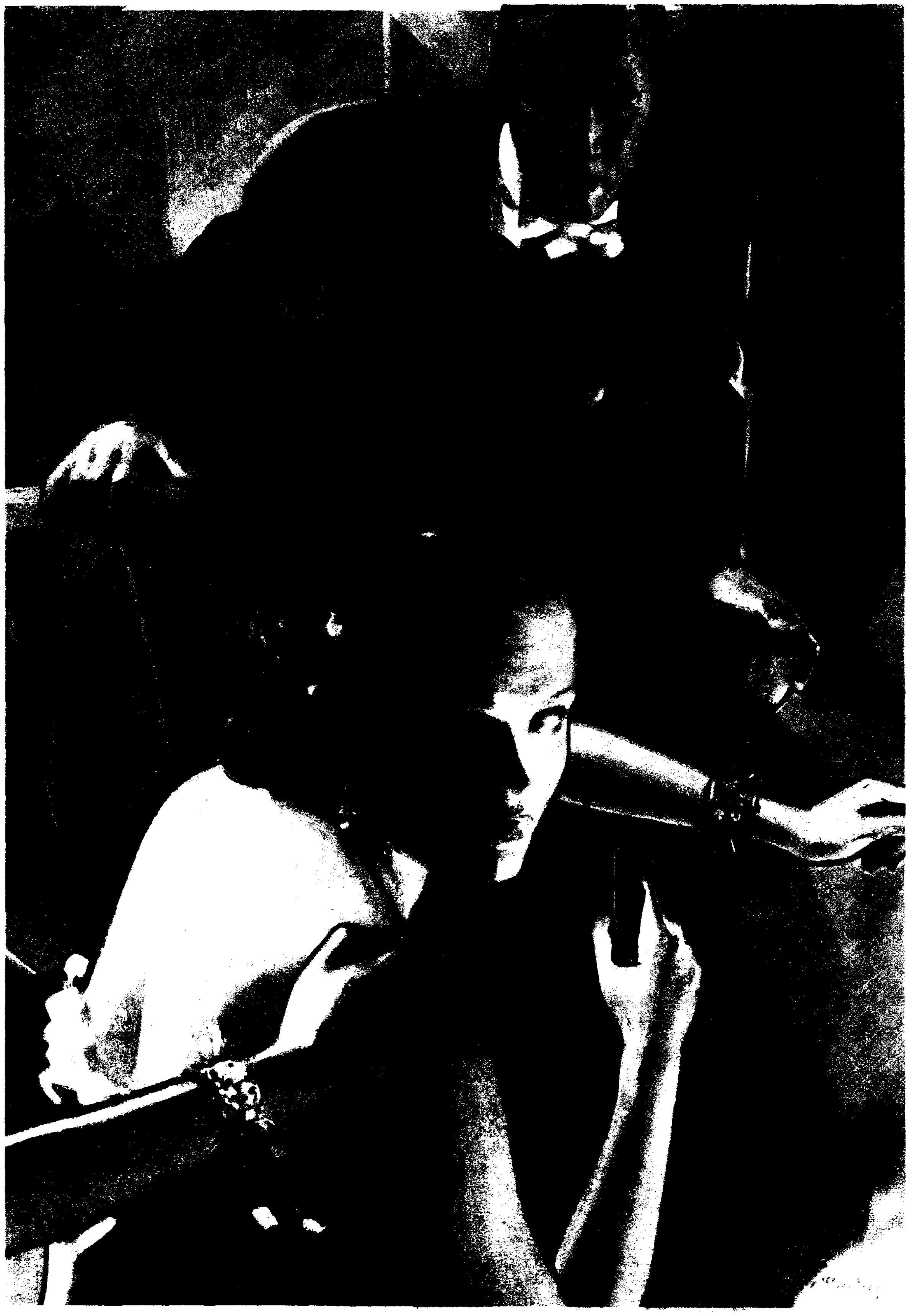
The inspector was shaking his head. "That revolver was loaded, Mr. Boone, when Mr. Barnett put it back in the case. None of the other guns in the case were loaded. A man experienced with firearms would choose the one that was loaded?"

RODNEY paused a moment inside the hall doorway. There was no one in sight. He walked rapidly along the hall to the door of Yvonne's room, walking on his soles, making as little sound as possible.

At the door, he hesitated, making his breathing silent, with his ear close to the panel. He listened but heard no sounds in the room. He tapped discreetly with one fingernail and waited.

There was light at the crack under the door. There was no question that Yvonne was there. When she did not open the door, he tapped again, this time firmly, with his knuckles. He knew that Yvonne had not left the house and that she was not in Suzette's room, and he assumed that she was here. Her failure to answer his knock did not mean that she was not here. It was reasonable to assume that she was in this room, locked in, and it was easy to understand her reluctance to answer.

(*Continued on page* 80)



She did not hear the soft rush of feet. Not until a hand reached across her shoulder, pushed her aside

Young Lord Byron

Continued from page 22

shot at the tough, murderous, virile Negro boy who is as close to a perfect fighting machine as this world ever saw. And if Nova beats Louis, he will be, in the language of Hollywood, "terrific, gigantic, colossal," but the irony of it is that Hollywood didn't know who he was and cared less until he beat Tommy Farr, the Tonypandy miner—even though Nova was born in Hollywood!

Because he was born in "swamiland," where the great phonies reign, Nova carries with him in his personality, actions and conduct all of the things that Hollywood loves. Picture a guy like Nova on Hollywood Boulevard—a guy six feet three, weighing around two hundred pounds, with blond curly hair, blue eyes and finely chiseled features that make him the best-looking fighter since James J. Corbett.

Business, First and Last

There is something about Nova—his virility and dynamic presence, I guess—that sends the dolls back on their heels with their mouths open. And the promoters are smart enough to realize that the guy has tremendous sex appeal because even now the sob sisters are talking about his "personality and male beauty" and the news-picture service men are breaking their necks to get a shot of him locked in the arms of some doll on a dance floor. Don't get me wrong. Nova knows the stuff is phony and knows that the primrose path is only for suckers—but the guy is a businessman, first, last and always. Never forget that when you think of Lou Nova.

In a very unusual way, Max Baer, the playboy of the Western fight world and former heavyweight champion, is responsible for Nova's being a boxer. Baer is a product of the same rings that developed Nova.

J. Hamilton Lorimer, of Oakland, discovered Baer in an Oakland gymnasium and sensed that the "Livermore Lip"—Baer—because of his clowning dramatics, could be built into a spectacular fight personality. Lorimer managed Baer until shortly after Maxie's ill-fated bout with Frankie Campbell in San Francisco, in which contest Campbell failed to regain consciousness after being knocked out. From the moment that Baer split with Lorimer, his ex-manager vowed that he would find and develop a fighter who would lick Baer. At the time, Lorimer little dreamed that Maxie would be the next heavyweight champion of the world.

Harold Broom, one of Lorimer's lieutenants and now Nova's trainer, found Lou in an Oakland gymnasium. Immediately, he summoned Lorimer to look at the "new prospect." With that strange cunning that only gymnasium sharpshooters seem to possess, Lorimer and Broom, with their hearts in their mouths, looked at Nova—and picked him as a fighter mainly on his great physique. Lou was eighteen years of age at the time, a student at Alameda High School, where he was playing football and basketball, and throwing the discus and javelin. His records in the discus and javelin still stand in preparatory-school circles.

While Nova was still in high school, Lorimer found a job for him on the San Francisco Bay Bridge, which the engineers were throwing in miracle fashion across the sweep of San Francisco Bay. The bridge was no place for a gutless wonder. It was distinctly a man's job, up there in the towering piers, setting steel in place and handling the cable and ducking red-hot rivets. But Nova liked it and he liked the howl of the wind through the cable rigging and he liked the softhearted, hard-boiled guys who were running steel across the bay.

But the tip-off on Nova's character is this: Every day, after working on the bridge, he would haunt the gymnasium. Sure, he was dog-tired but what did that matter? He had work to do in the gymnasium—and he did it. Work in perfecting his left hand, work with the rope, work on the big bag, work on building his stomach muscles. You see, Nova knew where he was going, even at eighteen years of age.

Lorimer was getting higher on Nova as the days passed and he finally decided to test him. So he sent him against Kenneth Lee, a very promising young heavyweight who had a lot of class in his actions and thunder and lightning in both hands. In this gymnasium brawl, Lee put the heat on Nova and Lou turned the heat back on Lee. Nova knocked Lee down, and when Lee got up Nova swarmed all over him and knocked him down again. And he did the job with a certain precision and dispatch that made Lorimer scream with delight.

At the time of this Lee test, Nova had only a few months of training, but the teaching he received took hold. At the outset, Lorimer said, "All you got to do is hold your hands high and keep your feet close together." Nova didn't forget that. He hasn't forgotten it yet and he still fights that way in the classic manner of the old greats. Of course, they were looking for the "killer instinct" in Nova but they didn't find it. What they did find was an instinct for mechanical murder, machine slaughter, if you will. The guy, Nova, hit and hurt people—without apparent passion. They tell me that is the way the great intellectuals work when they're putting physical pressure on people. I wouldn't know, of course.

Now Nova made a decision and started to go intellectual definitely. He enrolled at Sacramento Junior College, with the idea of ultimately attending California or Stanford. At Sacramento, Nova went out for football, and the coaches turned handsprings when they saw him. As a freshman at Sacramento, Nova was just about the best freshman tackle on the Pacific Coast and intercollegiate scouts began to haunt the campus at Sacramento and try to "talk business" with Nova. There is no doubt but that Nova would have become an All-America tackle. He had the weight, speed, hands, courage and mentality.

In the Pre-Adonis Days

The one thing that Nova missed at Sacramento Junior College was boxing. He liked football all right—but he liked boxing better. If he had to train at all, he would rather do it in the gymnasium than on the football field. Consequently, at the end of his first semester at Sacramento Junior College, Nova transferred to the California Agricultural College at Davis. This school, a branch of the University of California, had a pretty good reputation for turning out fighters because most of the kids there were tough farmer boys who didn't mind fighting.

As a collegian at California Agricultural school, Nova wasn't exactly the Adonis he is now. He was broke most of the time, he wasn't a fashion plate, his amusements were few and his mental outlook wasn't exactly big-time. After all, he was operating on the kerosene circuit, and that sort of league doesn't put a fellow's mind on fire with dreams of the future. Of course, there was always that dull dream in Nova's mind that he would be a great fighter and make a barrel of money, but he needed a fuse to touch off the dynamic charge to get him going. The fuse came in the person of Miss Hertha Robbins, daughter of a college professor at the school.

Lou met Hertha—and Hertha met Lou—and the grand Nova dream blazed like a comet. Hertha was Lou's first and only sweetheart, and she put into the boy's soul that certain something that transformed him from an aimless collegian into a man who knew what he wanted—and how to get it. Hertha Robbins lived in the quiet splendor that one always finds in the homes of college professors. The Robbins home exuded culture, happiness, sweetness and contentment. And Nova began to dream of having a home of his own exactly like that. Now, the dream was beginning to crystallize; now the young man was turning his eyes to the stars; now he saw that the only thing that would provide this happiness was money. Only one avenue led to money, as far as he was concerned—and that avenue was the prize ring. And without revealing his plans to anyone, Nova packed his clothes, left college and returned to Lorimer and the gymnasiums of Oakland.

Building a Society Boxer

Now Mr. Lorimer went into action. Being a very shrewd showman, Lorimer saw the necessity of providing the proper background for Nova as he started into the prize ring—a background of drama and glamor. Knowing that Nova was a different type of personality from Dempsey, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries or Baer, Lorimer decided that Nova should become another James J. Corbett—a clever boxer, a club boxer, a society man, a distinguished figure who could move in all circles in the city. And the place where Nova would get this background was the Olympic Club, where Corbett, too, had started and which is known around the world as the birthplace of champions in all sports and the oldest athletic club in the world. Furthermore, Nova was again showing a contempt for the gymnasiums frequented by the regular fighters. He wanted something classier. He got it at the Olympic Club.

The boxing instructor at the Olympic Club was, and is, Spider Roche, who was a very clever lightweight in the days of Benny Leonard. Roche has as his pet protégé Freddy Apostoli, San Francisco's great middleweight, and, as he frankly admits, Roche took no stock in Nova's future as a fighter. "I didn't think much of Nova as a fighter," he says. "But he was so conscientious, attentive and determined that he commanded more of my time than Apostoli or any other fighter in my class. Nova had no natural ability. He couldn't box. His punch, seemingly, wasn't heavier than that of a middleweight. But he remembered what I told him and practiced what I preached. I told him to forget that he had a right hand and to tie it behind his back just as Kearns did with Dempsey twenty years ago. Nova, miraculously, it seemed to me, got over the awkward stage, improved his boxing and worked, mainly, on a left jab. For hours, like an automaton, he stood

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BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

Just my luck.

Not two words did he say till I'm poking into my purse, after dessert. "Can that be a package of Beeman's?" he asks. And the whole dinner party looked so wistful I had to pass it around.

"That makes it a *real* party!" says he, thawing out. "I've been hankering for the fresh tang of that Beeman's flavor! Peppy as your sparkling eyes, my dear — refreshing as your smile! Folks, a toast to Miss Merriwell, the pearl of dinner partners!"

BEEMAN'S AIDS DIGESTION

before the big bag working on that jab and today, in my opinion, his left jab ranks with Gene Tunney's straight left, which is the greatest praise I can pay to the punch that Nova developed in himself."

On March 1, 1934, in San Francisco, Nova made his debut in the amateur ranks. The date is significant, because Max Baer, whom Lorimer was still grooming Nova to fight, was getting ready to fight Primo Carnera for the world's heavyweight title.

In his first amateur fight, Nova was knocked out by Babe McCurdy in the second round. Undismayed by this very inauspicious start, Nova was back in the gymnasium the next afternoon alone, working out, his chin still set and wondering in his heart just what kind of fighter he was to become.

Two months later, Nova won the amateur heavyweight championship of California. But that success was followed by another setback, as he was beaten by Gerard LeClerq in the finals of the Golden Gloves.

It was in March, 1935, that Nova got on the main highway of success, and since that day he has had very few detours in his drive to be champion. He won two fights to gain a place on the Pacific Association Team for the National Tournament and one of his victims was Babe McCurdy, who had stopped him in his first bout. He scored a technical knockout in the third round. Competing in the National Tournament in May, 1935, Nova won three bouts and the National Amateur heavyweight championship.

No Fight—No Food

On his first trip east to the National Tournament, Nova wore sweat shirts and old trousers, shadow-boxed up and down the aisles of the coaches and scared the other passengers and did his road work on the station platforms whenever the train stopped.

"Lots of people don't think that I can fight," said Nova, at that time, "but I'll come back with the national title."

Once more the paths of Baer, Lorimer and Nova crossed. While Nova was making plans to go to Paris as a member of the American team for the World Internationals, Baer was in training to fight Primo Carnera.

It was on the Atlantic where Nova's teammates got their first insight into his dreams of being a social lion. He ate with the boxers, but that was all. He was adopted by B deck passengers and hobnobbed with them all the way to Marseille. With his blond and wavy hair plus his personality and smile, he became a tremendous magnet to the fair sex, who saw in him everything they dreamed the great fighter and great gentleman should be.

As an amateur, Nova had won the national and international championships in twelve out of fourteen bouts. He advised Lorimer he was ready to turn professional after returning from Paris.

The grass was short for Lorimer and Broom, who still had a joint contract on Nova, and it was shorter for Nova.

And the grass was still shorter in the boxing game in and around San Francisco for a green preliminary boy, so Nova decided to get a job. And what a job—driving a truck between San Francisco and Los Angeles hauling oranges! Never the spendthrift, Nova saved $800 while working as a truck driver. But always the generous son, he spent the $800 taking his mother on a trip to Honolulu. When he returned from Honolulu, after his splurge, it was a definite problem of: No fight—no food!

Nova returned to the gymnasium. He had been on the shelf for nearly six months, but the twenty-year-old boy gave no thought to his inactivity when he was asked if he would spar with Buddy Baer, two-hundred-fifty-pound brother of the then heavyweight champion, Max Baer.

Buddy Baer knocked Nova down with a body punch!

Nova got up, rather wobbly. Baer tore into him. Nova tore back. And as they ripped and tore, a punch to the chin staggered Buddy Baer. Before the round ended, handlers of both boys jumped into the ring and separated them.

One of the railbirds at the impromptu Nova-Baer scuffle was Ray Carlin, who had been prominent in boxing as the manager of Frankie Klick, junior lightweight champion.

"How much for Nova?" Carlin asked Lorimer.

"One grand," replied Lorimer.

"Sold," snapped Carlin, "if Nova will fight for me."

The deal was satisfactory to Nova not only because the grass was short for Lorimer and Broom, but also because Carlin promised him a fight in New York immediately. Carlin had a fighter matched in New York and he took Nova along to box in a preliminary and also serve as a sparring partner.

Nova's professional career commanded very little attention until James J. Johnston brought Bob Pastor to San Francisco for a ten-round fight with Nova. It was a close contest and the referee called it a draw. Because Pastor had stayed ten rounds with Joe Louis, promoters in all parts of the United States decided that perhaps another fistic star had arisen over the Golden Gate.

What Comes Next?

Shortly after, Nova suffered the only setback in his professional career. He was outpointed by Maxie Rosenbloom, once the Harlem harlequin, and now the harlequin of Hollywood, in Los Angeles.

From Scandinavia had come Gunnar Barlund. They said he was rough and tough. Most of the heavyweights ducked him. Not Nova. He took a match with Barlund and he took Barlund, stopping him in seven rounds.

Tommy Farr next. In his American debut, Farr had provided Joe Louis with a tough fight. He also had fought Max Baer and James J. Braddock on fairly even terms, though beaten by both.

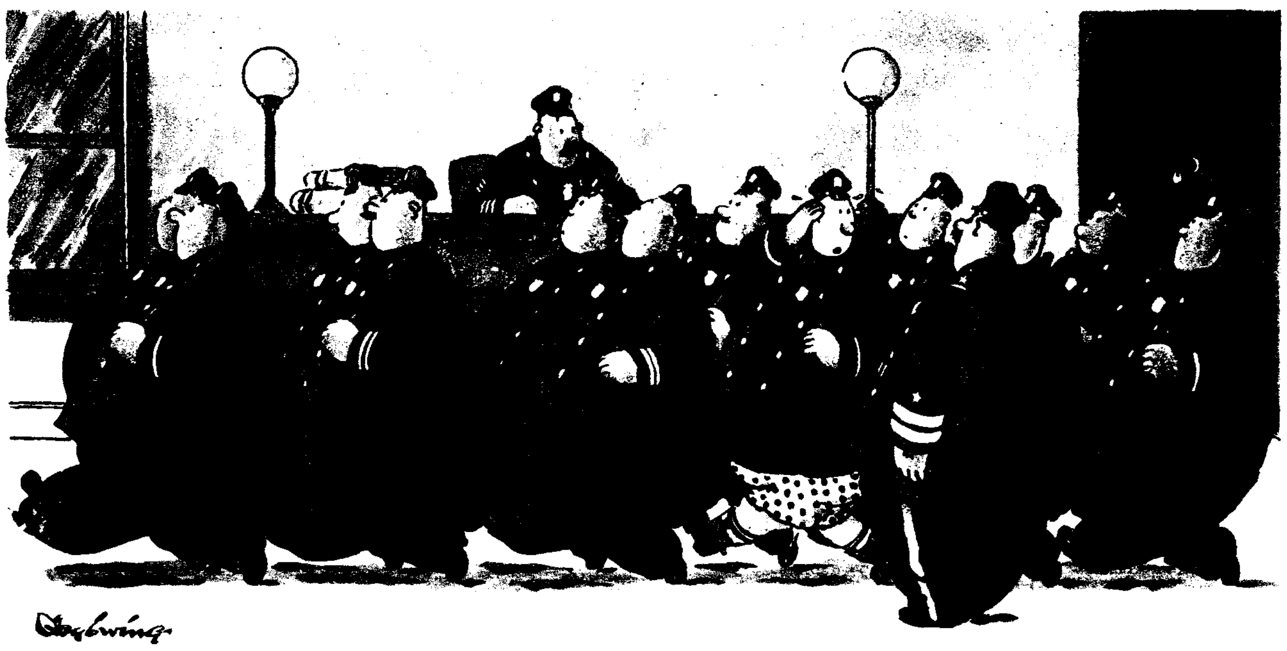
Farr did well, comparatively speaking, to stay the fifteen rounds with Nova.

Next? If next means Louis, Nova is positive the championship will change hands. His confidence, reminiscent of Gene Tunney's before the retired champion dethroned Jack Dempsey, is matched only by his courage—and Nova's courage is such that whenever he was knocked down he always arose and knocked the other fellow down.

Gene Tunney's goal is Nova's goal, meaning that the prize ring and the heavyweight championship are merely a means to an end. The end was wealth and security and social prestige to Tunney. Nova is striving for the same goal.

Nova, again like Tunney, knows the value of money. An illustration: Whereas Max Baer's first automobile cost $6,000, Nova's first automobile cost $60.

Where does he go from here? He is in the footsteps of the mighty. From the Golden Gate strode Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Dempsey and Baer. They carried the trade-mark: "Made in San Francisco." The same stamp is on Nova, "The Alameda Adonis."



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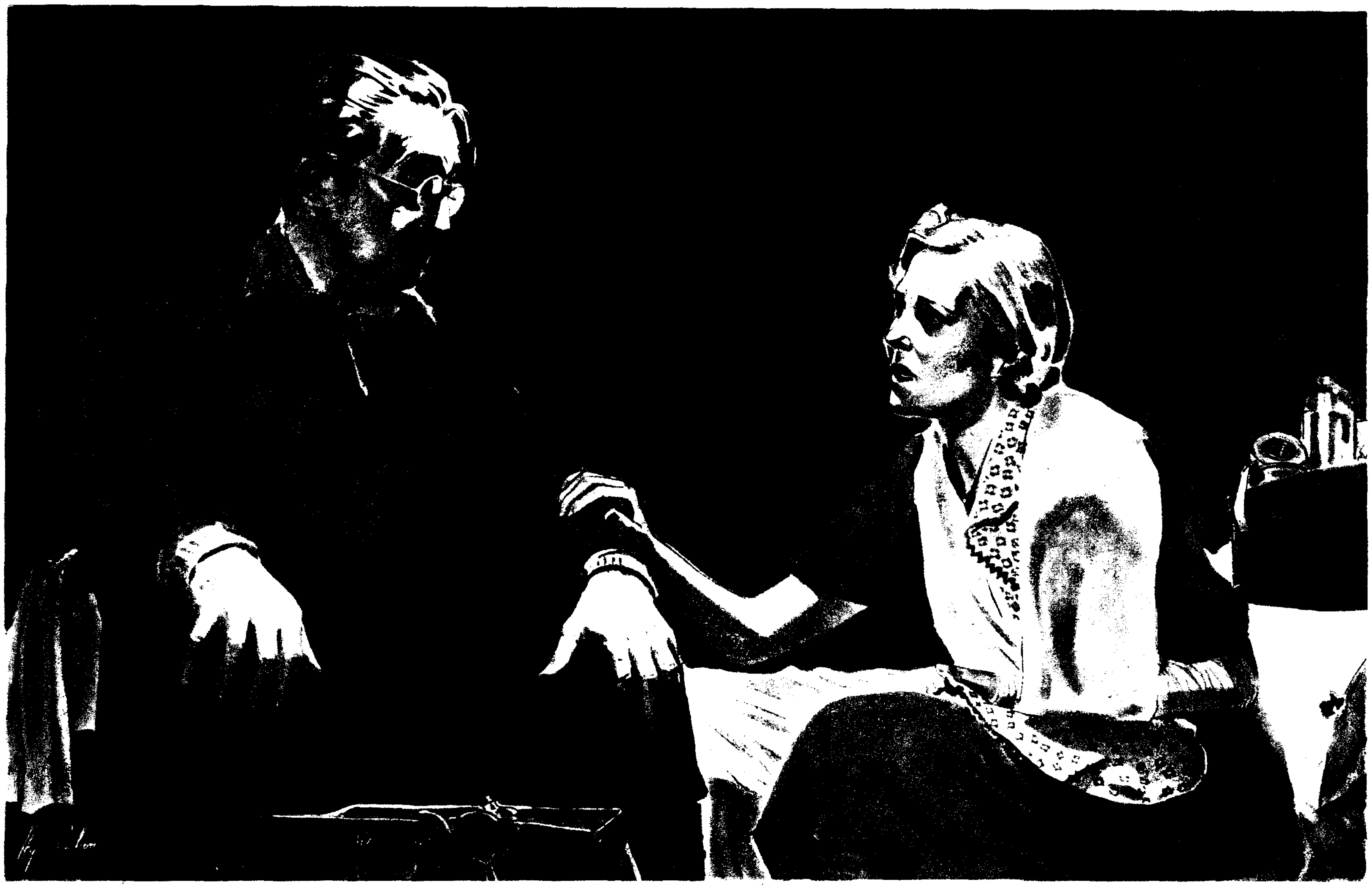
INQUEST

By D. D. Beauchamp

ILLUSTRATED BY HY RUBIN

Sometimes justice is served best by being overlooked



She sat there staring at the doctor out of her furious dark eyes, saying, "I did it. I did it"

THE snow had come heavily for three days, until it lay, when the cold came, knee-deep to a tall man, on the level. It had made travel almost impossible in the hill country.

Doctor Lance Halwell nursed his car through the few already broken tracks, and slammed it at new drifts that loomed up in the white fan of the headlights. Ahead of him the straggling buildings of Benito sat, somnolent and secretive in the storm, but from the windows of Friend's General Store yellow light fell on the snow in the road.

The sight of it heartened the Doctor. It was his first year in the mountains and he was unused to the extreme hardships of a bad winter in the country. Visualizing the comfort of a glowing stove after a cold drive he swung the steering wheel toward the light.

Lee Friend lifted his head at the Doctor's entrance. He was a small, solid man, with a thatch of graying hair, and a kindly face set with mild, inscrutable blue eyes. He nodded, smiling.

"Evenin', Doc."

Doctor Halwell said, "Good evening, Lee."

He halted just inside the door, feeling the warmth of the room and the heavy odors of varied merchandise gather about him. He stood there polishing his spectacles, blinking through the dim light of the interior. Above him was a kerosene lamp suspended by a bracket from the ceiling. He advanced, still polishing his glasses, to stand beaming at the red belly of the stove. When he spoke again his voice was jovial. The heat of the room spread through him with an enormous comfort.

"This weather," he said, "is a distinct detriment to the practice of medicine. I'd like to register a complaint with the proper authorities."

"Comin' from the city the way you do I guess you notice the cold more," Lee Friend said. "Although I'd hate to make a call myself on a night like this. You better shed those clothes, Doc, and draw a chair up to the fire."

"Thank you, Lee."

The Doctor took off his cap and the ponderous coat.

"It's Mrs. Williams," he said. "It's her heart again. I've been out there since six o'clock, although there seems to be no immediate danger. . . . Still, you never can tell."

"She won't die then?"

Doctor Halwell said, "Ah," pursing his lips and exhaling as if from an effort of profound thought. "Probably not. . . . But if she suffered any severe shock I would hate to be responsible for the outcome." He continued to smoke thoughtfully. "You're open later than usual, Lee."

"Working on some accounts."

The telephone on the wall jangled four times. Lee Friend stepped to it and lifted the receiver to his ear.

"Hello."

The answering jumble of sound carried through the room above the faint whispering of the stove.

Lee Friend said, "Yes. . . . Yes. As soon as possible. Three quarters of an hour maybe."

He hung up the receiver and came back to the stove. His face was thoughtful, but his whole being was unhurried, and without emotion.

"This seems to be a bad night for you, Doc. That was Miss Winthrop, out on the valley road. She says Mrs. Zeigler's at her house and has hurt herself in a fall. Will you go?"

"I've never understood," Doctor Halwell said, "why people can't manage to have injuries and sickness exclusively in warm weather. . . . Naturally I'll go."

"She didn't ask for the sheriff," Lee Friend said, "but I think I'll go with you. Mrs. Zeigler got hurt walkin' from her house to Winthrops' to telephone. It seems Jake Zeigler's been shot."

The Doctor's hands stopped moving for a moment, but his voice was matter-of-fact.

"Dead?"

"She didn't say. . . . It's about five miles. We should be able to make it in an hour."

In the Doctor's estimation they established a new high in tough driving. The car lurched and swayed. Sustained conversation was impossible but the Doctor was able to shout a few questions above the roar of the motor.

"What relation is Anse Zeigler to Jake?"

"Stepson. Why?"

"Has there ever been any bad blood between them?"

"There might have been," Lee Friend said. "Why?"

"Just an idea of mine."

They resumed their labored journey in silence.

When they were three and a half miles out of town the shadow of a house loomed up in the darkness. Flat sheets of yellow light fell through the windows. The Doctor stopped the car.

"I prefer," he said, "to treat the women and children first, being chival-

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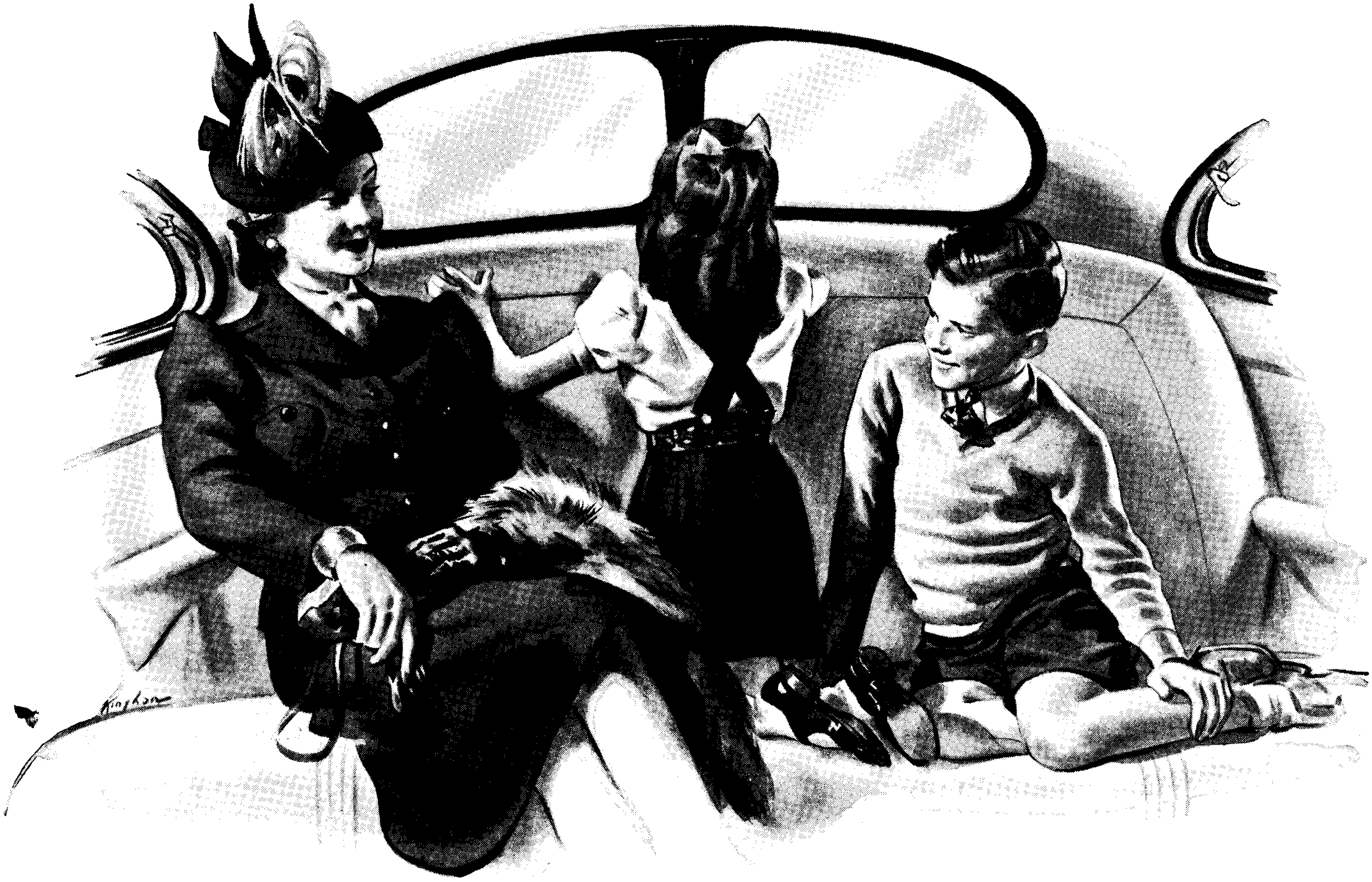

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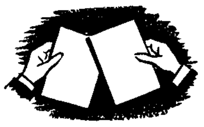

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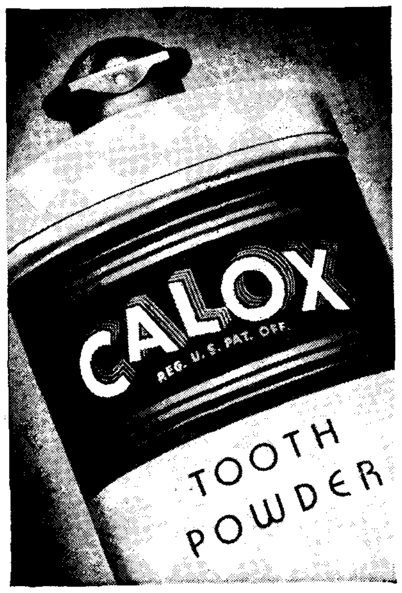

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rous by nature, but we may as well stop here and investigate. Jake might be in a bad way."

Lee Friend was already getting out. "I'll go see. Wait here a minute."

He walked rapidly up the cleared path to the house and was silhouetted for a moment against the light of the open door. Then he disappeared, only to reappear almost immediately. He came down the path, but he wasn't walking fast this time. He opened the front door of the car.

"Jake don't need medical attention," he said. "All he needs is a good burial. I suppose you have to see him, Doc, being coroner."

"Dead?"

"Deader than hell."

"More work," the Doctor said. He sighed and started to struggle out from under the wheel. Lee Friend's voice stopped him.

"I don't know how you work," Lee Friend said, "but if I were a doctor I'd look after the living before I bothered with the dead. You could go on over to the Winthrops. I'll wait for you here."

The Doctor subsided. "It's an ethical problem, Lee. Although I suppose you're right. . . . How far is it?"

"Mile and a half. First house on your right."

"A mile and a half," Doctor Halwell said; "an hour and a half. Sometimes I wonder why I left civilization. . . . Lee?"

"Yes?"

The Doctor's huge shoulders were rested forward on his forearms and the steering wheel as he stared ahead into the night, thinking.

"I'm not acquainted with the demands of my official position, but I'd hate to be accused of an obstruction of justice by withholding relevant information. . . . Do you entertain any theories of homicide?"

"I don't know yet," Lee Friend said. "Hurry it up, will you? It's cold out here."

"In case you're interested, young Anse Zeigler came into the Williamses' while I was there."

"Nothing wrong in that. She's his grandmother."

"Nothing wrong in it," Doctor Halwell said. "He was obviously excited, and he had a black eye. Maybe he ran into a door."

"Yes?" Lee Friend said.

"It was just an idea."

Doctor Halwell put the car in gear and drove away.

LEE FRIEND stood unmoving. Only when the taillight had vanished completely did he move.

"I got an hour," he said, walking toward the house. "Maybe an hour and a half. An hour anyway."

His movements were not undecided, nor were they hurried. He stood for a long time in the doorway of the dining room, gazing at the scene of violence that confronted him, noting the disordered condition of the room. Then he took off his heavy coat and set to work. He straightened the room up first, righting the chairs and table, and gathering up some fruit from the floor.

His next movements were deliberate. He took up the oil lamp that stood on a small table in the corner, and found his way up a flight of narrow stairs. He paused for a moment at the top, undecided. He inspected three rooms before he found the one that had undoubtedly belonged to Jake Zeigler.

He entered the room and placed his lamp on the window sill and began a systematic search. He finally found what he wanted under the pillow on the bed. He drew the gun out and gazed at it for a long moment, regarding the initials carved in the hard rubber of the butt with a somber, contemplative expression. Then he went back downstairs, carrying the gun.

He was oblivious to the cold in the house and the howling of the wind on the outside. As an added and almost unnecessary precaution he went down in the cellar and came up bearing several heavy burlap bags. With these he fashioned a heavy wad of cloth and, using this to cover the muzzle of the pistol, he kicked the kitchen door open and fired once, aimlessly, into the dark. The muffled report died in the wind, and powder and the smell of burned sacking caught in his nostrils. He closed the door, unwrapped the gun and thrust it inside his shirt, feeling his flesh shrink from contact with the cold metal.

He noticed then the chill that pervaded the house. He put the burlap in the kitchen stove, put some wood on top of it, poured kerosene over the wood and lit a match. Acting on an afterthought, he filled an enamel pot with water, added coffee from a can on the shelf, and set it on the stove to boil. Then he sat down in a chair to await the Doctor's return.

IN THE meantime the Doctor had encountered his own difficulties. Miss Winthrop met him at the door. She was a tall, angular woman with a sharp face, and she stared at him over the tops of her spectacles with an undisguised hostility.

"You're the doctor, I reckon. Well, you can go on in."

Doctor Halwell said, "Thank you, madam." He took off his coat and cap and followed Miss Winthrop down the hall.

The patient sat on the bed, propped up against two pillows. She had undoubtedly been very beautiful at some time in her life, but at the moment she was obviously frightened. She sat there staring at the Doctor out of her furious dark eyes, saying, "I did it. I did it."

"Louise," Miss Winthrop said, "you keep your mouth shut. You don't have to tell him nothin'. He's only a d[illegible]tor."

The woman sank back against the pillows and closed her eyes.

"Anse couldn't have done it. He's been at his grandmother's for a week. He couldn't have done it."

"Of course not," the Doctor said.

He selected the things he wanted in his bag. The stains of bruises were livid against the white skin of the woman's body, and her left arm was badly swollen. Doctor Halwell set the arm and put it in splints. He administered a hypodermic to ease the pain and quiet her, but when he left she was still insisting:

"I did it. You tell Lee Friend that. You say I did it, and he'll believe you. And you tell him to leave Anse alone."

Doctor Halwell put on his coat and cap in the hall, and Miss Winthrop, in the door, said, "She was here all afternoon. She went home and saw him layin' on the floor and then she came back. She broke her arm fallin' on the ice on the porch. . . . Did you see the bruises on that poor child's body?"

"Yes."

"That man," Miss Winthrop said. "I'm a law-abidin' and a God-fearin' woman, and I wouldn't call down the wrath of the Lord Almighty on any fellow being, but that man got just what he deserved. Do you hear me?"

"Certainly, madam."

The Doctor retreated down the hall and through the door. He turned once at the gate, looking back, and she stood there, thin and angular against the light, saying: "He deserved anything he got. Do you hear me?"

Doctor Halwell closed the gate carefully, got in his car, and drove away.

Lee Friend heard the sound of the car first, and then the Doctor stood in the doorway with his face ruddy from the cold and his eyes blinking behind his glasses. He sniffed delightedly.

"Coffee!" He crossed the room and sat at the table. "You don't carry whisky with you, do you, Lee?"

Lee Friend poured the coffee into the heavy white cups. "What did you find, Doc?"

"A broken arm," the Doctor said. He sifted sugar into his coffee and stirred it thoughtfully. "Would Mrs. Zeigler have any reason for shooting her husband?"

"I guess," Lee Friend said, "there was plenty of reason for lots of people shootin' him. Providin' of course that he didn't kill himself."

"I hadn't considered that possibility," Doctor Halwell said.

HE MOVED from his chair to pour more coffee in the white cup. He placed a length of wood in the stove, ramming it home with the heel of his hand. Behind him Lee Friend's voice carried a thread of words through the noise of his movements.

"Maybe it ain't necessary to the investigation, but before we go into the room where the body is, I guess it'd be better if you knew the facts the way I know them, you bein' more or less of a stranger here. And while we're sittin' here more or less ex officio, you might say, I can talk. Although," he admitted, "maybe I oughtn't to be prejudiced when I'm acting in an official capacity."

"A case history," the Doctor suggested. He turned back to the table and resumed his chair, blinking his astonished eyes.

"Call it what you like," Lee Friend said. "It goes back seventeen years. Mrs. Zeigler was married before. Maybe that's not important but it helps explain some things. Anyway, she took up with this Zeigler when her son was a year old and she never would come back to her husband, although she suffered pain and humiliation at the hands of the man she had gone with. Pride, I guess, made her stay. Sometimes you can't understand those things. . . . They finally settled here in Benito. Twelve years ago, I guess, that was. I came here shortly after."

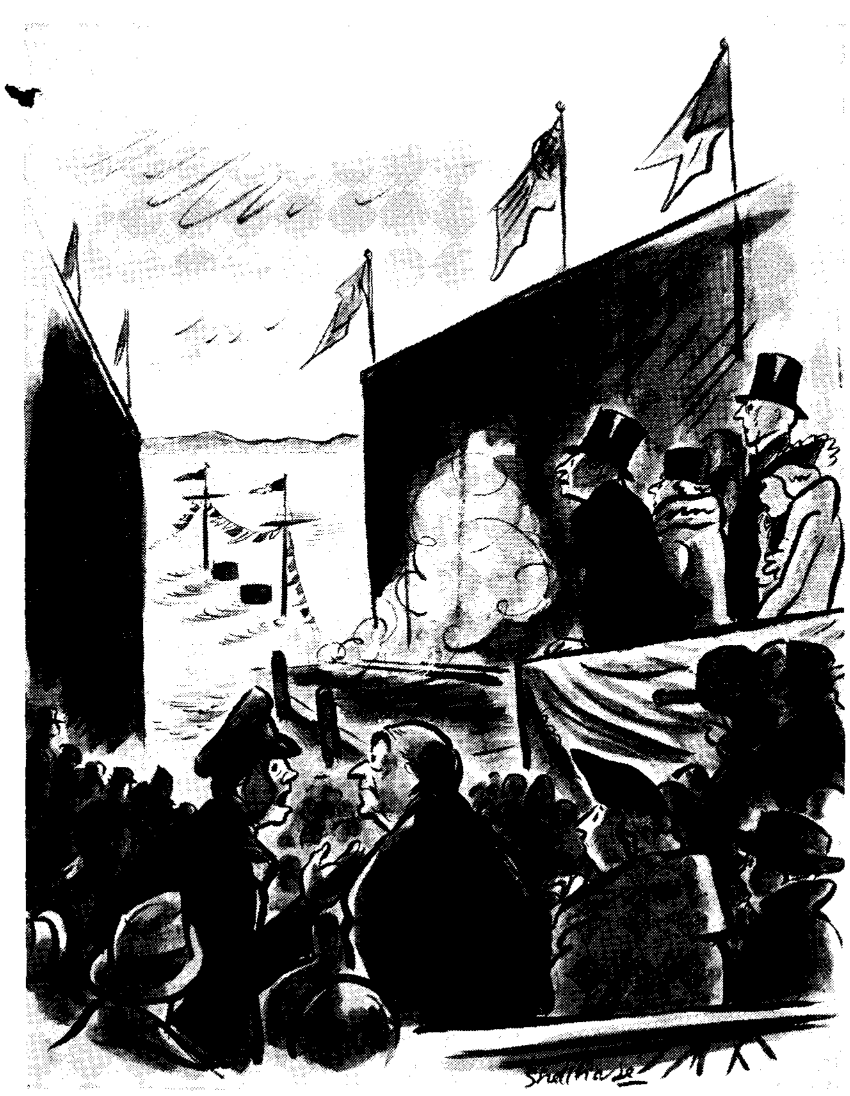
He stopped talking. His eyes were still mild and inscrutable over the edge of the cup as he drank his coffee. Then he began talking again.

"Jacob Zeigler," he said, and his voice was level and quiet, "was sinful as it is given to few men to be sinful, and you can believe me when I say that for twelve years he has subjected that woman to the indignities of having other women in her own house in constant orgies of drunkenness and abomination, and has vented his madness afterward on the mother and the child. . . . It is too damned bad that he wasn't killed before."

"Yes," Doctor Halwell said. He sat in an intent contemplation of the impassive face opposite him. Presently he said, "Lee, are you suggesting that I overlook some evidence and perjure myself in reaching a decision as to how this man died?"

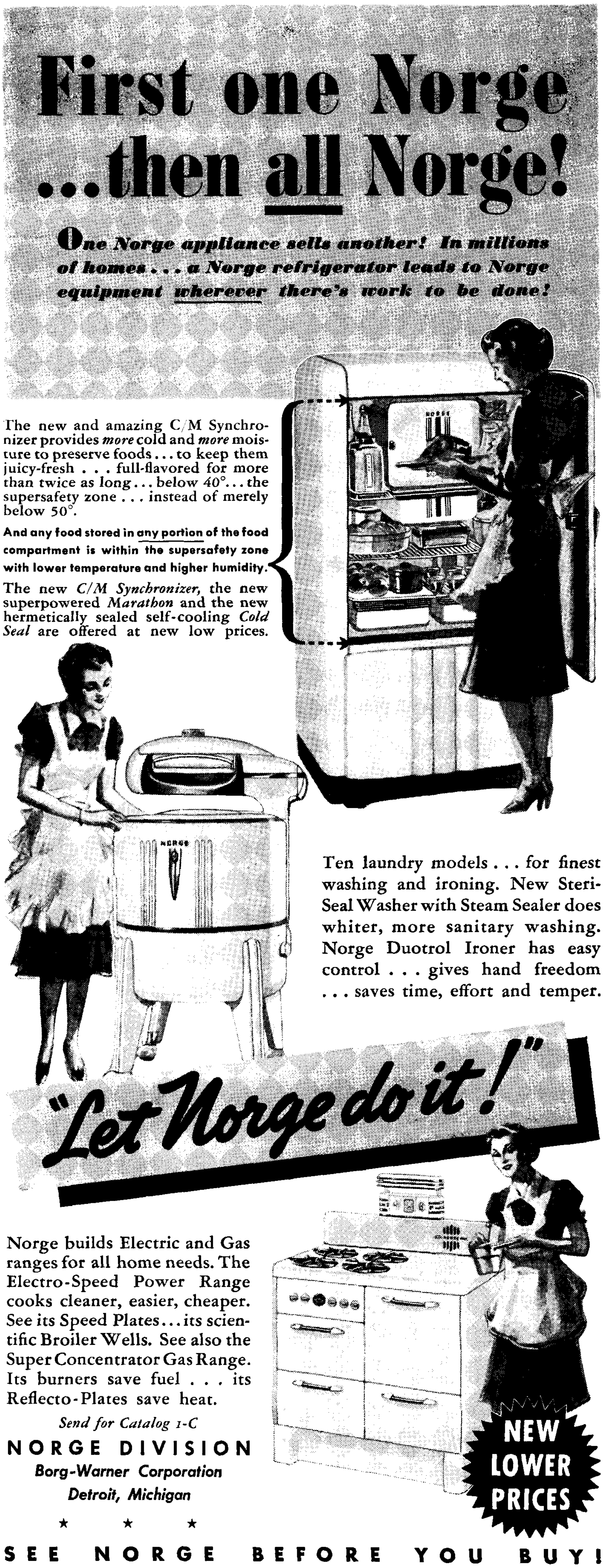
"No," Lee Friend said. "I told you this so you could see why I think the way I do about it." He paused for a moment. "There's other things to be considered. Mrs. Williams for one. You said a shock might kill her. I reckon it'd be a shock if I arrested her daughter and her grandson for murder. But you can call it murder if you want, after you see for yourself. Only now maybe you won't go off half-cocked the way you might if you didn't know."

"I think I understand you, Lee," Doctor Halwell said. The difficulty of the



"By Jove—Merlyn must have used those submarine plans again!"

GEORGE SHELLHASE



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situation had just occurred to him. In a thinly settled community, he perceived, there was more to the administration of the law than its impersonal application. It became complex with emotion. The Doctor got up from his chair. "I suppose we may as well get it over with."

It pleased him to exaggerate his reasoning and observations, enumerating the obvious things that Lee Friend had suggested. He stood in the doorway, blinking behind his spectacles, and saying, "Ah," in a brief and profound expostulation. "Distinctly unpleasant. I prefer poison. . . . I assume of course, Lee, that you haven't moved the body."

"No," Lee Friend said, "I haven't moved the body."

Doctor Halwell said, "Excellent." He made a cursory survey of the room, noting its neatness, and then stood as though deep in thought, talking to himself and checking off points of argument on his fingers as he made them.

"As to the appearance of the room," the Doctor said. "The furniture is apparently in order and the room is neat, showing no signs of conflict, from which we may conclude that death did not come in the midst of violence."

He recorded that observation on one finger, meanwhile allowing his gaze to travel about, letting it come to rest finally on a quart bottle that stood on a shelf. He walked across the room, took it down, smelled of it and then tilted it, drinking deeply. He lowered it and his face assumed a beatific expression.

"Important evidence," the Doctor said. He passed the bottle across the table. "I need a corroborative witness, Lee. Is it whisky?"

"It's whisky," Lee Friend said.

Doctor Halwell said, "I suspected it." He took another drink and put the bottle back on the shelf. "We may assume from this evidence that the man was suffering from acute melancholia induced by habitual drunkenness."

HE RECORDED that in the same grave manner on his hands. Then he stooped for a professionally curious glance at the dead man.

"Shot fired from the front," he said, "and at extremely close range as attested by the burned area of the clothing from the explosion of the powder."

He held down three fingers and stared around the room in bewilderment.

"The weapon," he said. "In the absence of a weapon our theory has no substantiation. There must be a weapon."

"The weapon," Lee Friend said. He shoved his hand inside his shirt, and hesitated for a moment, framing what he had to say in careful words.

"When you haven't any witnesses," he said, "sometimes you have to figure things out the best way you can. I might be wrong, Doc, so understand that I'm not tryin' to misstate the case. What I have to say needn't influence you, so you don't have to feel as though you had to perjure yourself, or feel that I've perjured myself in an official capacity, after you see the evidence that I may produce."

"That's a fine speech, Lee," the Doctor said.

Lee Friend pulled the gun out of his shirt and stood balancing it in his palm.

"The weapon," Lee Friend said. He raised his mild eyes toward the Doctor. "I found this hog leg some distance from the body. This might have been the weapon."

The Doctor said, "Hm-m-m," considering. He took the gun, noticing the initials J. Z. carved in the butt. He pushed the catch on the side and swung the cylinder out.

"One chamber fired," he said. "Large caliber. I'm no expert on ballistics. Yes, this might have been the weapon."

He appeared to ponder that for a moment. Finally he said, "Lee, it comes to me that the coroner has the power to arrest a sheriff if the circumstances seem to merit it. . . . Isn't there some penalty for tampering with evidence and misleading the cause of justice?"

"I was thinking of that," Lee Friend said. His face didn't change in expression.

Doctor Halwell said, "Just so. In that case we're finished here. We can make arrangements for the removal of the body in the morning."

Two hours later they sat in front of Lee Friend's house, crowded and uncomfortable in the small seat of the Doctor's car. They had been there for some time, smoking silently. Doctor Halwell presently said, "Well, Lee?"

The smaller man sat huddled in his coat, turning something over in his mind. He lowered the window and flipped his cigarette out into the darkness before he spoke.

"You can think what you want, Doc," he said. "Only I want you to know that I appreciate your listenin' to the wandering gossip of an older man. And in view of that it seems that I haven't been as fair about it as I might have been. . . . Maybe you can understand why I didn't tell you this before; but I'd prefer that you make up your mind according to your own lights, and according to the facts and circumstances as you see them. I'll abide by what you say, but it seems only fair to tell you that Mrs. Zeigler was once Mrs. Friend, and that young Anse is my son, although he has never used my name. . . . If you think Jake was murdered, Doc, and you're lookin' for motive and opportunity, maybe you shouldn't overlook the fact that I could have rubbed him out myself. . . ."

HE CEASED talking, seemingly oblivious to the Doctor's astonishment, and bestirred himself. He clambered from the car and stood with one foot on the running board. The wind had stopped, the snow lay deep and quiet about him.

"It's gettin' warmer," Lee Friend said. "If you want me for anything I'll be here. Good night, Doc."

"Good night, Lee," Doctor Halwell said.

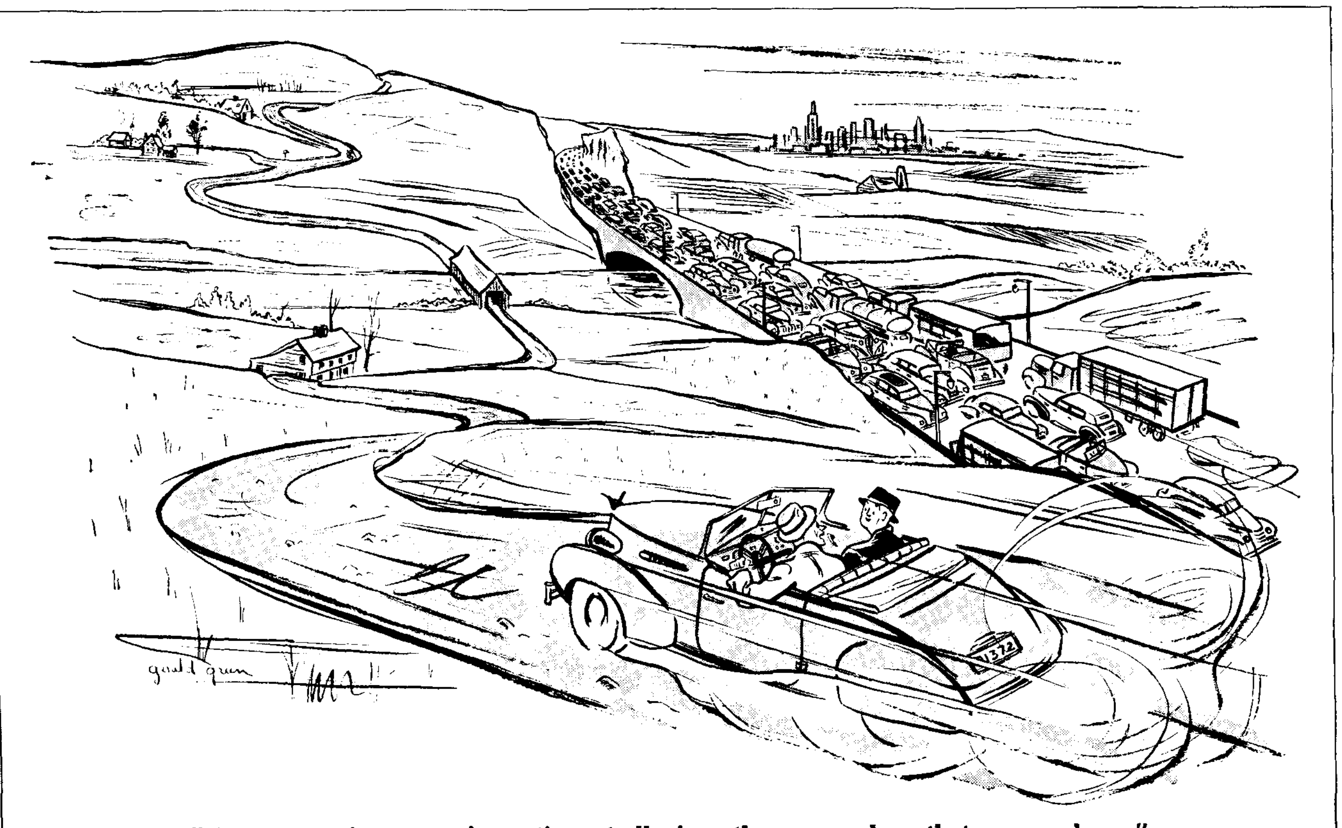
He sat for a long time staring at the man's figure as he moved through the snow—unhurried, patient and stolid. He continued to stare even after Lee Friend had gone into the house. He lighted a cigarette and in the flare of the match astonishment was written largely on his face.

It sort of puts it up to me, the Doctor thought, and there's no way I can back away from it.

It made him feel a little foolish, but he had to grin when he thought about the way Lee Friend had handled it, being perfectly honest, and yet not saying anything.

"The son of a gun," Doctor Halwell said. "The old son of a gun!"

It appears in the records as a summary of the facts, with a technical description of the necessary things, cause and manner, to the best of the medical examiner's knowledge and belief, as: the location and nature of the injury and the consequences thereof, and the mode of its production together with the circumstances, when known . . . Jacob Zeigler . . . by pistol-shot wound of the chest and associated hemorrhage . . . *suicidal* . . . Dec. 22, 1923.



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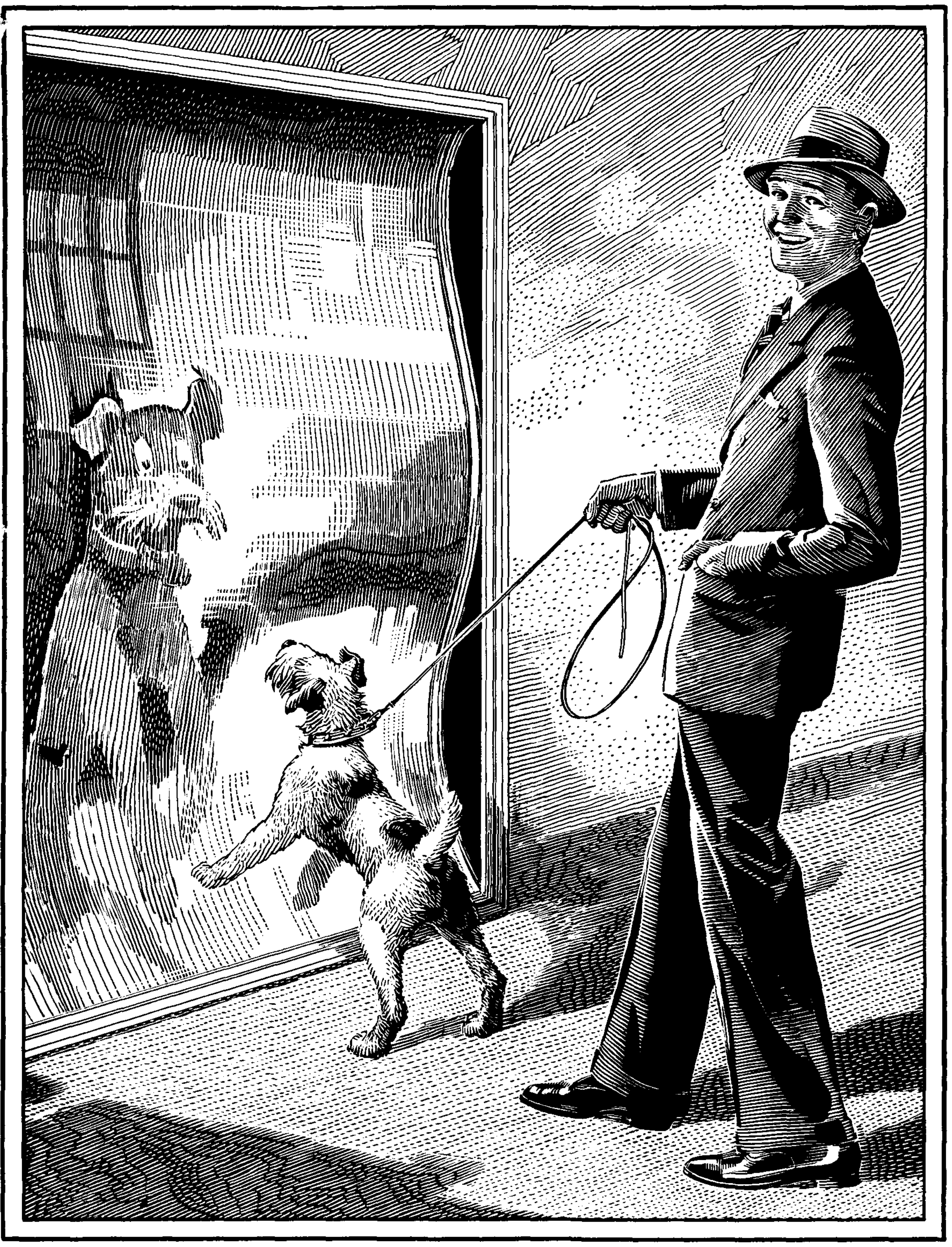

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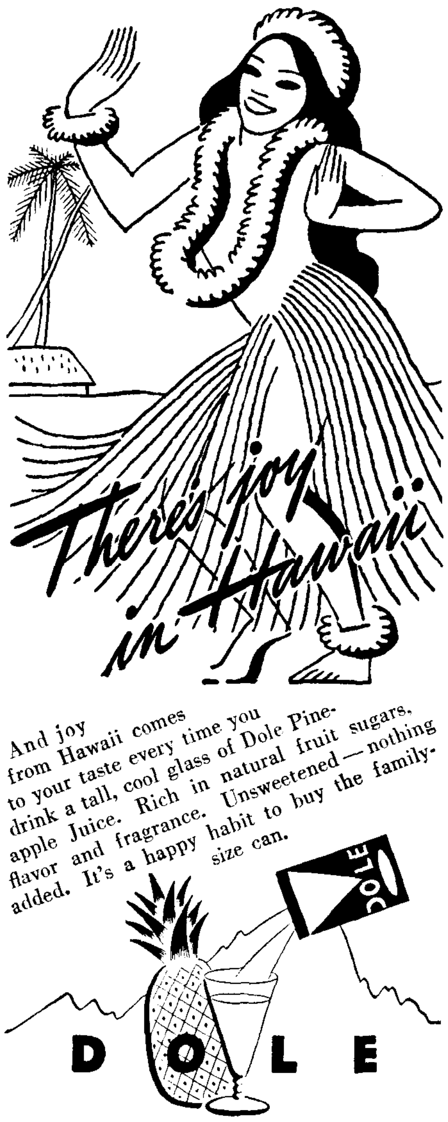

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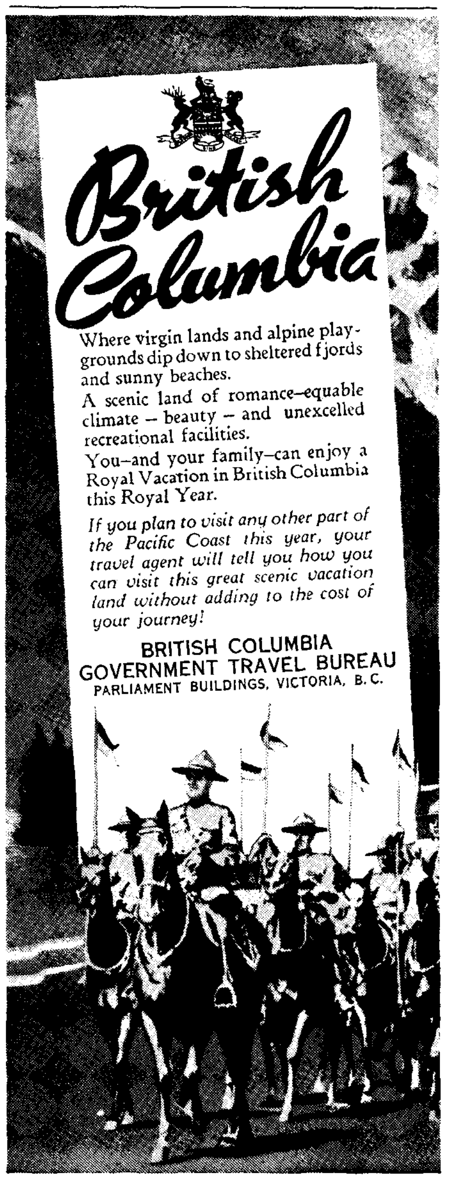

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The Green Angel

Continued from page 71

He said softly, "Yvonne, it's Mr. Barnett." And when she still did not answer, he said, a little more loudly, "I have part of the money for you."

Yvonne did not answer. He pictured her huddled in a corner of the room, too terrified to answer, too terrified to move.

Knowing that she had locked the door, his quick reaching for the doorknob and giving it a twist was purely a reflex action. When the door opened, he was surprised.

Yvonne was sitting on the floor with her back against the side of the bed. Her head had fallen back against the bed, and her curly hair was spread out fanwise above and behind her head.

Rodney quickly stepped inside the room and closed the door.

Blood had stopped flowing from the deep, triangular hole in her left temple. He stared at the hole a moment, then glanced quickly about. An electric iron, lying on the floor near her, had presumably made the wound.

He went to the washstand in the corner, wetted the end of a hand towel under the hot-water faucet and roughly wiped the doorknob on the outside of the door. Then, using the towel, he closed the door and wiped the inside doorknob.

He had gradually become very pale, and the dark, deep lines beside his mouth looked almost black.

The room showed evidences of a brief, furious struggle. Some of the cosmetics had been knocked off the dresser and a chair had been overturned. But what interested him most was a suitcase of imitation black leather on the floor near the electric iron. A section about ten inches square had been cut out of one side of it. Frowning, he bent over it.

There was no question in Rodney's mind what had happened. After Yvonne had talked to him in the music room, she had gone straight to William Boone, just as Harmon had planned to do. She had told Boone she had the toys and she had asked him to make an offer for them. She had believed she could sell them for much more if she could somehow arrange it so that Rodney and Bill Boone would bid against each other. Doubtless, Boone had consented to pay more than two hundred thousand dollars for the toys, then he had come here and killed her and taken the toys.

Rodney's long, lean face was haggard. His eyes darted about the room. If William Boone had secured the toys, he had taken them immediately to Inspector Teeple, and there was nothing that Rodney could do about it.

He looked old and his eyes were bleak. Sweat formed in huge drops on his forehead. Using the towel, he opened the door and let himself out. He tossed the towel into the room. He did not close the door.

THERE was no one but the bartender in the downstairs bar when Bill went in. His long talk with Inspector Teeple had dried out his throat. He was thirsty and his nerves were jumpy.

A woman's voice called, "Mr. Boone! Oh, Mr. Boone!"

Suzette's mother was coming down the stairs. She was smiling and being her most charming self, and he reflected that it was remarkable, her looking so fresh in spite of the lateness of the hour.

Her slightly determined air of charm puzzled him. Certainly, she had had no charm to spare for him when he had met her here before dinner, and throughout dinner she had studiously ignored him.

She said, with a breathless air, "Mr. Boone, I want so much to talk to you about something."

Bill's astonishment continued, but he was really curious. He said amiably, "Well, come along and let's have a drink together."

Still with that breathless, somewhat schoolgirlish air, she protested, "Oh, no, really. I'd love to come along but I never drink. Just an occasional cocktail when I'm forced into it."

"Well," Bill said, "I hope you won't mind if I have a drink. Tonight has been pretty wearing."

"Oh, not at all, Mr. Boone. I'll just sit and watch you."

Bill said to the bartender: "A Scotch-and-soda."

He and Laura Aberdeen went to one of the small tables against the wall. She was still smiling in the friendliest way, and looking at his face with eyes that said that she liked him very much. "It *has* been a terrible night, hasn't it, Mr. Boone? A terrible, *terrible* night."

"I've never," Bill admitted, "known one to equal it."

THE bartender brought his drink. As Bill picked up the glass, Mrs. Aberdeen looked at it wistfully.

She sighed and said, with the air of one surrendering, "You know, it's so very late and I'm so horribly tired, I do believe I'll have just a little something. It might perk me up."

"A little sherry, perhaps?" Bill suggested.

"I wonder if what you're drinking would really hurt me."

"I'm sure it wouldn't," Bill said. "Bartender, bring Mrs. Aberdeen a Scotch-and-soda."

"You better make it a double one," Mrs. Aberdeen said. "I'm really so horribly tired."

"Yes," Bill said, "it has been an exhausting night, hasn't it?"

She said brightly, "Hasn't it, Mr. Boone!" She hesitated and added archly, "Or may I say Mr. Barnett?"

"No," Bill said. "I've worked hard for a good many years to make the name William Boone stand for whatever it does, and I'm not going to change it."

She was nodding eager approval. "Of course, I've heard all about this perfectly dreadful business and I think it's shocking, the way that man has swindled you."

Bill said gently, "Of course, Mrs. Aberdeen, you realize I haven't yet been able to prove it."

Laura Aberdeen laughed softly. "But things like that can't go on. The truth always prevails, Mr. Boone."

The bartender brought her drink. She drank it thirstily. When she had finished it, her eyes were glowing. "My, but that was good! You might bring me another one, bartender."

"I'll have another one, too," Bill said.

When the bartender was gone, she said, "It's been a dreadful shock to me, Mr. Boone. I mean, about Suzette and Rodney. You see, I must admit I highly approved of Rodney Barnett and I was delighted that Suzette was going to marry him. That was, of course, before I realized that he was such a monster."

She bent toward Bill. "And then, tonight, I learned something else."

The bartender brought their drinks. Laura waited until he had gone, then, with her large blue eyes fixed steadily on Bill's, she said: "I learned that somehow he had forced the poor child to agree to marry him."

Bill had started to pick up his drink. He dropped his hand to the table and his eyes, which had not been entirely

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attentive, became intensively attentive. "How?" he said.

"Well, to be perfectly honest, I don't exactly know, Mr. Boone. I do know that ever since she arrived here today, she's been eating her heart out. Until today, I had thought that she was in love with him, and then this afternoon I began to sense that something was wrong. For one thing, she said some very bitter things about Rodney and she seemed terribly interested in you, Mr. Boone."

"Did she?" Bill murmured.

"Oh, at the time it quite upset me, because I didn't realize—" She hesitated.

"Realize what?" Bill said softly.

"Well, that you are who you are and that Rodney is such a thoroughly dreadful person. But it wasn't until tonight that I discovered he was forcing her to do this thing. Nancy accused Suzette of it while they were talking about that—that murder. And Suzette denied it. Suzette was lying. I should certainly know, shouldn't I, when my own daughter is lying?"

BILL nodded gravely. He had the feeling that everything was righting itself. He had been telling himself all along that this affair between Rodney and Suzette was so wrong that it was really an incredible situation. And what Suzette's mother was saying explained so many things that he had accepted but had thought were fantastic or grotesque. It explained why she had given Rodney that alibi, and it also explained why she had come to him in the music room and told him about the pistol.

He said, "Mrs. Aberdeen, have you any idea what it might be?"

She shook her head disconsolately. "I've been simply racking my brain, but I'll tell you frankly what I think, Mr. Boone. I think that something happened in Shanghai when Rodney was there this spring, and I think it had something to do with Suzette's brother, Stanley."

It occurred to Bill that Mrs. Aberdeen was being pretty obvious. Rodney had suddenly become ineligible and as suddenly Bill Boone had become eligible. and she wasn't making any bones about it. In spite of this, he believed that she was telling the truth not only because of the way she was acting, and her expression, but because she had said she had not known anything about this situation until tonight, and that even now she didn't know what hold it was that Rodney had on Suzette. She had not known about it until Nancy had accused Suzette of it and Suzette, denying it, had somehow betrayed the fact that she was lying.

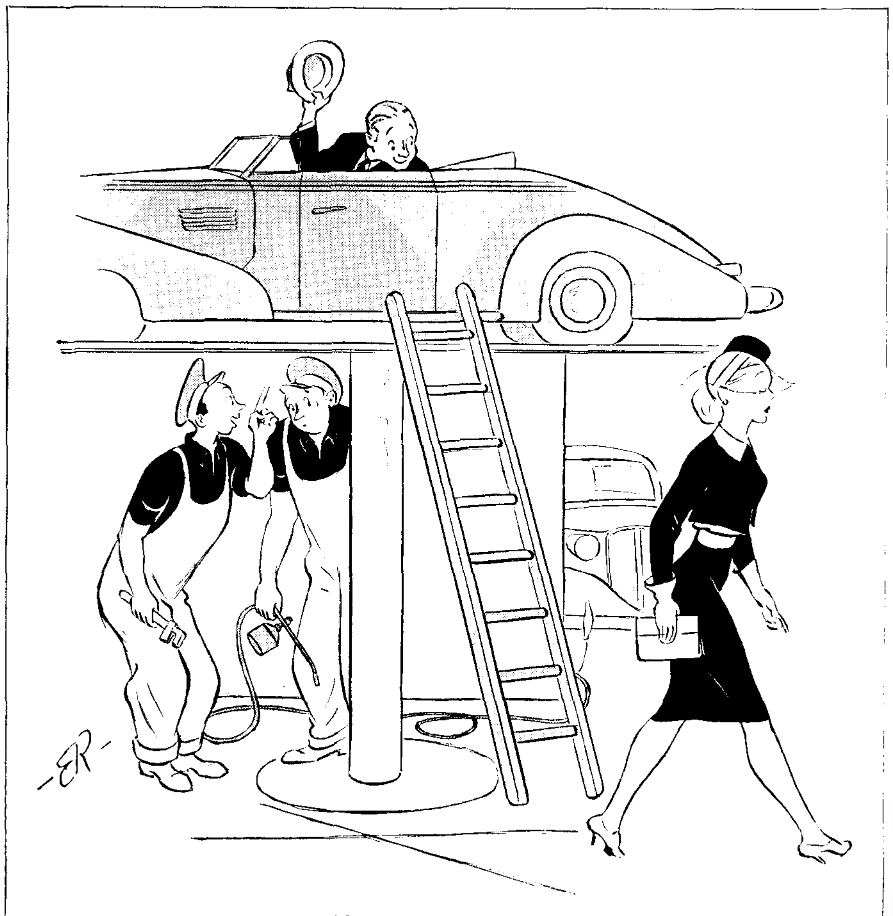
Mrs. Aberdeen, he was sure, was telling the truth about Nancy's accusation, because it was a thing he could easily check by asking Nancy. And if Nancy Barnett thought that Rodney was forcing Suzette to marry him, Nancy was probably right. Nancy had a talent for seeing shrewdly to the truth of things.

"You mean, your son?" Bill said.

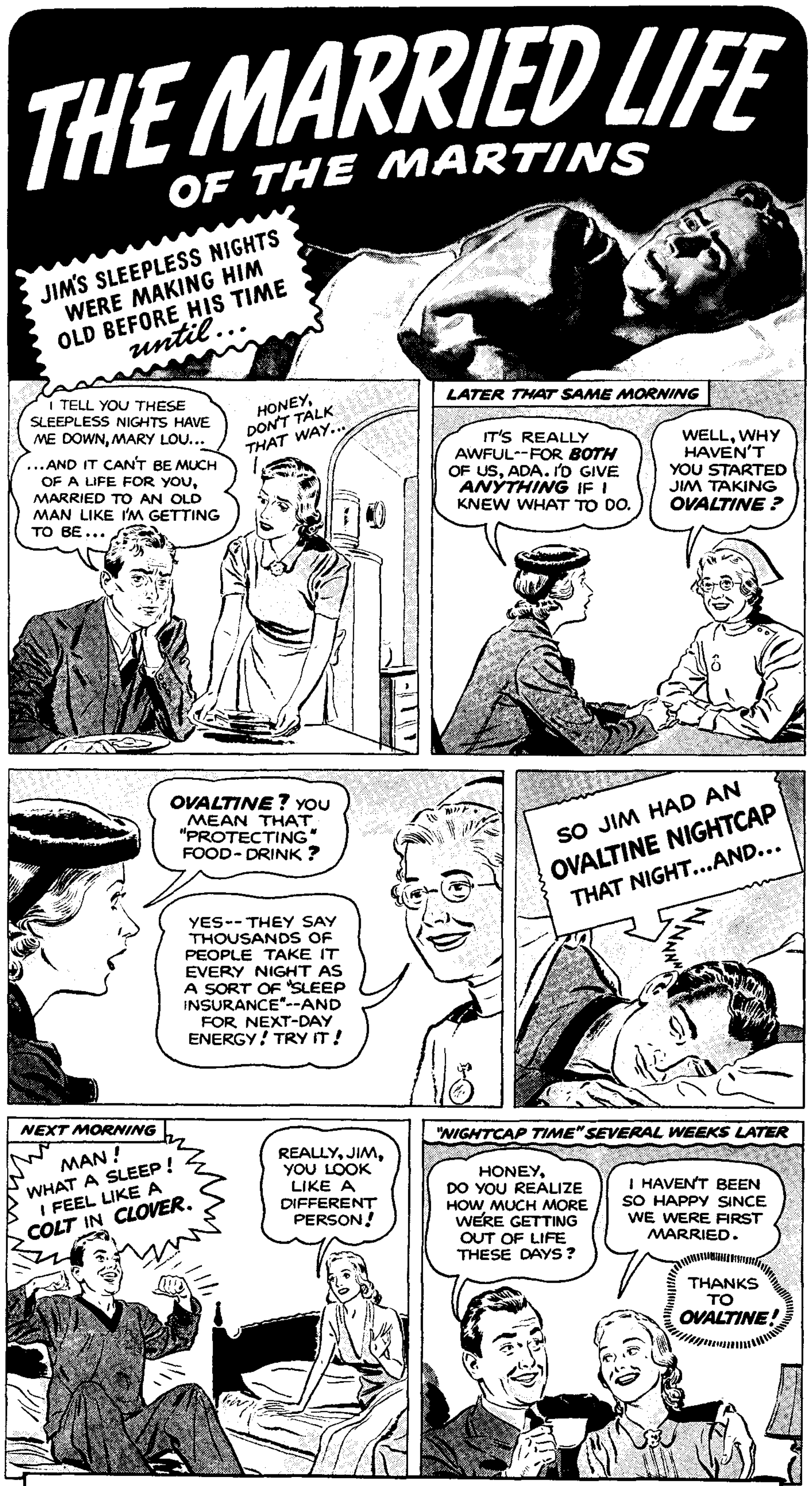
Laura Aberdeen nodded unhappily. "Yes, my son. He has always been a trial. He has always been an illustration of how a child who grows up in the diplomatic service may be led astray. You know, of course, that the American boys who live in Shanghai are a disillusioned lot and that they drink too much and are generally utterly irresponsible. When Stanley went into the consular service, I hoped that the very traditions of the service—it's such a fine, honorable service, you know—would straighten him out. And for a time things went nicely.

"He became a vice-consul and the Consul General to Shanghai said the nicest things about him. I was sure that he was on the right track at last, and it was only a matter of time before he would have a consulate of his own—an unimportant little consulate perhaps, but a consulate. But something happened. I don't know just what.

"Stanley—even if he is my own son, I must say it, Mr. Boone—Stanley has some bad blood, or perhaps I should just say weak blood, from the other side of the family. His father was the black sheep of his family and I'm afraid that Stanley is nothing but a chip off the old block, so to speak. His father was utterly irresponsible. And Stanley, it seems, is utterly irresponsible." She sighed and her blue eyes clouded. "I never could understand why Suzette,



"Optimist, isn't he?"


THE MARRIED LIFE OF THE MARTINS
JIM'S SLEEPLESS NIGHTS WERE MAKING HIM OLD BEFORE HIS TIME until...
I TELL YOU THESE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS HAVE ME DOWN, MARY LOU... ...AND IT CAN'T BE MUCH OF A LIFE FOR YOU, MARRIED TO AN OLD MAN LIKE I'M GETTING TO BE...
HONEY, DON'T TALK THAT WAY... !
LATER THAT SAME MORNING
IT'S REALLY AWFUL--FOR BOTH OF US, ADA. I'D GIVE ANYTHING IF I KNEW WHAT TO DO.
WELL, WHY HAVEN'T YOU STARTED JIM TAKING OVALTINE ?
OVALTINE ? YOU MEAN THAT "PROTECTING" FOOD-DRINK ?
YES--THEY SAY THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE TAKE IT EVERY NIGHT AS A SORT OF "SLEEP INSURANCE"--AND FOR NEXT-DAY ENERGY ! TRY IT !
SO JIM HAD AN OVALTINE NIGHTCAP THAT NIGHT...AND...
NEXT MORNING
MAN ! WHAT A SLEEP ! I FEEL LIKE A COLT IN CLOVER.
REALLY, JIM, YOU LOOK LIKE A DIFFERENT PERSON !
"NIGHTCAP TIME" SEVERAL WEEKS LATER
HONEY, DO YOU REALIZE HOW MUCH MORE WE'RE GETTING OUT OF LIFE THESE DAYS ?
I HAVEN'T BEEN SO HAPPY SINCE WE WERE FIRST MARRIED.
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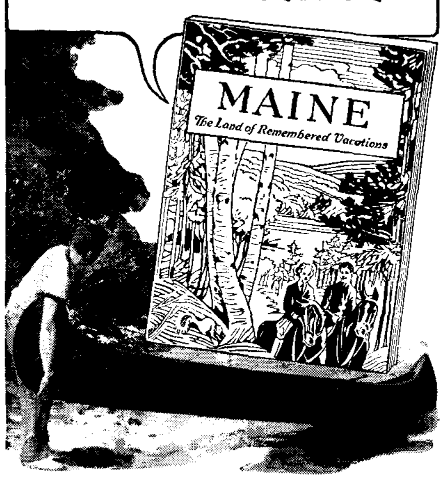
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who is so fine, could be so fond of him."

Bill reflected that if a person like Suzette was fond of a person, there must be some reason for it.

"All I know," Laura went on, "is that Stanley and Rodney spent a great deal of time together in Shanghai and that, shortly after Rodney left, Stanley was demoted and sent to a small upriver port. I know that Rodney and Suzette used to go out dining and dancing, and that after he brought her home, he and Stanley would go out. I wasn't supposed to know about it, and I really didn't until one time a Japanese officer came to the house, and he was terribly rude and told me that my son was going to get into some kind of trouble because he was violating the curfew ordinance or something. Anyway, I'm sure that Stanley did something wrong and that Rodney knows all about it and is holding that over Suzette and using it to force her to marry him tomorrow. But it's today, isn't it?"

Laura swiftly finished the last half of her drink. She had an air of fluttering. "Today!" she said in a wail. "Oh, Mr. Boone, will you do something?"

"I'll try," Bill promised.

"Oh, I do hope you can do something. The very thought of that poor child—" She stopped again and sniffled and Bill saw tears brimming up in her eyes.

"Mrs. Aberdeen, with any luck at all, everything is going to work out all right." Bill smiled and leaned forward and put his hand on hers. He said gravely, "You're a very wonderful woman."

Laura looked at him a moment with surprise, then blushed with pleasure and smiled.

"And I think," Bill said, "we ought to celebrate it with a drink. Bartender!"

When Rodney closed the door, Suzette walked to the middle of the room with the air of a girl walking on tiptoe. She looked about the dreary room, at the large globe-shaped safe, the gray steel desk and chair and the stenographer's table and chair in the corner. Her eyes were large and glowing with excitement.

"So this is where the mastermind hatches its schemes," she said in a marveling voice. "Is it really soundproof?"

Rodney was smiling. His eyes softened and became indulgent.

"You could scream," he said, "at the top of your lungs and no one would hear you."

Suzette walked about the room. She stopped in front of the safe and gazed at it, then went to the desk and sat down in the chair. Rodney watched her with affectionate amusement.

She sat with one elbow on the desk, frowning, in imitation of a stern, preoccupied executive. Rodney laughed and said, "You said you had something to tell me."

"I have," Suzette said. Now that the moment toward which she had been looking with such apprehension for so many hours was at last here, she was not afraid at all. She felt cool and competent.

She opened the drawer, reached behind the pile of pads and took out the little automatic pistol. She pointed it at him.

He took a step toward her, stopped and said, with consternation, "Where in hell did that come from?"

Holding it steadily, Suzette said, "Rodney, stay right where you are. Don't come any closer. I want you to stay just as you are. I want to talk to you."

He smiled. He was a little pale, but his astonishment was going and his eyes were alert and sharp. He said softly, "Why! How highly melodramatic, my dear! Surely you don't have to force me to listen to anything you have to say at the point of a gun. You ought to know," he said reproachfully, "I'd listen to you any time, anywhere."

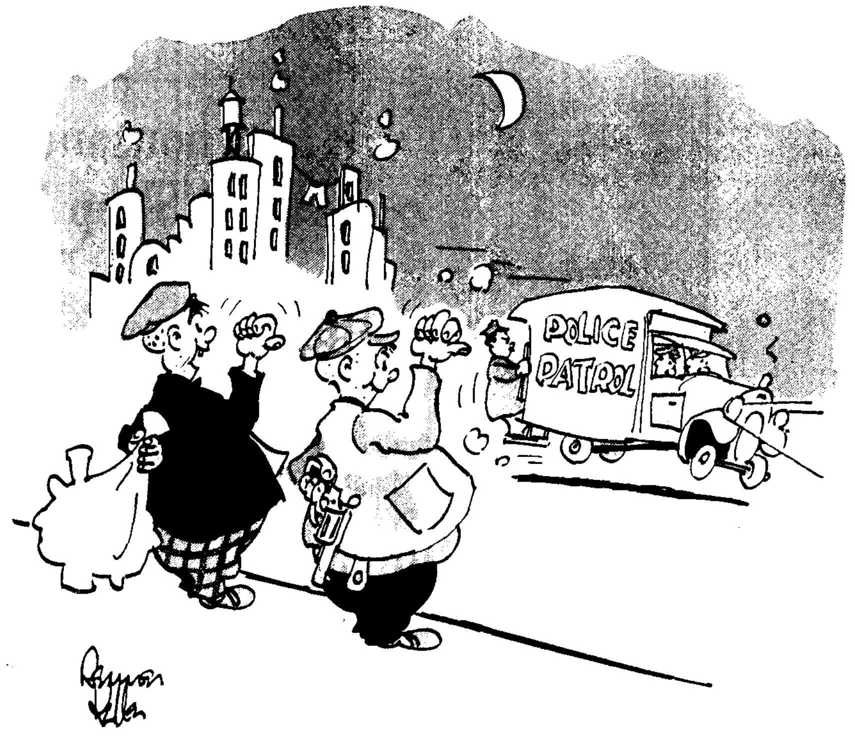
He started toward the desk. The small automatic pistol remained pointed at him. He stopped smiling. He took only the one step. An expression of annoyance appeared momentarily on his face, then he smiled again, whimsically, with one eyebrow a little higher than the other.

Suzette was smiling slightly, too. Now that she was finally launched on this desperate plan, she had a feeling of complete self-possession. She felt strong and fearless.

"But, Rodney, you have no idea what I'm going to say. The awful truth is that you wouldn't listen to me unless I had this gun."

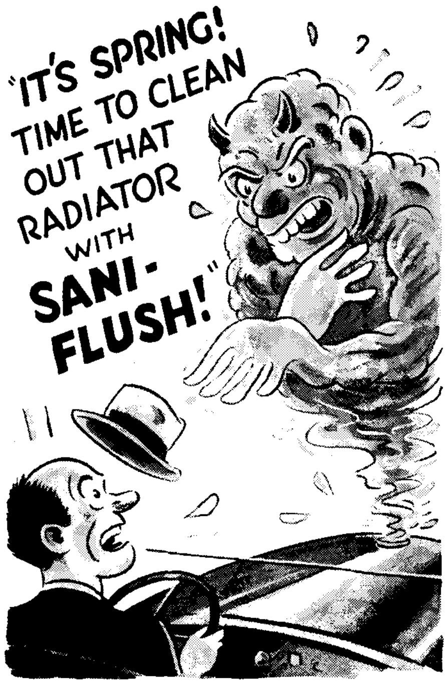
He shrugged with resignation. "All right, darling. What is it? May I sit down? May I smoke?"

"Yes, Rodney. I'll begin it with this:



"Boy, that was using our heads. I knew they wouldn't stop for us if we thumbed them for a ride"

REAMER KELLER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You're so awfully clever. You're so much cleverer than the rest of us. I think you know what it is. It's that check of my brother's."

His eyebrows went swiftly up and down. "Oh," he said, as if he were disappointed.

"Yes," Suzette said. "You've been awfully subtle and awfully deft and clever about it, and we've both pretended that your having a bad check of my brother's had nothing really to do with my agreeing to marry you. But under all our pretense, we both knew all along that that check was the real reason for my agreeing."

Rodney had taken out a cigarette case. He opened it and took out a cigarette. He put it in his mouth and lit it.

"You mean," he said calmly, "that you don't love me."

"I don't love you," Suzette said.

"You never did," Rodney said.

"I never did. I agreed to come here and marry you simply because you intimated, oh so subtly, that we ought to keep the scandal in the family. Of course, I've had my own ideas. I think you got Stanley into that poker game with those Chinese very deliberately, and set out to get him drunk and to lose money that he couldn't possibly pay back. Oh, you're so damned clever, Rodney. But it really doesn't make a particle of difference. I'm not going to marry you because, before I leave this room, I'm going to have that check."

"Or you'll kill me?" Rodney said quietly.

Suzette got up. She walked down the room to the door, with the pistol in her hand, keeping her eyes on the man in the stenographer's chair. She turned the key in the lock. She walked halfway back and stopped.

"No," she said. "I'll shoot you only if you force me to—purely in self-defense. You see, Rodney, I've worked this plan out very carefully and I want you to understand thoroughly what it is. When you were in Shanghai this spring you put over an airplane deal that was very shady. I know that you maneuvered things so cleverly that no blame could possibly fall on you. But it happens that I know all the details of that deal, and I know that you simply can't afford to have the State Department look into it. If there were suddenly a burst of newspaper publicity about that deal, and your name were linked with it, you'd be ruined."

RODNEY dropped the cigarette to the cork floor and placed his heel on it. His forehead was laced with wrinkles and his expression was puzzled.

He said, "Darling, I'm afraid I don't understand. Granted that all you are saying is true, where does it get us?"

"It gets me the check," Suzette said.

"No, Suzette."

"You mean, you refuse to give it to me?"

"Of course I refuse. And I want you to know I'm horribly shocked by what you've said about my forcing you to marry me. I love you. I love you dearly. You mean more to me than anything in life. I knew you were undecided and uncertain and perhaps a little reluctant, but I assumed—and I still assume—that you'll get over that after we are married. Your brother's bad check isn't important. I'd forgotten all about it. I thought you loved me. I'm sure you will love me. It's all this excitement—murder and conspiracy and God knows what else. You're unstrung. You'll feel different in the morning. You were certainly in love with me when I gave you that ring. Or were you pretending?"

"I was pretending."

He sighed deeply. "I see. And this explains your terrific interest in firearms. You were up to something like this in the pistol range, weren't you?"

She nodded.

"Only Foster and those drunken children who wanted to go horseback riding interrupted."

"Yes, Rodney."

He looked at her steadily and shook his head with compassion. "Poor darling. You don't know what you're doing. You don't know what you're saying. But it won't be like this for long. My job is to protect you from the sordid sort of things that have got you into this hysterical state. . . . As for that check, I'll give it to you for a wedding present. I thought we understood, very definitely, that I was keeping it merely to use as a club over Stanley to make him walk the straight and narrow."

"You said that," Suzette answered, "and lots of other things just as subtle and clever, but you see, Rodney, I'm bringing it out into the open. What I'm doing is something awfully hard for you to understand. I'm being absolutely frank."

"ALL right," he said gently. "Let's be absolutely frank."

"I said," Suzette resumed, "you can't afford to have a State Department investigation of that airplane deal. Now, I am going to shoot myself through the arm and I am going to tell everybody that you shot me in an attempt at murder because I threatened to tell the State Department what I know about that deal. I'll admit that what I know isn't much, but it's enough, with the notoriety of your shooting me, to start that investigation and ruin you."

Rodney had straightened up with an expression of alarm.

He said hastily, "You won't have to do anything so ridiculous. I'll give you the check."

"Is it in this safe?"

"No. It's downstairs in the wall safe in my study. We'll go down at once. I'll give it to you. If I'd had the faintest idea that this was so important to you, I'd have destroyed that check months ago. It makes me ill to realize what you've been going through because of my stupid thoughtlessness."

He stopped talking. Suzette said, "No, Rodney. You see, I don't trust you any more. You're simply too clever. I'm going to shoot myself. I've taken all this time to explain it because I wanted you to know just what it's all about. I'm going to shoot myself, and unless you get that check and give it to me at once, I'm going to notify the State Department. If you give me the check—and after I've destroyed it—I'll agree to say that I shot myself accidentally."

Rodney did not move or speak. Even when she stepped back and lifted the pistol, he did not move or speak. Watching his face, she saw that the expression of faint amusement had appeared at his eyes again.

She was so controlled, so sure of herself, that she noticed all this and was angry because he was smiling at her threat. He was sure she hadn't the courage to go through with it. He was sure that she wasn't brave enough to shoot herself.

She lifted the pistol, turned the blunt little muzzle toward herself, toward her left arm, but she was watching him, and she was prepared to shoot herself once or twice if he sprang up and tried to prevent her.

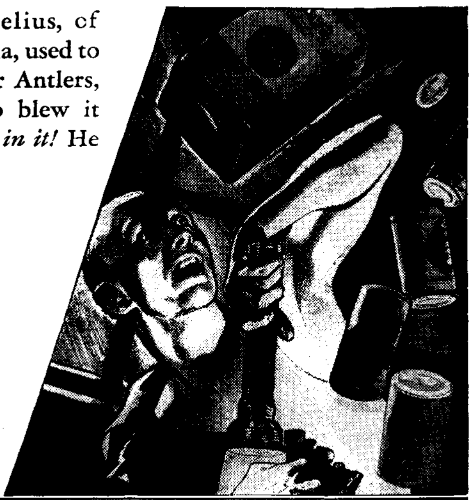
She was so intent on him and on the desperate and painful experience she was about to undergo that she did not hear the soft, swift rush of feet behind her.

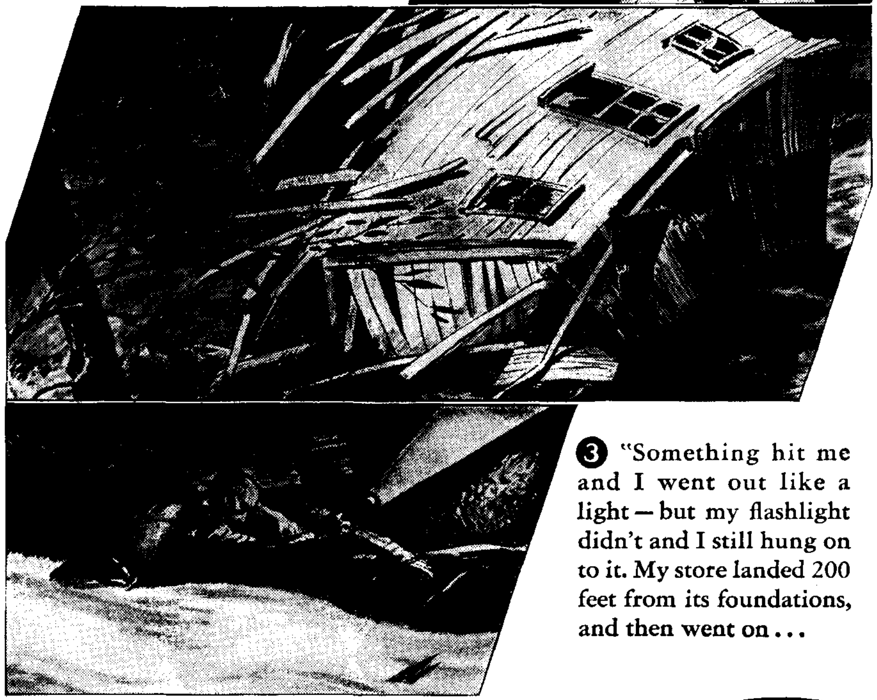
Not until a hand, a long, white hand, reached swiftly across her shoulder, pushing her roughly aside and snatching the pistol out of her hand, was she aware that she and Rodney had not been alone all this time.

"MY STORE BLEW AWAY, *with me in it!*"

STORE TAKES OFF IN TORNADO CARRIES STOREKEEPER 200 FEET

E. D. CORNELIUS





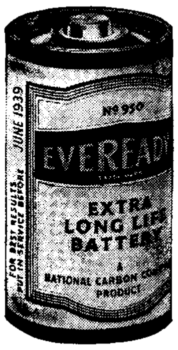
❶ E. D. Cornelius, of Daisy, Oklahoma, used to run a store near Antlers, until a tornado blew it away, *with him in it!* He writes:

❷ "At ten o'clock the night of June 9th, I was wakened by terrific thunder and lightning. I grabbed a flashlight and started pulling on my clothes. The howl of the wind became a scream. The store began to rock. An avalanche of merchandise tumbled from the shelves...*and over she went!*

❸ "Something hit me and I went out like a light—but my flashlight didn't and I still hung on to it. My store landed 200 feet from its foundations, and then went on...

❹ "...but it left me at the first stop. Neighbors who saw my store was gone started looking for me. They found me alive only because the 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries in my flashlight were still working. I lay battered and unconscious on the bank of a rapidly rising stream. A matter of minutes and I would have drowned. No two ways about it, I owe my life to 'Eveready' batteries, the kind that can take it!

(*Signed*) E. D. Cornelius"



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"IT'S A PLEASURE," BOB"
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The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Miss Pond, holding the pistol behind her, backed away toward Rodney. Her face was white and her large blue eyes looked black. Her lips were parted in a tight, hard grimace. She was panting.

"You fool!" she said hoarsely. "You'd have done it! You really would have done it!"

Suzette felt suddenly limp and ill. She felt cheated and she felt ludicrous. Confused as she was, she realized that Miss Pond had been in the office, had heard them as they hesitated at the door, had hidden in the closet when she and Rodney came in; had listened to all that they had said. She was furious and weak. She had never before been tempted to hit another woman. She was tempted now.

Rodney was getting up and coming toward her. His dark face was grave and there was not the slightest flicker of amusement in his eyes now.

He took her gently by the elbows and said, "My darling, I'm so sorry for you. I know just how you felt and I know just how you feel now. Please take my word for it, I did not know she was hiding there. It surprised me every bit as much as it did you. But I'm glad she was there, and I think, when you've cooled off a little, you'll be glad, too.

"Run along to bed, will you? Send for your maid"—he hesitated for less than a second—"and have her bring you a bromide. Go to bed and try to get some sleep. In the morning we'll talk everything over. And, darling—" He shook her gently and smiled. "I meant what I said about that check. It's going to be a wedding present."

Suzette backed away from his hands. She turned and walked rapidly to the door, unlocked it, and let herself out.

THE grapevine telegraph among the servants in a house as pretentious as Rodney Barnett's generally delivers all important rumors to the butler in an amazingly short time. Tonight, the grapevine telegraph in the Barnett mansion was busier than it had ever been in Jackson's experience. The most shocking rumors and insinuations flew along it, all having to do with intrigue and murder and the imminent collapse of a dynasty, but none of these rumors, even with the authentic arrival of a squad car containing the medical examiner and a bevy of policemen, and a police department limousine from New York, could be verified.

All that Jackson knew was that something dreadful had happened and that the monastic peace and order of the Barnett household had been violated by mysterious and shocking events.

When the telephone call came, requesting him to find Miss Aberdeen, Jackson set out with more than his usual alacrity, for he thought that Miss Aberdeen was one of the most fascinating young ladies he had ever seen.

His glimpses of her since dinner had informed him that something was wrong. Something was wrong and it was rapidly getting worse, if he was any judge, and she was doing her best to conceal it.

He looked for her on the terrace, in the downstairs bar and finally in the music room, and there he found her sitting all alone in a large chair, reminding him, in her outspread white gown with its dainty ruffles, of a young French queen or at least an aristocrat.

"Pardon me, Miss Aberdeen."

She was so pale that he became alarmed. "You're not ill, Miss Aberdeen?"

She said in a small voice, "No, I'm quite all right."

"Miss Aberdeen, I have a message for you from your maid. She'd like to see you at once."

Suzette lifted her head quickly. "Yvonne?"

"Yes, Miss Aberdeen. She just phoned that she wanted you to see her at once in the rose garden. At the sundial."

"The rose garden!" Suzette said in astonishment.

"Yes, Miss Aberdeen. She seemed frightened, or perhaps I should say excited. She said it was terribly important and she asked me to request you to come at once."

With a puzzled air, Suzette said, "It seems very odd."

Jackson nodded. "Yes, Miss Aberdeen. I thought so myself, but I thought it would be wise to report it to you because so many odd things have happened tonight."

Suzette got up. She said uneasily, "Yes, yes. Of course. Thank you, Jackson."

SHE walked rapidly out of the music room and along the hall toward the terrace. She felt shaky and a little apprehensive. She had not given Yvonne a thought in hours—that demure, pretty little maid with her hard brown eyes. But now suddenly it did not seem strange that Yvonne should want to see her furtively in a place like the rose garden. She was sure that Yvonne must know something of importance, something to do with the murder, something that would help, and was afraid to come to her openly. That was doubtless it. Everyone was now so afraid.

She walked out onto the terrace and across it and down the steps into the rose garden. The party was apparently over. She saw no girls and only three young men who were having some kind of argument near the Scotch-and-soda bar. All were drunk and all had a disheveled look and they were probably hatching some mischief.

As she went down the steps into the rose garden, a girl's voice suddenly wailed, "Suzette! Wait a minute!"

She thought the voice was Nancy's, and she hesitated and whirled around. As she turned, there was a sudden sharp ripping sound in the air close [illegible] her head. The bush just beyond her shook violently a moment as if something had struck it. Seconds later she became aware that, at the moment the harsh ripping sound had occurred in the air close to her head, she had heard a sharp loud report somewhere above her.

Nancy came running down the path toward her. She cried, "Darling! What was that?"

And as Suzette ran to meet her, just as she started to run, the phenomenon occurred again—another sound of savage tearing, or ripping, in the air close to her head, and another sharp report overhead, only this time she thought she identified the source of the loud slapping sound, as if two planks had been brought violently together.

Nancy, looking up at the lighted row of windows on the second floor of the house, cried: "Somebody's shooting at you! Somebody shot twice at you!"

The two girls clung to each other in terror, then Suzette said, in a shaky whisper, "We've got to get into the house." They released each other and ran up the path to the terrace and into the house.

A policeman came out of the door as they started in. He looked excited. "What's going on here?"

And Nancy said, panting: "Somebody shot at her! Somebody shot at her twice!"

"You're Miss Aberdeen, aren't you?" he said.

"No, I'm Miss Barnett. This is Miss Aberdeen."

"Who was it?"

Nancy said breathlessly, "We don't know. Do you know, Suzette?"

"No," Suzette said. "I was just walking along that path and suddenly a bullet came past my head, and then another one."

The policeman was pale. "Where did it come from?"

"I think from one of the windows on the second floor."

Sergeant Dutton came along the hall at a trot. He looked at the policeman and then at Suzette. "What's going on?"

"Somebody shot at her twice from an upstairs window while she was walking in the garden," the policeman explained.

The sergeant was staring at Suzette. "At you?"

"Yes."

"Who was it?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"All right," Sergeant Dutton said gruffly. "I'll take charge of this. Run upstairs, Dan, and see what you can see. I'll be right with you. Go into all the rooms along there. Miss Aberdeen, you go in and tell the inspector."

THE two girls went to the study and went in. Inspector Teeple was standing behind the desk with his hands clasped behind him and his head dropped down. When the girls went in, he turned around and lifted his head and Nancy said, "Did you hear those shots, Inspector?"

"What shots?"

"Someone just shot twice at Miss Aberdeen from an upstairs window as she was walking in the garden!"

Inspector Teeple's amiable eyes became alarmed. His expression changed to one of sudden concern.

"Tell me just what happened."

"She was walking along the path and I was just behind her," Nancy said. "I wanted to talk to her and I called. When I did, she stopped, and if she hadn't stopped at just that instant, that first bullet might have hit her. Then, when we met, there was a second one, and I heard the bullet go past and I heard the shot."

"Which window?"

"I don't know," Suzette said shakily. She sat down on the settee and the inspector looked down at her face with the greatest concern.

He glanced at Nancy. "Do you know which window?"

"No."

He turned back to Suzette and his mouth was grim. "Have you any idea who it might have been?"

Suzette was white and her eyes had a wild expression. She thought of Rodney, but she only stared at the inspector's sympathetic, worried eyes and said faintly, "I can't say. I have no idea."

Sergeant Dutton and the policeman came in. Dutton said, "Chief, we went right upstairs and looked in all those rooms. We found something. There's a big closet about in the middle of the house, and it would make a fine place to shoot from. There's a small open window with a screen on it there, and the ivy grows up all around the window, and there are two bullet holes in the screen. It looks to me like a thirty-eight did it. From that window you could shoot down almost any place into that garden."

The inspector said, "Of course, I don't have to tell you that this is terribly serious, Miss Aberdeen. Your life is in real danger. If you have any suspicions, tell them to me. You must be protected."

Suzette, slightly less pale, but still with that look of terror in her eyes, slowly shook her head. She had, actually, no definite suspicion but the one. And she wondered if that was how Rodney had decided to prevent her from making trouble for him.

She said suddenly, with an air of decision, "Where is Mr. Barnett?"

And as if in answer to her question, Rodney came in. He came striding in, looking taller than usual. He was pale and his air was that of a man tremendously upset and worried.

The inspector said quickly, "Did you hear about it?"

Rodney, nodding, said, "Yes, I just heard from a policeman."

He sat down beside Suzette, and she saw that he was really upset, terribly agitated. He put one hand on her shoulder and pulled her around a little and looked into her eyes, and she was confused by his expression. It was anguish and the deepest alarm and concern.

He said, "Who did it, Suzette?"

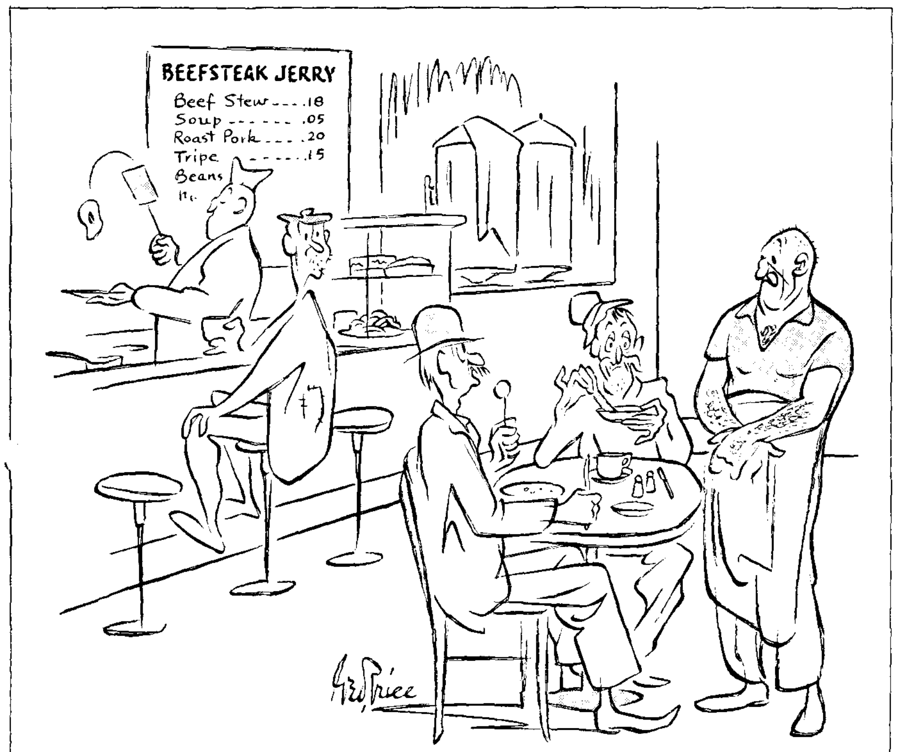
Nancy answered scornfully, "Where were you, Father dear?"

He was so agitated he paid no attention to her.

"Darling, what happened? Tell me just what happened."

"I was walking in the garden," Suzette said, "and someone shot at me from an upstairs window. Sergeant Dutton just found two bullet holes in the screen of a closet upstairs. Someone went in there and shot at me in the garden."

(To be continued next week)



"Oh, so the beef pie was disappointing! I suppose a nude should have sprung out!"

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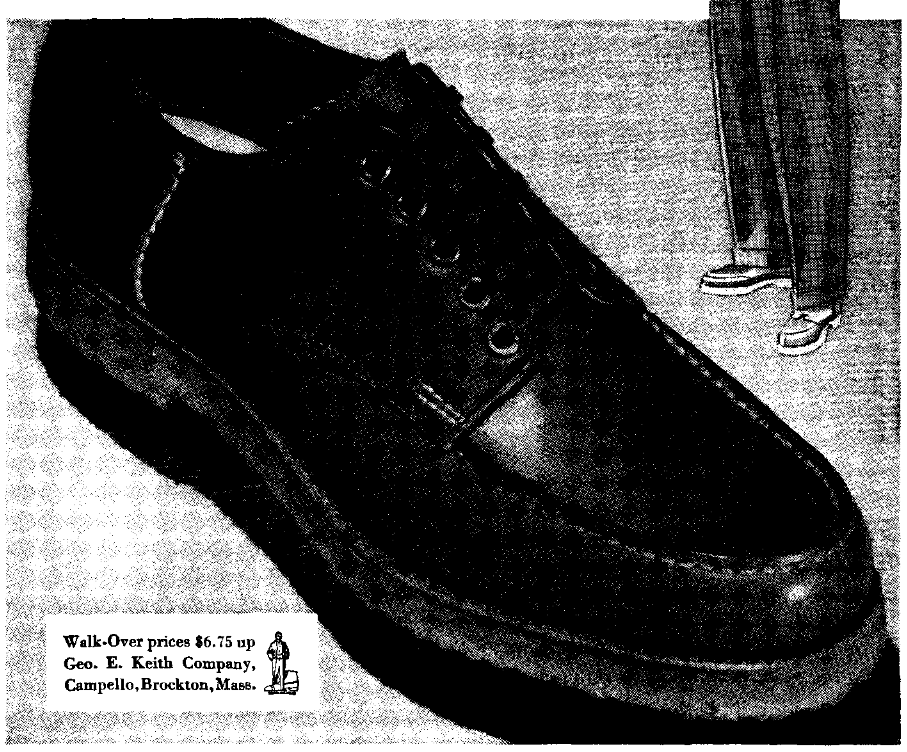

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Hick from Hollywood

Continued from page 20

things began to happen, things that Mr. William Shakespeare had obviously not thought about.

Moments in the play developed a new type of hilarity in audience response, but the oddment known as Jane O'Brien wasn't aware of it for some time. Then she suddenly realized that she was out of tune with the others, got thoroughly bewildered, and the new conception went to pieces. She came out of it all a chastened child, realizing that the worst thing you could do was to get out of key with the general performance.

But by this time, a yearning for the stage had got a definite hold on her. Anyone with a yen for the theater in Hollywood is likely to develop a fine understanding for the fellow who cried, "Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink." There was no stage to go on, so she spent a lot of time just reading plays. The young O'Brien felt thwarted. Oh, very.

Little did she reck that she was about to be rescued by a young lady who'd developed a positive genius for being thwarted. Said young lady was only a few years older than Jane and had played a few—too few—roles on Broadway as Jean Fullerton, before suddenly she turned up in pictures as Jean Muir, and everyone cheered, thinking that, at last, she'd stopped being thwarted. But in no time at all, she and the studio were differing. So Jean Muir established the "Workshop" as a training school for aspiring young thespians. It ran eight months—long enough for Jane O'Brien to enroll and to play in March Hares and take the lead in Green Grow the Lilacs. A scout from the studio that was soon to say a firm goodby to Miss Muir saw the young daughter of the O'Briens. Enthusiastically he went to her with the good news that they wanted her to take a picture test.

"That's nice of you," said Jane, "but I don't want one."

O'Briens Love Their Name

The scout went home and thought it over. He had believed, along with others, that there was no such thing as a reluctant ingénue. Then he went back and told her that they also wanted to test Mr. Prince, who had played the leading role opposite her, and he asked if she wouldn't be kind and take the test for Mr. Prince's sake.

"No," said Jane, "that would sound too noble. No, I won't. But," she added, "as long as he is taking it, I might as well take it along with him." After all, she had concluded, she might find it a steppingstone to the stage. She didn't suppose she'd get very big parts in pictures, anyhow.

"Your name is now Jane Bryan," someone told her a little later.

"My name is *O*'Brien," stated Jane with a positive note.

"Bryan," they insisted. "Pat O'Brien has been on this lot a long time and the name belongs to him. They'll think you're his daughter."

"No," said Jane with all the dignity of seventeen, "his daughter's only a year old."

"Ah, but she's got a film future," argued someone else.

Then Pat came into the discussion. "Suppose they do think you're my daughter," he said, "we might get a picture together. It would be swell. O'Brien's a good enough name for all of us."

But the two most interested ones had nothing to say about it. Irish tempers cooled down and the O'Brien girl became Bryan. "Working under an alias," snorted one of the younger brothers.

She made her screen debut in The Captain's Kid. Then she began demonstrating that old gag about everyone on the studio lot being just one big family. She was Eddie Robinson's sister in Kid Galahad and his daughter in A Slight Case of Murder, in which, she points out, she was terrible. She was Kay Francis' daughter in Confession and she has been Bette Davis' sister twice. The first time, she got vital attention as the girl who fell down a flight of stairs to a tragic end in Marked Woman. And more recently, she and Miss Davis suffered nobly if not silently for their art in tight-waisted corsets in The Sisters.

Altogether, there were three years of alternate stretches of hard work and much worse stretches of waiting and doing nothing. It was a process known as "seasoning" and Miss Jane got seasoned to the point where she felt ready to blow up. She'd be in a couple of good "A" pictures and think she was getting somewhere and then she'd be back in the "B's" again. It was pretty awful. Then came the moment when the studio was faced with casting the Brother Rat part of a girl who was about to have a baby, and they needed one who could play it with enough clean, convincing sincerity to get it past the point of censorship known as "the Hays Moment." Someone had once asked Bette Davis if she thought Jane could carry a certain dramatic part and Miss Davis had chuckled and said, "We've just had to bury her face in a pillow to keep her from stealing my scenes. She can carry anything you can write." It may or may not have been this that put her into Brother Rat, but anyhow she did the job and got sent to New York as a present for being a good girl.

It was the moment she'd dreamed about. It was so exciting that after the first couple of days she just couldn't eat her former favorite menu of dill pickles and steak with mushrooms, topped off with a hot fudge sundae and chocolate cake. In fact she couldn't eat much of anything—especially after the momentous meeting with Mr. Noel Coward. After that, a baked apple was all she could manage.

She had been away from home just twice before this. There was one time a few years ago before she went into pictures, when she and a friend called "Skinny"—Skinny's real name was Eleanor—went to Vancouver. When their parents had said they could have the trip, they asked if they could go anyway they wanted to. The parents, thinking they meant by train or boat, said "Yes." But the prize film It Happened One Night had just come out and they had decided to go by bus. The parents were dubious but they had given their word and they had carefully taught their offspring that you never broke your word. So Skinny and Jane took a bus trip. They weren't really expecting Clark Gable and the trip seems to have been very successful.

The next journey came when Jane was much more grown up. Skinny went along on that one too. Jane was in pictures by this time. She had just finished playing Kay Francis' daughter in Confession. She and Skinny decided at noon—just on the impulse—and the studio said it was all right, and they left that night for Panama, where friends of the family lived. There were practically no adventures on this excursion. It was true that they took a shore trip to Acapulca, the filthy but colorful place, and when they got back to the dock the last boat had gone off to the ship anchored farther out. But the doctor was with them and the ship couldn't go without him. So the sailing was delayed and the boat sent back and all was well. And when they arrived at Panama City, the friends of the family wouldn't let them stay at a hotel and they had a wonderful time.

"We'll have to use up about three of your green lights. Do you mind?"

BEN ROTH

With these two experiences, Jane arrived in New York. Those most vitally concerned thought it was to make personal appearances with the picture, Brother Rat. To Jane it was to get her fill of the theater she'd always dreamed about. And she'd done a lot of dreaming.

She began to see New York and New York began to see her. On the way to a stage appearance in Jersey City, she was met in the Holland Tunnel by a couple of motorcycle policemen. She was alarmed. "What are they for?" she demanded excitedly.

"Your escort," responded the managerial gent beside her.

"No!" said Miss Bryan. "It's too much like Hollywood. Send them away!"

"But that's why they're here," replied the dazed young man. "We'll need them. You'll be mobbed by the fans when we get to the theater."

After a few days she got used to being mobbed. She got used to candid cameras. She even got used to a hat. Sometimes she wore it for as long as ten minutes at a time, but most of the time she carried it. She hates hats.

She saw every play she could work into a packed schedule and her yearning for the stage grew to even greater proportions. A couple of producers, seeing her, instantly started turning over scripts in the hope that they could find the right one and perhaps rent her from Hollywood. Maybe they'll succeed.

Contact with the Great

But the high spot came one night when she was walking down Broadway. There were running footsteps behind her and then a hand gripped hers and a tall man introduced himself. "I'm Noel Coward," he said. "Last summer when I was visiting Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt out in Wisconsin, we saw you in Confession and I just had to catch up with you tonight and tell you what a beautiful performance you gave and what a fine young actress I think you are."

The O'Briens' little girl gulped, choked, and managed to say, "Th-thank you." And then he was gone. She'd never been so excited in her life and her recent daily average had been pretty high. She stood absolutely still—couldn't move. Suddenly she uttered a happy, slightly gargled "Eee-yow!" Then her nose wrinkled up and she said, "I—I think I'm going to cry." So her companions took her to El Morocco, considering that a celebration was in order and that a little café society might temper the situation. Nothing seemed to touch her. She didn't come down out of the stratosphere till the next noon, when she was heard to mutter, "Jeepers! I've got a lot to do and they don't give us much time down here to do things and I'd better get going." Noel Coward had loaded her up with a terrific sense of responsibility as well as a thrill. She'd come to the conclusion that there's slow time and fast time and that you don't measure it by days but by what happens in it.

So she started back to Hollywood. She stopped in Chicago and picked up a new car she'd bought. In spite of evidence to the contrary, she still refused to believe that when she got out there they wouldn't put her back into a "B" picture. The safari to New York had been swell, but you couldn't fool her—she was *born* in Hollywood. It looks, however, as though Noel Coward had lit a time bomb.

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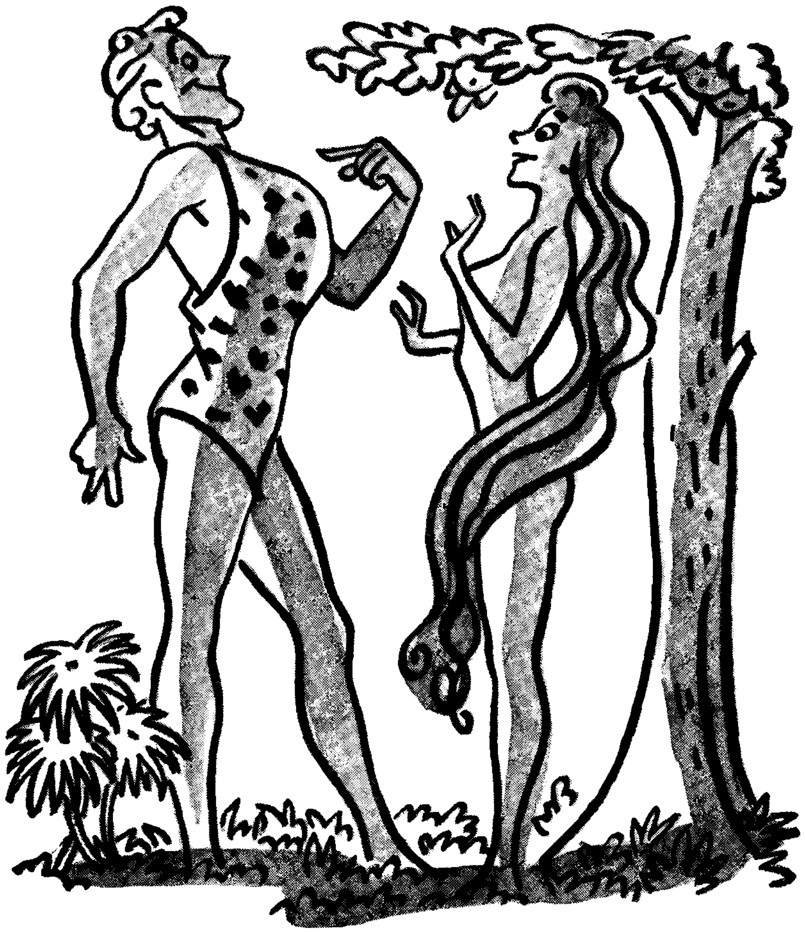

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How Free is the Press?

Continued from page 16

life was largely rural—was the same man who sold the advertising, solicited the job work and subscriptions and every ninety days made a three-hour speech at the note counter of the bank asking for a renewal of his obligations. Fifty years ago the relation between the editor and his immediate benefactors, the advertisers and subscribers, was too close and too intimate for that stern and rock-bound honesty that fosters the absolute freedom of the press.

Yet the press did have, even then, much potential freedom. Granted that the editor was part beggar and part bandit. His potential freedom arose out of his essentially liquid position. If he felt his virtue was being seduced he had many alternatives. He could writhe proudly under the horsewhip. He could hide from the gun of his enemy or face it with his own artillery. Or if he loved the lure of adventure, when he found his honor being corrupted he could wrap his little kit and accouterments in what then classically was known as his editorial shirttail and move on to fairer fields and greener pastures: thus saving his virtue by flight.

Journalism as an Investment

I remember with what contempt, fifty years ago, we looked upon the schoolteacher or broker or with what abhorrence we looked upon the lawyer if he invaded our ranks. The businessman and the banker fortunately rarely sat at the editorial desk. For the newspaper business before it became journalism was not an attractive business adventure. However, we printers and editors had our pride, our caste, our tradition and our code.

I remember the day when I had been in the newspaper business fifty years. That was a June day in 1935. I went into the office of the Emporia Gazette, where I had worked, youth and man, for forty years. I was saddened rather than proud on my fiftieth year in the newspaper business to realize that the equipment of a typical country paper in an American town of ten or fifteen thousand would cost $50,000 or $75,000. I remember that when I bought the Emporia Gazette I could do every physical thing that as boss I ordered another man to do.

That day in 1935 I could not perform one single, simple mechanical process. What I had done by hand in the passing of half a century men now do by machinery. A linotype sets the type. A stereotyper stereotypes it before it goes to the press. As a boy I fed, by hand, my press sheet by sheet. Today it rolls off, thirty thousand an hour, from a somewhat outmoded press. My paper is not unique. In the next town of Ottawa fifty miles to the east is a similar paper with similar equipment. Seventy miles to the south in Iola is another paper equipped as mine. When one goes to Kansas City, where a metropolitan area of half a million is covered by the Kansas City Star, that paper has a plant almost ten times as valuable as mine.

If a young reporter in his twenties, as I was forty years ago and more, should want to start a paper in opposition to me or to any other American editor or publisher in a town of from ten to fifteen thousand, instead of needing five hundred or a thousand dollars as he would have needed to start from scratch in 1895, he would require today from $25,000 to $50,000 to get out his first newspaper and last during the first six months or year of competition. More than all of that, the change that has come into the newspaper business is reflected in the fact that the profits of a country newspaper even during these days of the depression are comparable with the profits of the bank, of the department store, of the public utility.

No longer is a newspaper in any town of over 5,000 dependent upon charity, fear or politics for its support. No longer do we solicit advertising on bended knee. We sell advertising by the line per thousand—a commodity like prunes, electricity or cotton prints. That salesmanship is a keen merchandising game. The newspaper business of Greeley's day and Watterson's day was a profession. Today it is a fairly safe investment. We editors no longer scorn the outsider who invests his capital in the tools of our trade whether he be banker, broker, oilman or proud, gilded son-in-law of the rich. The commercial publisher today is within his rights as an investor. For journalism is an investment.

And now let us return to the positive Mr. Ickes and the absolute Mr. Gannett, quarreling and snarling about a difference that at base is a confusion of terms. The press, theoretically, is as free as it was fifty or a hundred years ago. The editor can, if he will, say what he pleases and do what he chooses with his press, but in three generations the American press has become properly affected by the security of its profits. It tends by reason of its heavy investment to be increasingly a monopoly. The one-paper town is becoming more and more common. Larger and larger towns tolerate gladly the newspaper monopoly for business reasons.

This tolerance does not come from conscious connivance of intriguing capitalists bent on denting their heels in the neck of a dumb and supine public. But advertisers don't like to pay for duplicating service. And again the public in many ways does not seriously resent monopoly. So newspaper capital has become increasingly prone to defensive combination, more eager to seek mergers and community of property interests than to consider rather remote community interests.

On Leash to His Readers

This is why "the press," one of the terms of the controversy between Mr. Ickes and Mr. Gannett, does not mean what the word "press" meant to their fathers and grandfathers. "The press" means a substantial investment today, a solid business institution—in short, property. The gay and insouciant editor, fleet of foot and swift of wing, who kept his position liquid by the insignificance of his investment, today is an old man's dream. The old editor, horsewhipped, shot at, sued for libel, has passed out of our civilization with the king's fool and the minnesinger, the jousting knight and the chimney sweep. More than that, the implications of property in the words "the press" carry heavy social as well as economic rights. The banker, broker, oilman or capitalist who buys a newspaper buys something more than the presses. The modern publisher buys the right to hire and fire editors who have served their apprenticeship, who know and should respect the code of the profession. For they, being for the most part innocent of property, are still professional men. The publisher buys their professional equipment with the presses and linotypes. By reason of his property rights he can direct these professional editors.

And there's the rub. For all these hired editorial minions—that is to say managing editors, editors in chief, desk men, reporters and editorial writers—he, the publisher, holds under his directing hands. He may own also a steel mill or a bank. He may operate a chain of newspapers or a block of real estate or own a big box full of bonds. We professional journalists who work for him watch the baton that he wields. We watch his directing baton because he has power. Too often his qualities become idealized by those who serve him. All journalism from top to bottom almost instinctively and quite unconsciously tends to be affected with the owner's sense of property.

Thousands and tens of thousands of editors, advertising salesmen, circulators, reporters and copy choppers seem to have forgotten their professional habits, customs and inhibitions in a business that by reason of its size and strength has finally become first of all an investment. But often other thousands and tens of thousands of men and women in our profession realize things that many publishers forget. These free, uncontaminated journalists know that the value of a newspaper—the basis of the publisher's investment, depends upon the service that the publisher's property renders to his patrons. They know, do these hired men and women, that the publisher is really peddling something more than news, more than advertising service—something most intangible. They know that all this merchandising is dependent upon good will. They know that good will is the essence of the boss' business and that good will depends upon three important things: Social and professional intelligence, moral courage and fundamental honesty.

These three essentials in establishing and maintaining good will are not always easy either practically to define or actually to attain. If the publisher, merely greedy either for profits or power, thinks he is only merchandising news and advertising service or if he feels that so long as he stands for the payroll he is free to color the news he sells (which means to peddle poison) he violates his good will and eventually wrecks his property. His "freedom" as a publisher is only relatively absolute. He is in the end only as "free" as he is wise. Thus not only has the word "press" lost the meaning it held in the 19th century, but the word "freedom" has also new connotations. The investing newspaper publisher is only influential so long as the public believes in his integrity. He is on leash to his readers. When his readers leave, his advertisers follow.

The Changing Status of Labor

Mr. Ickes is wrong in declaring that the freedom of the press is seriously affected by newspaper advertisers. Most publishers are making more money than most advertisers and because the publisher makes more money than his advertising patrons the publisher feels that according to money-making standards he has a right to put the advertisers in their place. Generally he does. Not always of course, but as a business rule it may be said that the American press is at least more than fairly free so far as a corrupting influence of its advertisers is concerned. For as a matter of fact the wants of advertisers are few, personal and simple. If they were given everything they asked, it would not greatly affect the real freedom of the press.

But the social bias often comes with a property sense in the heart of the investing publisher. He is sadly liable to let his sense of property bias his instinct for justice. Then that modern caliph of Bagdad creates another problem. The problem of the newspaper as an investment rather than a profession puts the question of the new freedom of the press in a nutshell.

Why then, today, do we feel so acutely this problem of a free press? Why are the obvious limitations of the press as an investment so irritating to many Americans. Isn't it this? We are faced in our democracy, and in all democracies, with a changing status of labor. Labor can no longer be sold retail as a commodity to wholesale buyers of labor. For if the machines of the wholesale buyer slow down because labor has a restricted buying power by reason of his low wages, then economic collapse threatens political stability. So commodity labor will have to pass somewhat as slave labor passed 75 years ago.

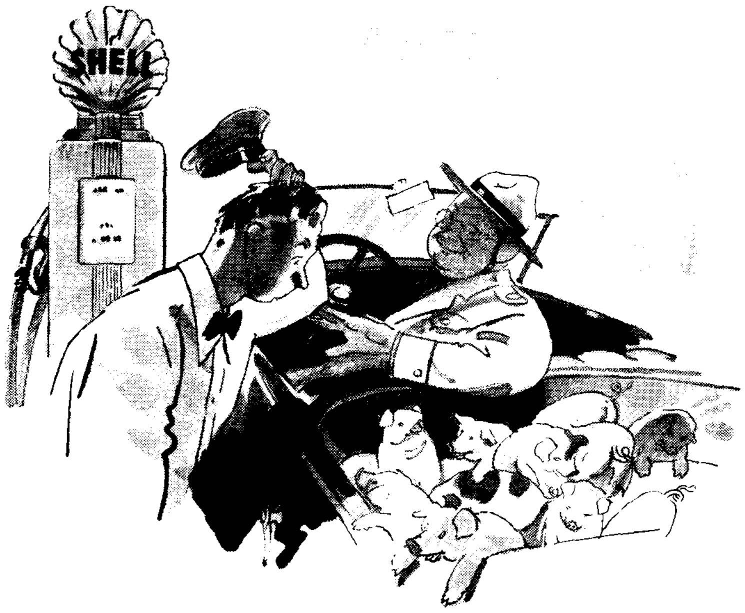
The change in the status of labor with the abolition of slavery affected property, all property North and South, acutely for a decade. Yet it did not destroy property. But today people with a strong property sense, which means they're in the middle class, are timid. Those citizens who are eager for the change of a status of labor—from a commodity status to something like consumer status—sense the fact that the press reflects quite naturally the timidity of the middle class. That middle-class timidity is not conscious. Publishers do not take orders from advertisers, publishers do not baldly give plutocratic orders generally to the editors and reporters. That is nonsense.

As Free as the People

The evils of the press reflect the cautious conservatism of a property-owning people in the face of changes they do not quite understand and cannot quite bring themselves to encourage. But it's a stupid mistake to say that the press is shackled. We are in no great danger of a "controlled press." For after all, publishers gradually will realize that whatever changes come in the status of labor will come under parliamentary government. This means that the same public that directs the press will channel the social and economic readjustments necessary to preserve our democracy after debate, through negotiations and under compromise. The press will follow the widening social sense of the people.

So in this very hour, in these shifting times, this new problem of the newspaper as a profitable investment has risen. It is not acute. It does not threaten to wreck the republic, to undermine democracy—nothing of the sort. For, after all, popular education has given us a high degree of literacy. If popular education has increased the powers and profits of the press in unbelievable proportions, this rise of literacy has also increased the acumen of the people. Readers have developed a discerning sense of property bias—or of any kind of newspaper bias, plutocratic or proletarian. The reader is acquiring a nice discrimination for journalistic poison.

The tendency? Absolutely, Mr. Ickes! The real security of the republic? Positively, Mr. Gannett! In the face of all the dangers that arise today by reason of the changed definition of the word "press" and the phrase "the freedom" thereof, we do have in this America of ours the freest press in all the world; the most enterprising, and fundamentally the most honest and courageous press anywhere. Granted everything Mr. Ickes says except the extent of the advertisers' influence, we still do not have the press here subsidized by government as it is subsidized in France, controlled by government as it is in the totalitarian states, nor garroted by a "gentleman's agreement," as the press is choked in Great Britain. The American press is as free as the American people. Our press has the faults of our people and their saving virtues.



"Be prepared!" says Mr. Grobbler

He's our local Scoutmaster, Mr. Grobbler is. Other day he zings into the station, right in the middle of one of his good deeds.

Back seat of his bus is full of squealin' pigs!

"Takin' 'em over to Widow Woods!" he grins at my bug-eyed stare. "Then I have a dozen other errands."

"You make a lot of stops in a day, Mr. Grobbler," I comments.

"Yep, need good brakes—'be prepared' is our motto, you know."

"But, Mr. Grobbler, stop-and-go driving wears out *engines* as well as brakes," I tell him. He looked hurt and kind of *un*prepared for that one.

"You see, after you *stop,* the oil drains off the movin' parts of the engine. Then when you start—unless you've got *fast-flowin'* oil, you get *engine wear* till the oil starts circulatin'."

He looks worried. "How much wear?"

"Well," I comes back, givin' him no comfort, "they say three-fourths of *all* engine wear."

"Oh, my! What do I do?"

"Well, just use *instant-flowin'* Golden Shell Oil. Only 25¢ a quart," I says, relieving him.

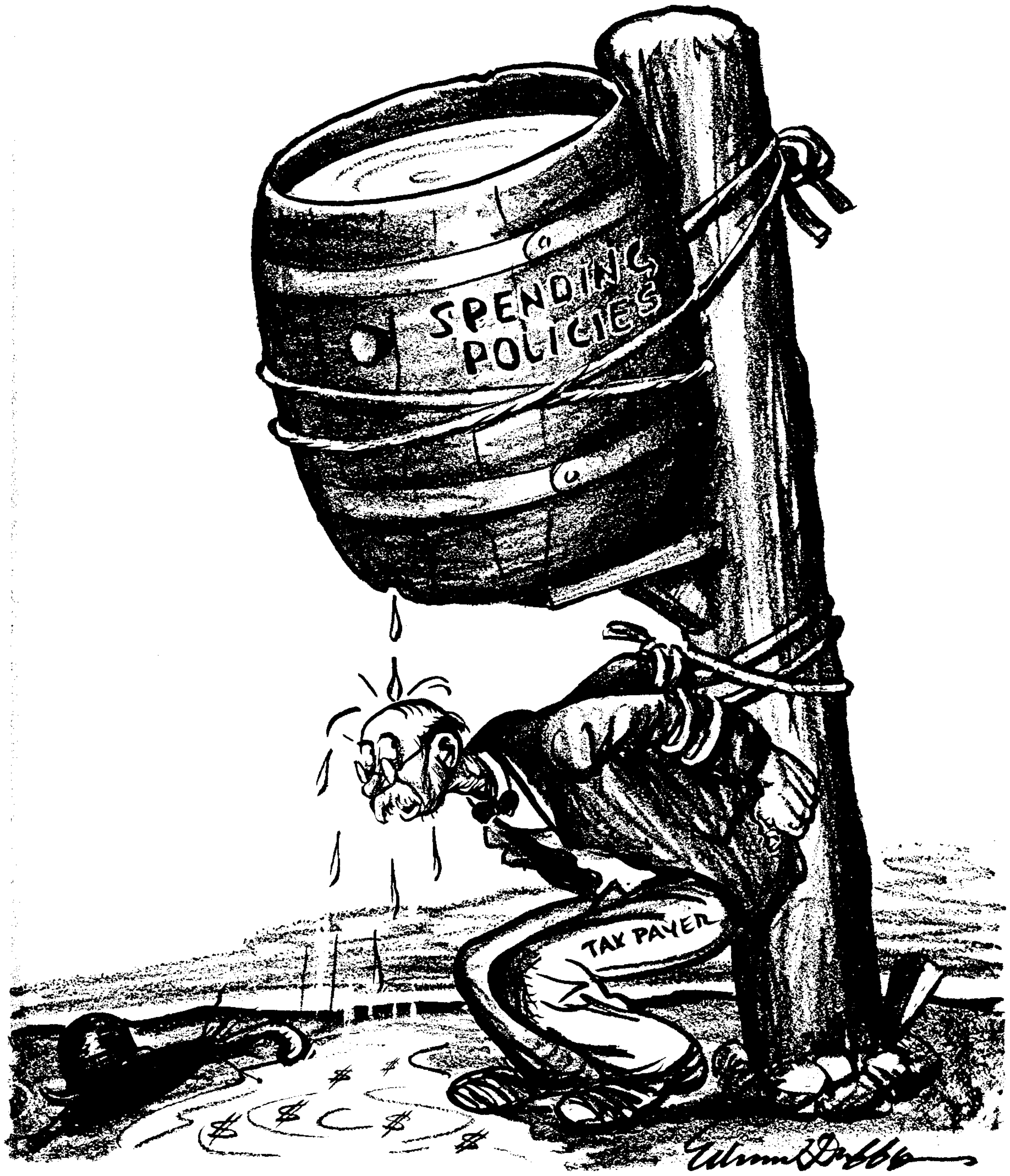
"Could you drain and fill my crankcase right away?" he suggests.

So I do *my* good deed for the day.

Sincerely,

Your Shell Dealer

COLLIER'S
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director



Here's How!

As the nation glides toward its tenth annual deficit and its forty-first billion of admitted national debt, the Washington spenders become more and more fond of a certain stock retort to those who mutter about a little economy.

This stock retort goes: "Well, at just what points would you penny-pinching reactionaries have us start to cut spending? Our doors are always open to concrete suggestions for economy." It is evidently felt that that will hold 'em; that they can't think up any answers. Meanwhile, more billions can be bubble-blown away.

We think this bluff can be called, we think somebody should call it, and we nominate ourselves to try. If that wins us a penny-pinching reactionary label from Washington, we'll just have to grin and wear it.

In fiscal 1938, the government spent $7,766,000,000 and some cents. These expenditures came under ten main heads, which were: recovery and relief, $2,260,000,000; national defense, $975,000,000; debt service, $926,000,000; veterans' pensions, $581,000,000; AAA farm program, $361,000,000; CCC, $326,000,000; Social Security, $291,000,000; civil departments and agencies and judiciary, $1,100,000,000; revolving funds, $169,000,000; transfers to trust accounts, etc., $606,000,000.

Plainly, little economy is possible on some of these items—Army and Navy, veterans' pensions, Social Security and CCC, for examples. And of course the debt service item can't be reduced until the government starts paying a little something on the principal of the debt—as Great Britain has been doing regularly, by the way, for the last five years. A thought for today, Mr. Morgenthau.

If that isn't a thought for today, how about this one? It's a remark attributed to an ex-brain truster:

"The United States government has spent more money seeking recovery, and has less recovery to show for that money than any other nation on earth. The national government has spent $25,000,000,000 of borrowed money and ten years of borrowed time without finding the answer to a single major economic problem. That record cannot be matched in the world today."

As we get it from observers who ought to know what they are talking about, there are two main spending items on which husky parings could be performed without injury to anybody except loafers now living off the government in one way or another.

Those two items happen to be the two biggest items listed above. They are: relief and recovery, which took $2,260,000,000 last year and is expected to take more than 3 billions this year; and civil departments and agencies and judiciary which took $1,100,000,000 last year.

It is no longer denied even by the spenders that there have been vast abuses and waste in relief administration, coupled with actual election graft of one kind and another in various states—Pennsylvania, Kentucky and New Mexico for three shining examples.

These wastes could be cut down or cut out by officials determined to do it, let the pressure groups and pink-slipped relief chiselers howl though they might and would. All we get from the spenders, though, are pious expressions of hope that things will be better managed henceforth.

Also under the head of recovery and relief come thirty government corporations, new, and most of them known to few people, but armed with the power to float bonds and notes to a total of more than $16,000,000,000. Some of these outfits have to report their doings to Congress. Some—TVA, for instance—seemingly don't have to account to anybody.

Bring all thirty of these corporations under strict accountability to the Congress we elect, and the economy can be forced on them. Let a lot of them go on piling up bond issues at their own sweet will, and their legal limits will be rapidly reached and they will be coming around asking for higher limits—just as the spenders are now hinting that they'd like the government's legal debt limit raised from 45 to 50 billions. The boys want some elbow room for shoveling out the money.

The other big spending item—$1,100,000,000 in fiscal 1938 for civil departments, etc.—represents necessary government running expenses, plus salaries.

This item has grown in the last five years like a 14-year-old boy. In that time, the government has sprouted more than sixty bureaus, agencies and official holes in the wall that didn't exist to eat up your money in 1933.

It's one of the world's hardest jobs to abolish a political sinecure once it has been established. But the thing can be done.

So can these other economies be accomplished, if the spenders can put their minds to studying methods of saving the people's money instead of, as now, lying awake nights to invent new ways of spending it. That's a big "if," what with the fearful and wonderful spending mechanisms that have been hammered together.

But we don't see how we can be expected to tell the boys how to change over from chuck-it-away-mindedness to solvency-mindedness. Every man must conquer his own soul problems. The boys were asking for some concrete suggestions as to how to cut down government spending; and we think we've offered enough concrete suggestions for them to chew on for the present. We might be back with more later.

RARER THAN THE GLORIA-MARIUS

"I'll bet you've never tasted Canadian Club while floating over a forest!" an American in Australia wagers.

"Of course, I should explain that the forest was a forest of coral, and that our ship was a boat, not a balloon. Even after some of the astoundingly beautiful sights we had seen below the surface, I must admit the most welcome sight all day was that brown bottle of Canadian Club.

"Its mellowness at that particular moment seemed to me a lot rarer even than the Gloria-Marius we discovered undersea, which is one of the rarest shells in the world."

Why so many Americans have changed to this Imported Whisky...

In 87 countries Canadian Club is a favorite. In London itself and throughout the British Isles it is the **leading imported whisky.**

But of more interest to you is this fact: many *Americans* who formerly preferred Scotch, bourbon, or rye have changed to Canadian Club. Today, twice as many *Americans* now drink Canadian Club at home and at the bar as did only two years ago! **Try Canadian Club yourself**—try it in a "show-me" mood. Experience its distinctive mellowness, rich yet light. You'll see why we can say that **there is only one Canadian Club**... only one rare, imported whisky with this unique, appealing taste all its own. Start to enjoy Canadian Club today.

Stay with Canadian Club! In Manhattan or Old-Fashioned before dinner, or a highball or two after. Canadian Club Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

IN 87 LANDS WHISKY-WISE MEN ASK FOR

"Canadian Club"

6 YEARS OLD

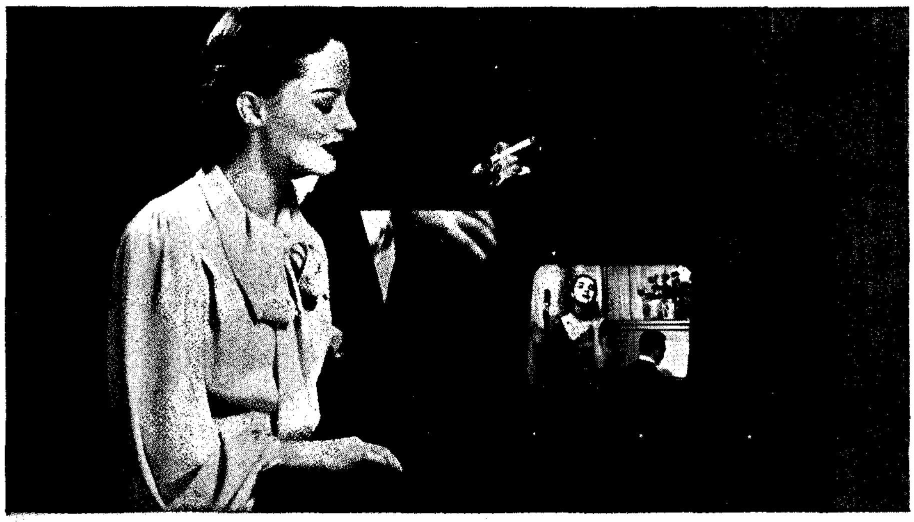
1932
Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Distilled and Blended by
Hiram Walker & Sons
Limited
Walkerville Ontario Canada
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD

The day of Richard E. Waggener, leading television engineer, is full of complicated technical problems. You can be sure he welcomes pleasant leisure moments spent with mild, rich-flavored Camels. He says: "It's a comfort to

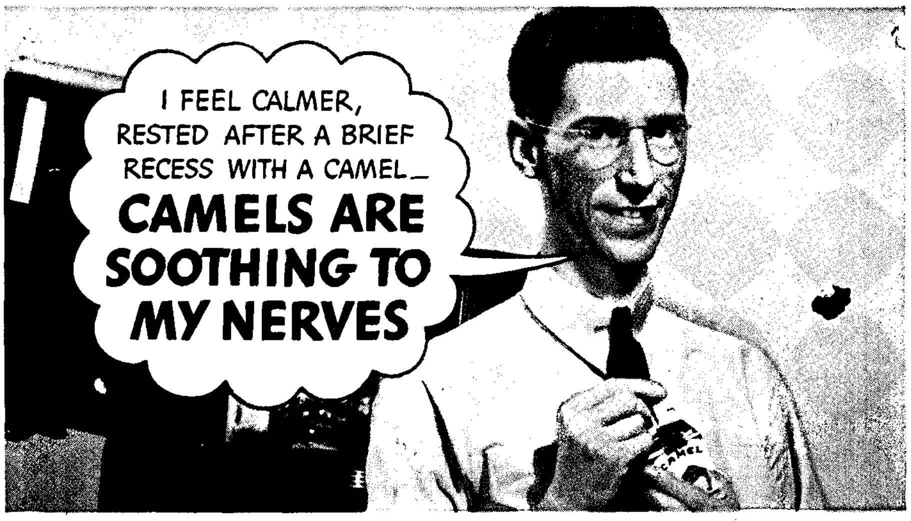
LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!"

1 *STAND BY!* A television broadcast is all set to start—an exciting moment—but a time for everyone to be cool, steady. Engineer Richard E. Waggener of Philco *(left)* suggests a brief rest to break the tension. He passes around his Camels to Katharine Aldridge and Shane Kelly, and takes one himself. All three welcome the pleasure of a mild, good-tasting Camel cigarette. "Easing off to let up—light up a Camel is a grand way to lessen nerve strain," says Dick Waggener.

2 *ON THE AIR!* The eye of television is an amazing scanning beam that zig-zags over a scene 13,000 times per second. The television picture reaches the receiving set upside down, is reversed by a mirror. Reception is remarkably clear, thanks to engineers who forget the clock as they work to solve television's knotty problems. Many of these hard-working experts are Camel smokers. They find a pause and a Camel a delightful way to smooth out the rough spots of busy days.



3 *AT A HOME RECEIVING SET:* Mrs. Dorothy Temple. She runs a home and goes to business too. Above, she is taking in the televised show while she enjoys a Camel. Mrs. Temple is another smoker who finds that Camels are an important contribution to the pleasure she gets out of living. She says: "You know, 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel' any time. Camels always taste so good. They have a wonderful *mildness.* Besides, I find a pause and a Camel so soothing to my nerves."


I FEEL CALMER, RESTED AFTER A BRIEF RECESS WITH A CAMEL_ CAMELS ARE SOOTHING TO MY NERVES

4 *"MY JOB CALLS FOR* intense concentration," says television engineer Waggener, "and that might mean a lot of nerve strain if I didn't take it easy now and then to let up—light up a Camel!" If *you* are looking for *real* smoking enjoyment, join the happy, successful people who smoke Camels for all the *pleasure* there is in smoking. Enjoy Camel's mellower, costlier tobaccos. Let up—light up a Camel—the cigarette America's smokers treasure most for *mildness*—for rich, ripe *flavor!*

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Smoke 6 packs of Camels and find out why they are the LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

HE'S RESTING HIS NERVES

...AND SO IS HE!

(above) The Harlequin (spotted) Great Dane really looks majestic in repose. He's relaxing after a hard run — resting every muscle, *every nerve!* Although the dog's nerve system is high-keyed, sensitive like our own, when he tires, he halts *instinctively!* We are apt to keep going at a straining task long past the capacity of our nerves. Yet you owe it to yourself to *rest* your nerves. And you can do it so pleasantly and so easily. Pause now and then—LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL! Try Camels—*today!* There's a world of comfort, pleasure in the *milder, richer-tasting tobaccos* of this finer cigarette. And remember, smokers find Camel's costlier tobaccos are soothing to the nerves.

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